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THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
APRIL 1988

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# PENTHOUSE
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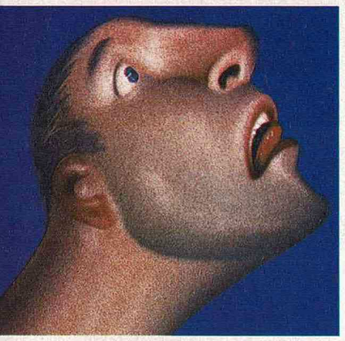
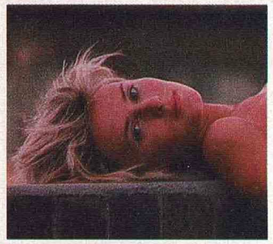

The ET Effect


Pet Of The Month

Card Sharp

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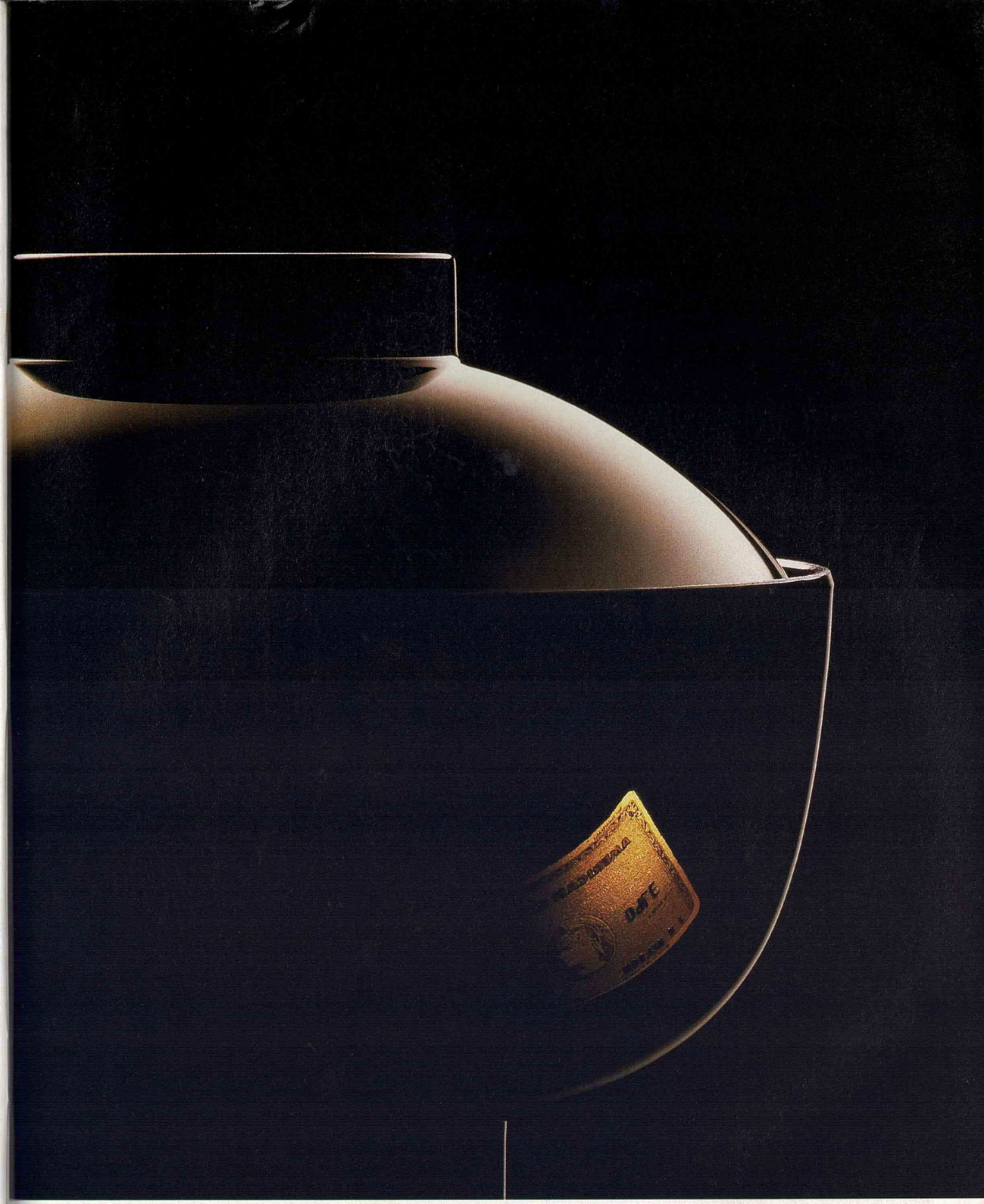


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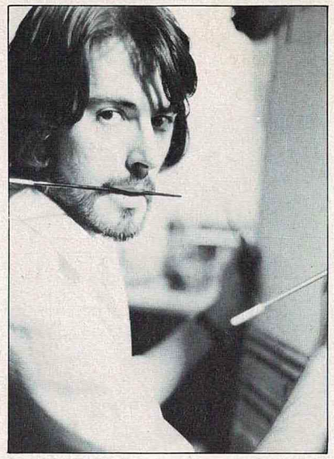

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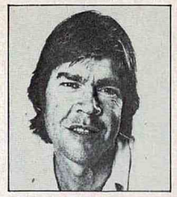

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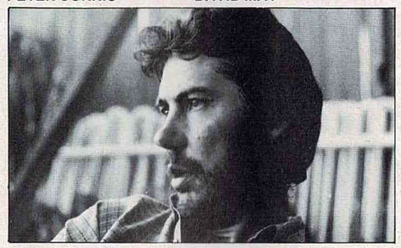

MICHAEL FARRELL

# HOUSECALL

### THE ET EFFECT
The world is about to undergo a UFO "flap" the like of which we haven't seen since the fabulous Fifties. People everywhere are reporting strange encounters with nosy alien abductors who supposedly subject them to everything from physical examinations to extra-terrestrial sex. But according to **Ben Harris**, a professional magician who has lectured around the world on the processes of deception, the current "ET effect" has been engineered by an unscrupulous bunch of dream merchants peddling pap for profit — and he's got the facts and figures to prove it. Turn to **Nigel Buchanan's** illustration on page 32.

### MIKE GORE INTERVIEW
The fist-fighting Gold Coast developer, head honcho at controversial Sanctuary Cove and unofficial prime mover behind the Joh-for-PM debacle has established himself as the *bete noir* of the socialist Left. In a rumbustious interview with **Frank Robson** Gore unleashes a weird range of perspectives on sex, censorship, politics and people, all delivered with the comically endearing machismo of the quintessential Queenslander. **David May's** photo portrait is on page 50.

### BOSS OF THE WATERFRONT
Union leader Bernie Lance is the hero of the waterfront, king of all he surveys, and a bloody good bloke too. All he has to worry about is capital growth on his ill-gotten real estate holdings and how to dispose of his alcoholic wife without getting arrested. Part III of **Robert English's** savage satirical attack on the Ugly Australians, illustrated by **Bill Leak**, starts on page 58.

### HIRE INTELLIGENCE
If you read on a job applicant's reference that he was "tactful and diplomatic", would you conclude that he couldn't lie straight in bed? If he was "extraordinarily popular", would you assume he was dealing dope? If not, you need **Garry Sargeant's** hilarious guide to translating job references — an indispensible office tool for the harried executive. Turn to **Mark Tremlett's** illustration on page 54.

### CARD SHARP
Poker is a game bristling with mythology, machismo and mystery. Its tantalising mixture of luck, skill, bravado and cunning makes it a magnet for suckers who can't resist throwing away their hard-earned in exchange for a cheap thrill. But there are also those who know how to win and win consistently. Learn how it's done in **Sue Robinson's** colorful and comprehensive poker primer, starting on page 74 with an illustration by **Frants Kantor**.

### SMOKY MOUNTAIN
A rubbish dump on the outskirts of Manila, Smoky Mountain is probably the foullest human habitat on Earth. It's home to 3000 desperate Filipinos whose only source of sustenance is the refuse of a city which has long since turned its back on them. Words by **Larry Allen** and pictures by **Gonzo** present a portrait of degradation tinged with the bizarre optimism of a people who can only go upward from here. Turn to page 78.

### HIGH INTEGRITY
**Peter Corris'** wise-arsed gumshoe character Cliff Hardy gets involved in a computer game where the fate of the nation swings in the balance and the joystick is out of control. Fine fiction from Australia's master of the genre. **Michael Farrell's** illustration is on page 92.

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# PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*— its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

### Grim interview

Your article on the heterosexual risk from AIDS (December *Penthouse*), the interview with David Penington, was timely. The Grim Reaper advertisement has raised many questions and fears. Unfortunately, the answers aren't as simple as some would have us believe.

The United States figures, particularly on the east coast, demonstrate the danger to any country's heterosexual population of failing to educate about AIDS. The consequence in the US is that too many people at risk for AIDS have been having unprotected intercourse with needle users or bisexual men — or sex with the partners of such people. The result is that there are now more heterosexual cases of AIDS in the US than there were homosexual cases five years ago. The rate of increase of cases of AIDS and of AIDS infection is higher among heterosexuals in the US than among homosexuals.

It is logical to point to different conditions prevailing among people in central Africa and American intravenous drug users. But other studies throw doubt on the significance of differing standards of public health and personal hygiene. For example, in the last third of 1986, over 50 percent of new cases of AIDS in France were heterosexually acquired. In these circumstances, the low rate of heterosexually acquired AIDS infection in Australia serves only as a platform from which to work to keep it that way.

Gay men and women know that a large part of the heterosexual population also engage in gay sex. This can range from rarely to once or twice a week. And what proportion of the heterosexual population is that? Probably around 20 percent! It is the experience of gays that heterosexual people prefer not to recognise this fact. It is for this reason that the AIDS Councils and the Australian Federation of AIDS Organisations (AFAO) are concerned when people minimise the AIDS risk to the general population. We are concerned when people talk of "high risk groups." To have any chance of educating people at risk for a largely sexually transmitted disease, you need to have regard to their behavior, not to some sexual category.

It is disappointing to see Professor Penington's line that all "high risk groups" should be tested for AIDS trotted out again long after that approach was ditched by the bulk of public health specialists in Australia working on AIDS.

*Virginia Fox: a new idol*

So what are the AIDS Councils and the AFAO saying to heterosexual people? We're saying: look at your own sexual behavior and history. As long as AIDS does not explode into the general population, most who have heterosexual sex, whether vaginal or anal, and who don't share needles, need not worry. You should keep abreast of AIDS information but there's no need to be tested and there is far less risk than for male homosexuals if you have unsafe sex.

If, in the last six years, you have had unprotected intercourse with someone who themselves might have been at risk from AIDS, then you may want to consider testing, although even then it is not recommended for most people. Whenever there is doubt about the sexual history of you or your partner, you should adopt safe sex (ie no unprotected intercourse, although foreplay is almost completely safe). Get the information you need from your local AIDS Hotline or AIDS Council. — *David Buchanan, Vice-President, AIDS Council of NSW*

### Horsham hurricane

Firstly, thanks for a great mag. You present quite a few people, places and events which make me proud to be an Aussie, and Kevin Magee (January *Penthouse*) is one of them.

Ernie Van Veen's article was good, but obviously, due to your deadlines, it was a little out of date. In early November Kenny Roberts (Lucky Strike Yamaha team boss) dropped a bombshell by ringing Randy Mamola and telling him he was sacked. This was particularly surprising as Randy came second in the 500cc class behind Gardner.

The next bombshell was the news that Lucky Strike was signing Magee and American Wayne Rainey. Rainey, by his own admission, was "scared shitless" last time he rode a GP bike.

As to whether Magee can win the championship, I'd say in future years yes, at present no — not only because of the massive adjustments needed with crew, language, tracks and so on, but it's not Kenny Roberts' game plan. Roberts has said that 1988 is a learning year for both riders and there is no pressure on them to win — just to learn. This understanding between rider and sponsors is infinitely better than a factory deal such as Gardner's, where the pressure is always on to win.

Finally, Mamola wasn't left out in the cold, as he signed a very lucrative contract with Cagiva (Ducati) for two years. Anyway, good luck to Wayne Gardner and Kevin Magee. Keep it shiny side up. — *Steve "Reckless" Rackley, Bradbury, NSW*

### New idol

The title for Virginia Fox's appearance in January *Penthouse* was Whiplash Smile, appropriately borrowed from a certain rock star's album. Might I say Virginia is my new idol. — *T.F., Sydney, NSW*

### Point taken

I would like to point out to you something that you probably already know: the Black Label *Penthouse* is by far the best magazine in the entire country. In fact, it's so good that to buy any other magazine would be a complete waste of money.

The pictorials are excellent. First you gave us the delicious Polish stripper Barbara. Then to go one better you proved beyond doubt that Madonna has got a lot more going for her than just a good voice. Still, you have excelled yourselves in bringing to us the perfect female in Ilona Staller. — *R.D. Williams, Edwardstown, SA*




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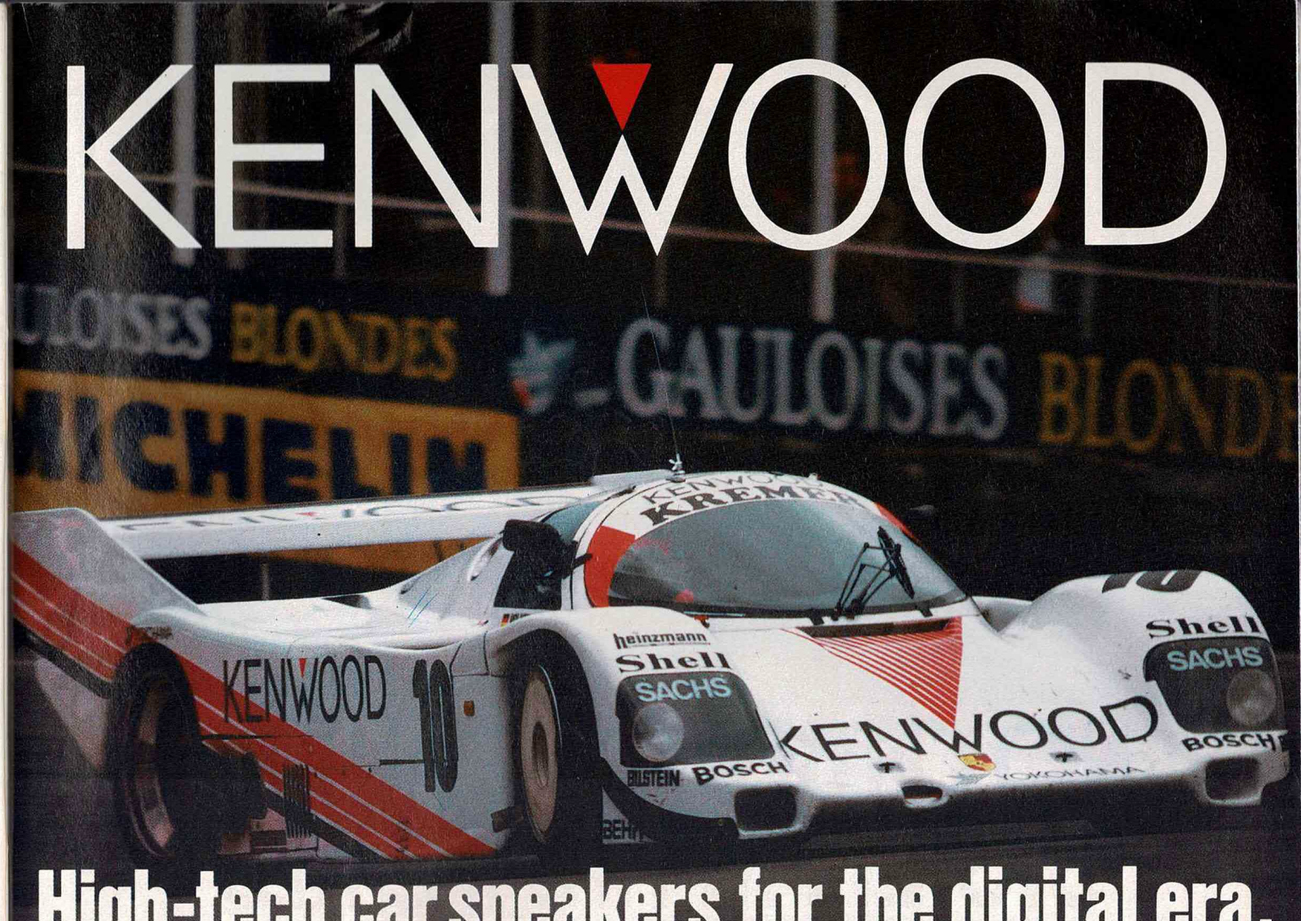


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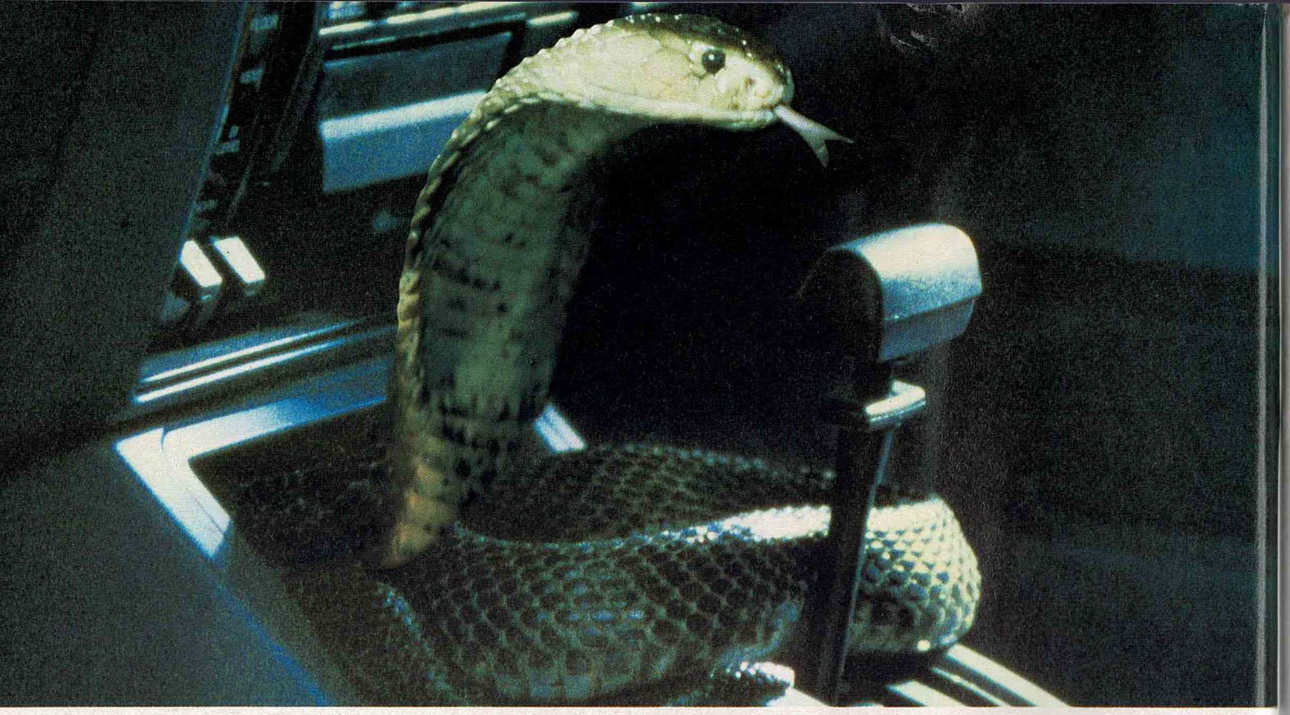

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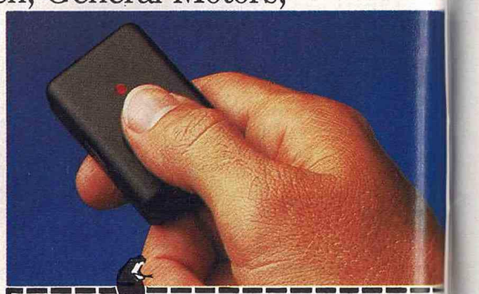

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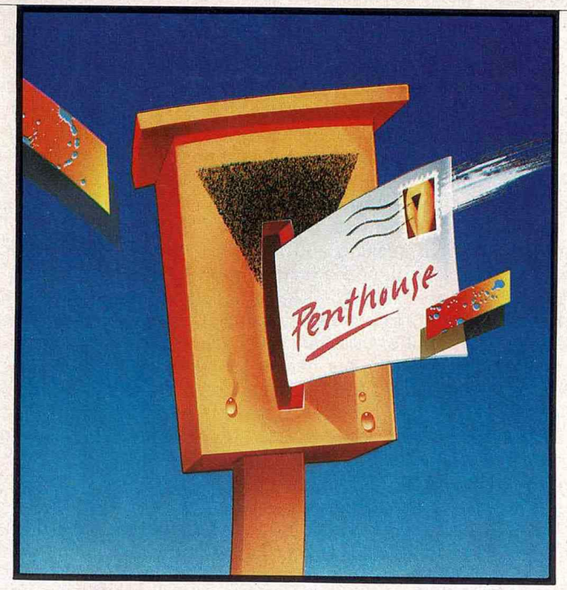



### Pleasure boat

When I was invited to lecture at a scientific conference in the Caribbean, I assumed that it would be just another boring research meeting. But since the location was desirable, I agreed to go, and hoped to enjoy the scenery. It turned out to be better than I anticipated. During the welcoming dinner, I spotted a gorgeous blonde woman from California. She had an innocent but seductive face, long soft hair, beautifully rounded hips, and stunning breasts that could not be hidden. Diane was not only gorgeous, she was intelligent and witty, and had a soft and gentle manner. We hit it off immediately and had several conversations, starting with scientific matters and then becoming more personal. Diane often held my gaze just slightly longer than normal. By the end of the second day, we had loosened up a lot. Seeing her in a skimpy, tight bathing suit hardened more than my resolve. This was enhanced that afternoon as she left the lecture room; she moved past me and deliberately brushed her breasts across my arm, raising her eyebrows slightly.

I knew it was only a matter of time before the electricity produced sparks, but the way it happened was better than any fantasy. Our hosts had graciously arranged a boat cruise after dinner. We already had enjoyed a good wine, which was later complemented with a few rum punches. On the boat, much punch was available, along with calypso music and a beautiful tropical breeze. The music was hypnotic. Diane looked absolutely smashing in a tight wraparound dress of silky slippery material that clung to every outline of her body, especially her breasts and nipples. After a rum punch, I looked around for Diane, but couldn't find her. I wandered past the stairway to the upper deck and saw her standing by the railing. She gently took my hand and led me past a narrow walk around a storage area, leading to a small open part of the starboard deck measuring about four by eight feet, completely out of sight of the rest of the boat. She started sensuously dancing to the music with her eyes closed.

Then came the shock of my life. She reached up to her dress, unsnapped it, and slowly opened it. Diane was stark naked beneath her dress, except for her high heels. She tossed her dress on the bench by the wall, leaned forward, and started to gently and passionately kiss me. Her tongue and lips were fluid. She rubbed her breasts, then replaced her hands with mine. She slid her fingers over her clit and into her pussy while still moving sexily to the music. I quickly removed my clothes and we continued the wild tongue kissing. Diane took my cock in both hands, slid it tight against the outside of her pussy, and started moving back and forth, bringing us both to a frenzy of excitement. She came with a prolonged shuddering orgasm, and finished by sliding her fingers into her dripping pussy and rubbing her wetness over my cock and balls.

She kneeled down by the railing, engulfed my cock in her warm, sensuous mouth, and proceeded to use her tongue, lips, and mouth to devour it. She licked her own wetness off my shaft, and then slid her fingers back into her pussy to make it slippery again. I tried to last but just couldn't, so I let my come explode into Diane's mouth. Just as I started coming, she moved her mouth back a little, ran her tongue back and forth underneath the head of my cock, and slid one hand around my cock and one hand around my balls. I looked down at her and found her eyes looking straight into mine. As my come shot across her tongue and into her open mouth, she smiled slightly, and never took her eyes off mine. She slowly squeezed the remaining come from my cock and let it drip into her mouth from her fingers.

We held each other in the cool breeze, revelling in the beautiful exchange we had just experienced. I expected her to put her dress back on and rejoin the party, but instead she again started to slowly tongue kiss me. The sensation was explosive. I couldn't believe that she was getting me hard again so soon after I had come. But again I managed to rise to the occasion. She led me over to the bench, moved it out a bit, and had me lie down on my back with one leg on either side. After making sure I was fully hard by using the magic of her mouth, she straddled the bench and lowered her pussy on to my cock. She was wonderfully warm and tight, a sensual contrast to the cool evening breeze. At first she moved up and down, letting my cock almost slip out and then sliding tightly back down over it. I could see her beautifully pointed breasts in the moonlight and she started tongue kissing me again. Her forward movement resulted in her clit rubbing tightly against me with my cock totally buried inside her. Instead of letting her move up and down, I grabbed her firm arse with both hands, tightening the contact between her clit and my pelvis, and moved back and forth. She came with a wild climax and kissed me with such passion that I could hardly breathe.

Somehow I managed to keep from coming. After a few minutes of lying quietly in each other's arms, she slowly slid her pussy off of my cock. Diane then alternated between sexily eating my cock and slipping it back into her warm, dripping pussy. She licked by balls until I thought I would explode and then licked up along the underside of my cock with her tongue. She engulfed the head of my cock and varied the pressure between very tight and loose and slippery. Just as I felt I was going to come, she tightened her grip on the base of my dick, calmed my excitement, and then started back up again by tightening

her pussy around me. During one of these "cooling off" periods, she moved her pussy up to my mouth and lowered herself on to my tongue and lips. I ate her until she came, and then continued to lightly lick her clit while sliding my fingers into her pussy. That, plus my tongue and lips on her clit, was more than Diane could take, and again she came with a wild orgasm that shook her entire body.

Finally, after she had come so many times we both lost track, I sat up on the bench with Diane sitting on my cock facing me. I could feel it deeply buried in her pussy and her clit tight against me. Instead of moving my cock in and out of her, I remained tightly inside of her. She tightened her pussy around my cock and then relaxed it, repeating this in rhythm to the music. We continued our deep kissing and I played with her nipples. The combination of soft, supple breasts, passionate kissing, and tightening pussy overwhelmed me. I came inside her with a tremendous orgasm without moving my cock at all. We held each other closely for another ten minutes, and then got dressed. When we rejoined the party it was one hour and twenty minutes later and the boat was returning to the dock. This magnificent evening was the start of a beautiful friendship. Before we left the island, Diane and I had an opportunity to spend a wild afternoon by an isolated beach with more varieties of passionate lovemaking. — *Name and address withheld*

*"Are you that desperate for an excuse to go home?"*

### Tailor-made

My friend Louise and I were just getting ready to close up our alterations shop when a young, dark-haired Italian stallion came rushing in. His shirt was untucked, hiding a broken zipper, and he asked if we could fix it right away. Unable to turn down such prime beef, we gladly obliged. He stepped into the fitting room to remove his jeans while I locked up the store. I looked at Louise and I could tell that she was just as hot and horny as I was.

As we worked on the zipper in the back of the store, we began to talk about this gorgeous guy. We both wondered how big his muscle was, and started fantasising about sucking and fucking this hunk. Louise turned around and said to me, "Jessie, we don't have to wonder any more!" I looked up to find this guy standing in front of us wearing only his high-cut underwear, his hard-on bulging right through. At first I was startled by his forwardness, but when he started stroking his enormous cock, I decided to get some of the action. Louise undressed, and thrust her sultry 38-28-36 body at him. He was obviously quite pleased with her tanned tits and her blonde bush, as his main vein throbbed more and more. I took off my shirt to give him an eyeful of my 40-inch breasts. He asked if we would be able to handle his huge Italian sausage. We were certainly willing to try!

We led him over to the drapery table, where he lay down and Louise placed her creamy cunt across his face. After watching his tongue work its way in and out of her hot box, I climbed on to the table and mounted his manhood. He moaned as I pounded my hips up and down to the rhythm of his beating member. My tits were aching with desire, and Louise reached over, took them in hand, and worked her magic tongue over my erect nipples. As our Italian friend continued to lick her juicy hole, Louise bucked herself into a wild orgasm. After that, he got me into a sixty-nine position, burying his face in my cunt.

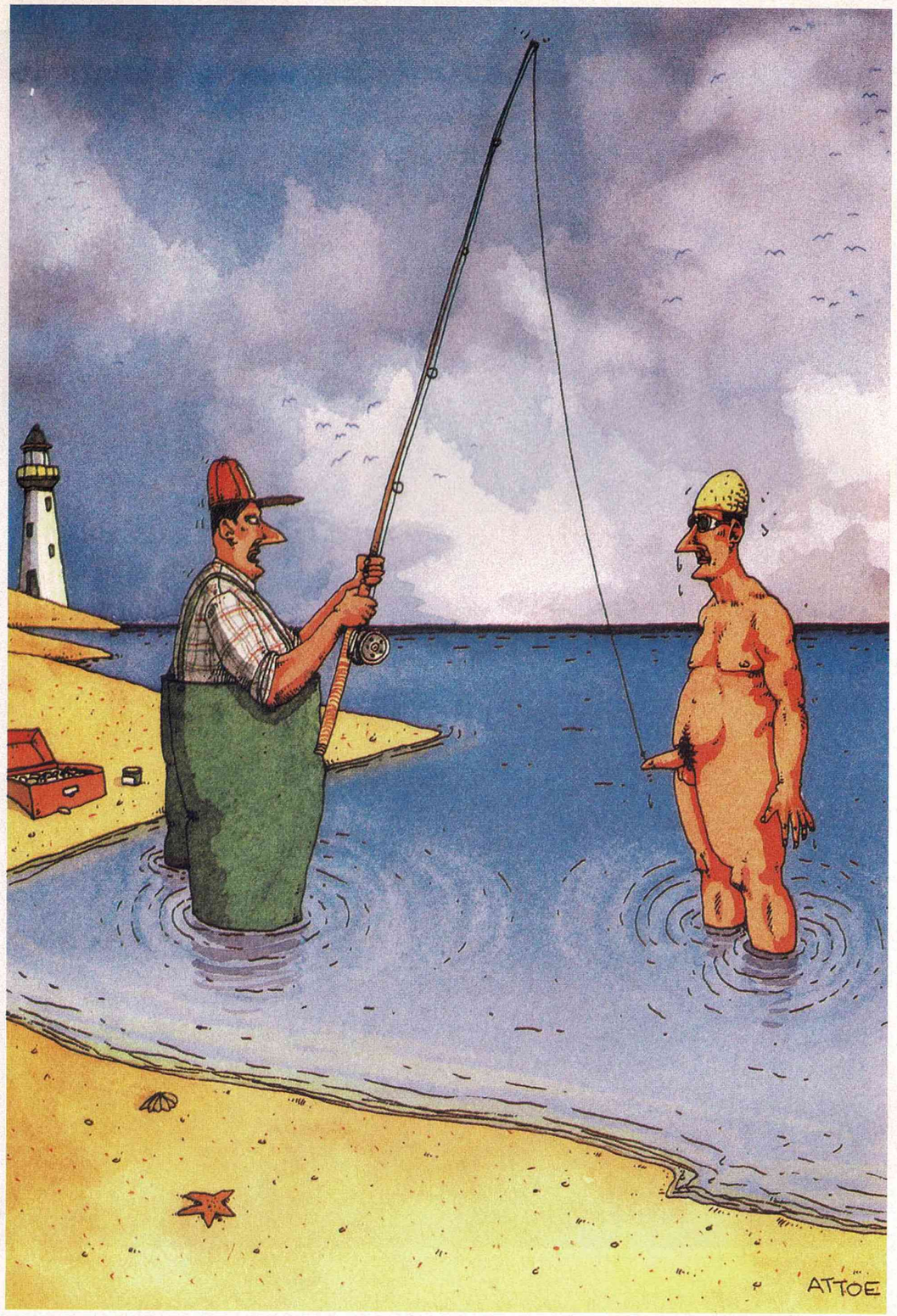
We were both pleased and amazed at this guy's stamina. Louise began to masturbate, and I reached out to feel her pulsating pussy. I slid my finger into her crotch and felt a tingle in my own. Mr Stud climbed on top of me and shoved his hot cock into my waiting cunt. I came, he came, and Louise came, all within minutes of each other. After our tryst had ended, Louise handed him his pants. He turned and asked us how much he owed us for the repair. Well, as you guessed, it was on the house! — *Name and address withheld*

### The fiesta

I recently returned from a vacation at a hotel in Mexico near the site of where the movie *10*, with Dudley Moore and Bo Derek, was filmed. You can imagine how fantasies flashed through my brain, much as they did for Dudley in the movie. However, I was even more surprised to find out what was to really happen. I was relaxing by the pool when I came across a stunning petite woman with beautiful brown eyes. We exchanged small-talk and I found out that she was a 33-year-old professional woman and recently divorced.

I took her to dinner at the same restaurant that Dudley Moore and Bo dined at. Not only that, but we were seated at the same table. We drank wine and listened to the music. I found out that she was also a fan of the movie *10* and had her own fantasies about it. Taking her cue, I suggested we go for a walk, and I stopped to kiss her under the stars. Her warm tender mouth met mine, and we stood for several moments exploring each other's mouths with our tongues. I slid the straps of her dress down over her delicate shoulders, her dress falling gracefully to the grass. I dropped to my knees, slipped off her panties, and embedded my face between her legs. Her juices tasted of fresh dew. I rubbed my hands over her legs, buttocks, and spine, thoroughly enjoying and engulfing this lovely woman.

I quickly undressed and pulled her on top of me. She began to stimulate me with her mouth, licking the tip of my cock and caressing by balls with her delicate fingers.




*"You didn't put up much of a fight."*

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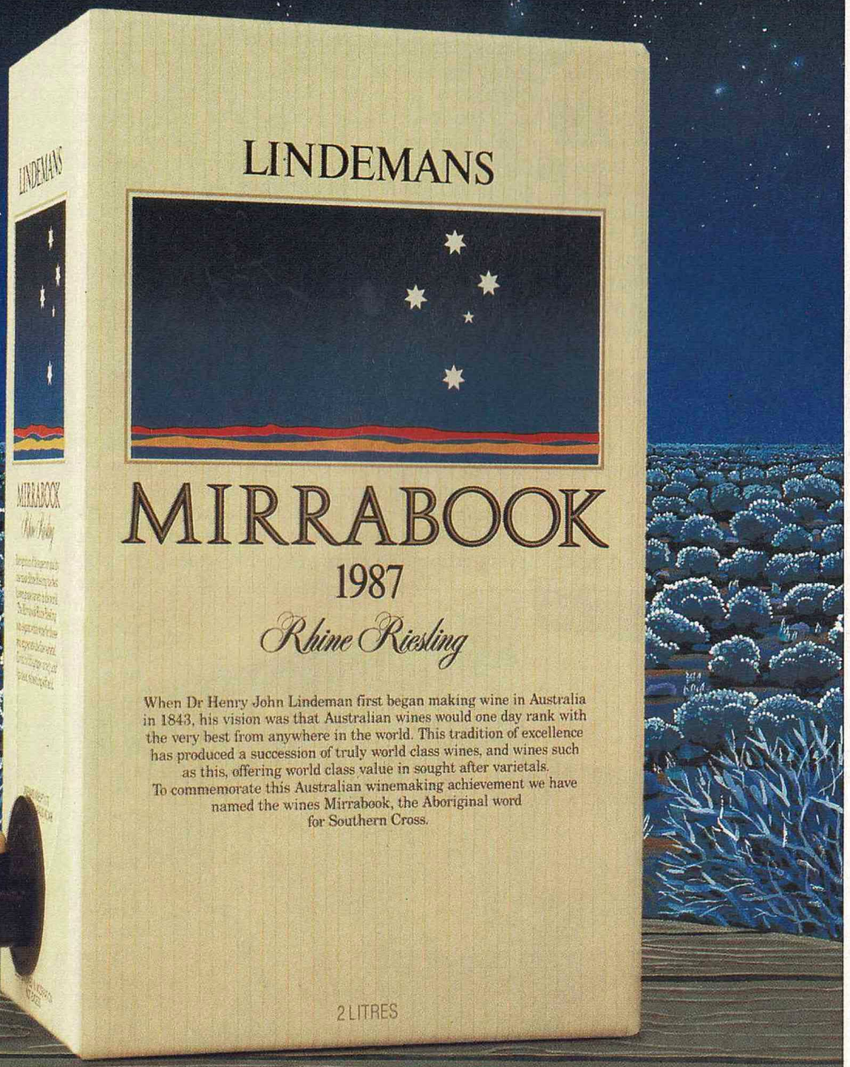
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# FORUM

She had such oral expertise that I found myself feeling very envious of her ex-husband. With her on top, I entered her snatch. I was awed by just how sexy she looked under the moonlight, and the look of pleasure on her face aroused me even more. Her pussy slammed against my hard member as I stimulated her clit with my fingers. She soon found this too much to handle, so we rolled over into the missionary position and climaxed with writhing orgasms.

Exhausted, we composed ourselves long enough to realise that there were people coming our way. We frantically threw on our clothes, and left just in time to greet another couple out for a late night stroll. We said our good-byes, as she had to leave early the next day. When I awoke the next morning, I realised that I had stuffed her panties into my pocket and that my briefs were nowhere to be found! I can only imagine her amusement as she discovered the switch. I don't know where to find this incredible woman to remedy our mutual mistake, but her panties will serve as a happy memory of my perfect vacation with my perfect *10.* — *Name and address withheld*

### Let's do lunch

In all the years I've been working, lunch hour was always idle time just spent eating and waiting for the afternoon to start. When I was promoted to an executive position, I even started skipping going out at noon in favor of just choking down a sandwich while continuing to work. It was a dull time of day until a certain woman changed my routine, and I thought I'd share it with you.

Mindy had worked in the office for years, and I had certainly noticed her many times. A few years younger then me, she was tall and slim with fine dark hair and dark vibrant eyes. The low-cut summer dresses she often wore accented richly swelling tits and silky smooth golden legs, while her close-fitting winter pants showed off her tight, shapely arse. Although I had admired this unusual beauty, we had always gone our separate ways at five o'clock. But that situation improved when we started working more closely together. I began to see a lot more of her and often found myself mentally undressing this lovely lady when I should have been concentrating on work.

Finally, one day, when she was looking like she was feeling down, I asked her if she'd like to go to lunch with me. To my surprise, she readily agreed. That lunch at a fine restaurant went off so well that we started seeing more and more of each other, until things exploded into a terrific love affair. Employee "relationships" were strictly prohibited, so we sneaked around every chance we could. We stole kisses and feels every time we found a vacant hall at work, nearly getting caught by the boss more than once. When lunch hour hit, we were often off like a shot to a restaurant to meet for a secret meal together.

It wasn't long, though, before we both began to gain weight from all our meals out. I had never given the idea much thought, but one day Mindy said, "How about if I have *you* for lunch today?" We met on a little side street where I'd parked my camper van — complete with a double bed in the back — and I nearly drove it over the curb trying to find a quiet street where we could stop. Once I did, we simultaneously dove for the bed, and in less than a minute, we were fully undressed and I was caressing her huge nipples with my tongue as she clung to me with those long velvet arms. While Mindy sighed heavily over and over, I moved lower, kissed her navel and finally the inside of those svelte thighs. When my tongue found her love slit, I dove in deeply, raising my head slightly to allow the tip of my tongue to linger lightly on her hot spot. Meanwhile, my hands caressed her hips and tight stomach. She began breathing heavily until finally I brought her over the edge with my licks and nibbles, the muscles in her gorgeous arse tensing over and over.

While I caught my breath I looked at my watch. Only 15 minutes were left of lunch hour, and although I wanted to finish what we started, a fear of being fired took over and I told Mindy it was time to go. She surprised me by pushing me over on my back and sliding her tight, juicy love tunnel right over my aching hard-on. "I think we might be a little late today," she purred. As I felt her wet firm smoothness slowly work the full length of my shaft, those fantastic tits began bobbing with the motion of her rocking. I took one of her red erect nipples in my mouth and gently nibbled it. I felt her entire body tense from the sensation, combined with the pleasure of sliding up and down on my pole. Just as I was about to unleash the built-up flood within me, she began to buck and whimper from her second orgasm. At the same time, I exploded inside her, feeling my cock leap as if it were jumping hurdles. Since we didn't have any time left to cool down, we just tugged our clothes quickly over our dripping bodies and drove off. Needless to say, we were both late getting back to work that day.

A few days later, I returned to my desk after a break to find a small sealed note. "How about a low-cal lunch today?" it read. I looked over at Mindy and she grinned at me. I gave her a sly wink, hoping no-one noticed, and by lunchtime we were headed for a fairly secluded area in the hills on the edge of town. Since we had my car instead of the van, I pulled a blanket out and spread it on the ground near a tree. Even though dark clouds were forming, it was warm out, and the outdoors seemed to add to the excitement.

Mindy lay down and I pulled her over to

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give her a long deep kiss as my hands caressed her already trembling body, from sexy hips to erect nipples. Though we were fully dressed, the anticipation coupled with the closeness of this incredibly hot woman brought my cock to full attention. Noticing my sudden interest, Mindy began stroking its length through my slacks while we were still locked in a passionate kiss. My heart was racing as I heard the sound of the nylon zipper on my trousers slowly being lowered. Then a cool, soft hand closed around my shaft as she freed my aching pole from its confines. I gave a low moan of pleasure as she moved down and formed her sensuous lips tightly around its girth. She slowly moved her head up and down, lightly squeezing my balls. I barely noticed the traffic passing below us as she worked my stiff rod harder and faster with tongue and lips while her fingernails lightly raked its base. Taking its full length in her mouth, she teased the underside with her tongue as she worked her way up to the tip. Unable to hold back, I exploded in her mouth just as a big raindrop splattered my face. We were nearly soaked by the time Mindy licked me clean, and we made a mad dash for the car. We drove off into the rain, laughing our heads off, once again late for work.

The "low-cal" lunches became our regular little joke for the next 18 months. We made love in deserted parks, in my car, and Mindy even repeated her rainy-day performance in her car, beneath a busy underground parking structure. And we actually did lose weight from skipping all those restaurant lunches. Mindy has moved away and I've gained back a few pounds since she left, but I thought it would be nice to send you a few recipes we discovered. — *Name and address withheld*

### Hair-raiser

I am a 33-year-old semi-professional weightlifter. I started it as a way to lose a pot belly about three years ago, and stayed with it. My wife was all for it, basically because she was finding my newly muscled body very sexy. I just thought I felt better, but I have to admit I did feel sexier. Sex between us was never a problem — a little routine maybe, but satisfying just the same.

I became friends with several of the guys at the gym where I work out, and one evening during a sauna we started talking about our increased feelings of personal sexiness. One of the guys, Gino, said that his lady got turned on whenever he shaved his body before a meet. Bill agreed. So did Kevin. As I looked around, it occurred to me that I was the only lifter with body hair — lots of it. All of a sudden, I felt like the missing link.

The next day at the gym, I took a "hair inventory" of the guys. Eight were hairy (including me) and 23 shaved. That night, before bed, I asked my wife Carla what she thought of me shaving my body. She was lukewarm to the idea, and just rolled over and went to sleep. I thought about it more and more, however, and I realised my dick was getting harder and harder. I massaged my now rock-hard boner while fantasising about, of all things, shaving my body.

A few weeks passed, and although the thought bounced in and out of my mind, I never did anything about it. The next time I went to the gym, there was a notice about a contest for amateur lifters and I signed up. Gino mentioned that he would help me learn some basic poses, and he'd show me how to oil up, but he suggested that I at least shave my legs. The dice were cast — I felt that I had to shave myself.

Carla was excited about the contest. She made a special high-carbo dinner the night before, and suggested a warm shower together after my workout. Since I'd rather shower with my wife than at the gym, I came home immediately afterward without even changing out of my gym clothes. It was pretty late by the time I got home, but Carla waited up for me.

She led me by the hand to our shower, and started kissing me as soon as we got to the bathroom. As she undressed me, she began rubbing her tiny hands over my pumped up body, nibbling me all over. It was then that she said, "Relax, lover. Now I'm going to shave you — all of you, even your balls." I, it goes without saying, was popping.

In the shower (we have a seat in one of the corners ) Carla lathered me up with soap as I got as comfortable as possible. She started with my legs, at the ankles, and worked her way up. Slowly, precisely, she shaved every bit of my legs, then skipping my genitals, began to shave my chest and arms. "Saving the best for last, lover," she said.

My dick was aching, it was so hard. It was also the last part of my lower body with hair on it. Not for long. She lathered my pubes and slowly ran the razor through the thickest part, leaving a smooth path in the razor's wake. I was trembling as my pubic hair fell to the shower floor. She shaved my balls with the same loving care as she did everything else. I was slick as a baby! Out of the shower, she dried me off and rubbed oil all over me. Glancing in the mirror, I was very surprised to see what I looked like without hair. I liked the way it looked and felt, though. Carla thought I looked great, too, and almost as soon as we hit the sheets, she planted her cunt on my face and went to work on my bald dick and nuts with her mouth. I came within seconds.

After a few minutes, when I got hard again, I fucked Carla like a maniac. The contact of my bald genitals and her thick bush caused me to come again and again. Honest to God, I came three times that

*Continued on page 118*

*"Have you noticed that men are beginning to dress up again?"*



# THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

## ANGER

### THE BUTT REPORT

Hollywood has gone into soft core porn. Have you noticed this? One minute everyone is screaming that we've returned to the Fifties, the next minute Hollywood is putting out some of the seamiest sex scenes this side of X-rated video. And male nudity, I am delighted to report, is in — at least from behind. This season we have been treated to the hindquarters of three major hetero Hollywood stars, and lest you think that women just accept these things blithely, we borrowed Shere Hite's sampling techniques and took a poll.

THE WOULD-YOU-KICK-HIM-OUT-OF-BED MALE MOVIE STAR BUTTOCKS REPORT

1. Michael Douglas in *Fatal Attraction*. Rating (out of a possible 10): 3. The women in our sample expressed a keen disappointment and even sense of betrayal in their first acquaintance with Douglas' body. Eighty percent reported feeling scornful that though he bared his behind, he refused to remove his shirt. Patrice B, a corporate lawyer, represented all when she answered, "Here they are shooting Glenn Close with her tits hanging to her knees, and Douglas won't show us his rubber tire!" Diane M, computer salesperson, concurred: "I found his screen lovemaking frantic and weasely, his arse pudgy and nondescript, and then when he kept his shirt on . . .! I mean I paid eight bucks to see this movie; the least the guy could have done was some sit-ups!"

Previous to our sample, it was thought that women did not notice men's bodies, only their money and power. Not so, according to our respondents, 90 percent of whom confessed to being attracted to Douglas before he removed his clothes and really turned off after. Of his behind, they said, "unprepossessing, limp, droopy — a dead end." The same 90 percent roundly asserted they would "kick him out of bed, shirt or no shirt," with Adele P, interior-design consultant, summing it up: "It's all in his behind — the arrogance, the insistence on false sensitivity. You can't tell his arse from his ego."

2. Mel Gibson in *Lethal Weapon*. Rating: 5. Eighty-five percent of our sample reported waiting "years" to see Gibson nude, and indicated some resentment that there was no sex scene in the movie accompanying this event, only excessive wanton violence. "They didn't think we could take it — fuckers!" wrote Beryl C, dental assistant. Though 80 percent insisted they found his face "to die from," "drop-your-knickers time," and the like, their opinion of his posterior was decidedly less enthusiastic. "He's a midget," opined Mary B, artist. "Legs like Toulouse-Lautrec." School psychologist Vicki T added, "Too much weight training in the upper body. From the neck down he could be gay." "Nice round arse, no question about it," said writer Cynthia H, "but without the tailored clothes we're talking simian, you know? He could swing from one of my arms." Eighty-five percent responded they "would not kick him out of bed," but that they had been "hoodwinked" by *Mad Max* and *The Year Of Living Dangerously* and would like to have a few words with the cameraman.

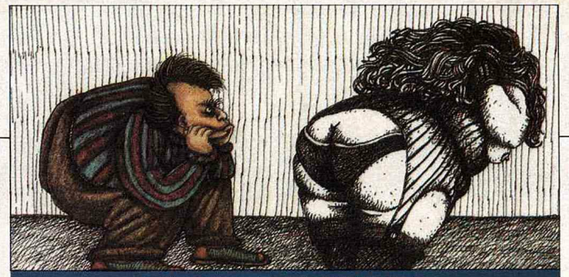
3: Dennis Quaid in *The Big Easy*. Rating: 12. One hundred percent of our sample responded to Quaid's nude body with what can only be described as bestial lust. The answers on our questionnaires were strangely fragmented, broken phrases such as "I can't even . . .", "Please, don't," and "Jesus!" Of Quaid's sex scene with Ellen Barkin in which he utters the line "You just got lucky," 95 percent of women reported sitting in Super Glue. Of Quaid's behind, Francine S, business manager, expressed the prevailing sentiment: "The thing about Quaid from behind is it makes you think about Quaid from the front — you know what I'm saying?" Gully W, editor, continued in this vein, pointing out, "If the size of the nose is any indication . . ." Lynn P, teacher, spoke for 100 percent of our sample, explaining, "Not only would I not kick him out of bed, if I actually got the chance to have the guy in my bed, I'd probably keep him there. I would. Just so I could look at that body."

The popular myth that women are not easily aroused through visuals has, according to our sample, been debunked by Quaid's posterior.

So vociferous was the response that we added a small quiz entitled "Compare the Body of the Man You Love to Dennis Quaid's." Given a possible three answers in a multiple-choice format, 95 percent of women checked off the third, responding identically: "Don't make me laugh." — *Emily Prager*

Illustration by Mark Tremlett

# LUST

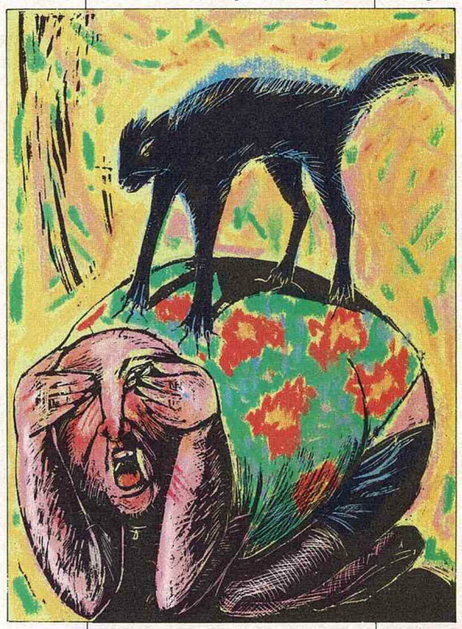


BATTERED HUSBANDS

Love's euphoria — so potent in Manila — began to wilt after just one week on Australian soil. At first they were little things only a husband could detect. Then came more definite warning signals.

"Bonita became very ill-tempered," says mail order groom Peter Nock. "She tried to kill me with knives. She broke a bone in my hand. She took my contact lenses so I couldn't see. Then she pushed me out of the house at knife point."

Four years later, Nock is still trying to re-enter his former abode. He has been in and out of the Family Law Court many times. Terminally disillusioned with Australian legal processes, he has engaged a Manila lawyer to challenge the validity of his brief but unhappy marriage. "I assumed that Asian women were compliant and pleasing to the male," he says with the air of someone who once understood the sun to rise in the west. "In fact, most have violent tempers. They're ambitious and domineering. They'll do anything to get out of the poverty in the Philippines."



Peter's experience with Asian womanhood is by no means unique. Increasingly Australian men are coming forward with tales of mental and financial abuse at the hands of their Asian love petals.

Nock's own story began with a pen friendship. One thing led to another, in his case a ten-day stopover in Manila en route from Hong Kong, where the unwitting husband-to-be had ordered a sailing boat.

"Actually," he says, "I came to Manila to buy some sails. When I arrived at Manila Airport there was no sign of the hotel courtesy car. Instead Bonita (penfriend and intending fiancee) and her entire family were there. First thing they said to me: 'What are your intentions?'"

Nock, putative yachtsman with no marriage plans, became the subject of rapt adoration during the drive to the Manila Hilton. Poor men do not buy yachts. Bonita's relatives definitely liked the cut of his jib. And, to be honest about this, being the catch of the day wasn't so hard to take, either.

So it went for the rest of his holiday. Eligible Australian bachelor Peter Nock became king for a week — a masterful fellow whose shoes mirrored loving devotion, a man who could count on a crisply ironed shirt to begin each day.

"They're experts," he says. "They work on you — *how* they work on you." Blissfully, Peter proposed and was accepted. He went to Brisbane not only with a fine set of sails but also a wife. Soon he would rethink his attitude to Asian women.

"In Manila, Bonita waited on me hand and foot. The minute we got to Australia, she said, 'I'm not the maid of the house.' She kept trying to run away or she would lock herself in her room for days at a time.

"The worse things got, the more she withdrew. One week in every month she'd be okay, then she'd start chasing me around the house with carving knives again."

Australia currently plays host to some 32,000 Filipinos, mostly women who have migrated via marriage. Settler arrivals from the Philippines account for 5.7 percent of Australia's overseas immigration, a close fourth after Vietnam. These slender, petite women represent a unique ethnic and cultural mix: Malay overlaid by successive foreign occupations.

Sixteenth Century Spaniards instilled a rigid hypocritical form of Catholicism. The Japanese arrived during World War II, closely followed by American "liberators." Even now, the United States' influence remains strong.

It should be said that if Australians have fallen for the myth of all-yielding Asian womanhood, then Filipino women have likewise been had. Filipinas take their heroic stereotypes from films and television. They think of the average Australian male as a hybrid mixture of Mel Gibson and Barry Crocker.

Of course, marriage to a foreigner *does* offer escape from an impoverished country where social welfare is a bad joke. Hard times breed resilience. How could anyone imagine that a country which spits out steely frames like Imelda Marcos and Cory Aquino would have wimps for women? Filipino women may look demure but, in their own country, they rule the roost in subtle ways — controlling the purse strings and making sure the male of the house keeps his nose to the grindstone.

A pity no-one mentioned any of this to Peter Nock, superannuation manager, formerly of Algester, Brisbane, who now says: "I feel used." Indeed, Nock is working on a new premise — that, despite a marriage ceremony in Manila and a divorce in Australia, he was never legally married in the first place. "I signed some blank documents. It was fraudulent from the beginning."

Men whose marriages to Filipino women have foundered are looking to Nock to provide a test case, a loophole whereby they can avoid relinquishing half their worldly goods in property divisions with women they scarcely know. Nock is convinced that many quickie marriages in Manila do not stand up legally. With marriage breakups between Australian swains and their Filipino wives somewhere between 10 and 50 percent, a lot of money is changing hands in divorce settlements. Dispossessed husbands stalk the pavement outside the Filipino Welfare Association — a government-funded drop-in and counselling centre in Brisbane's West End.

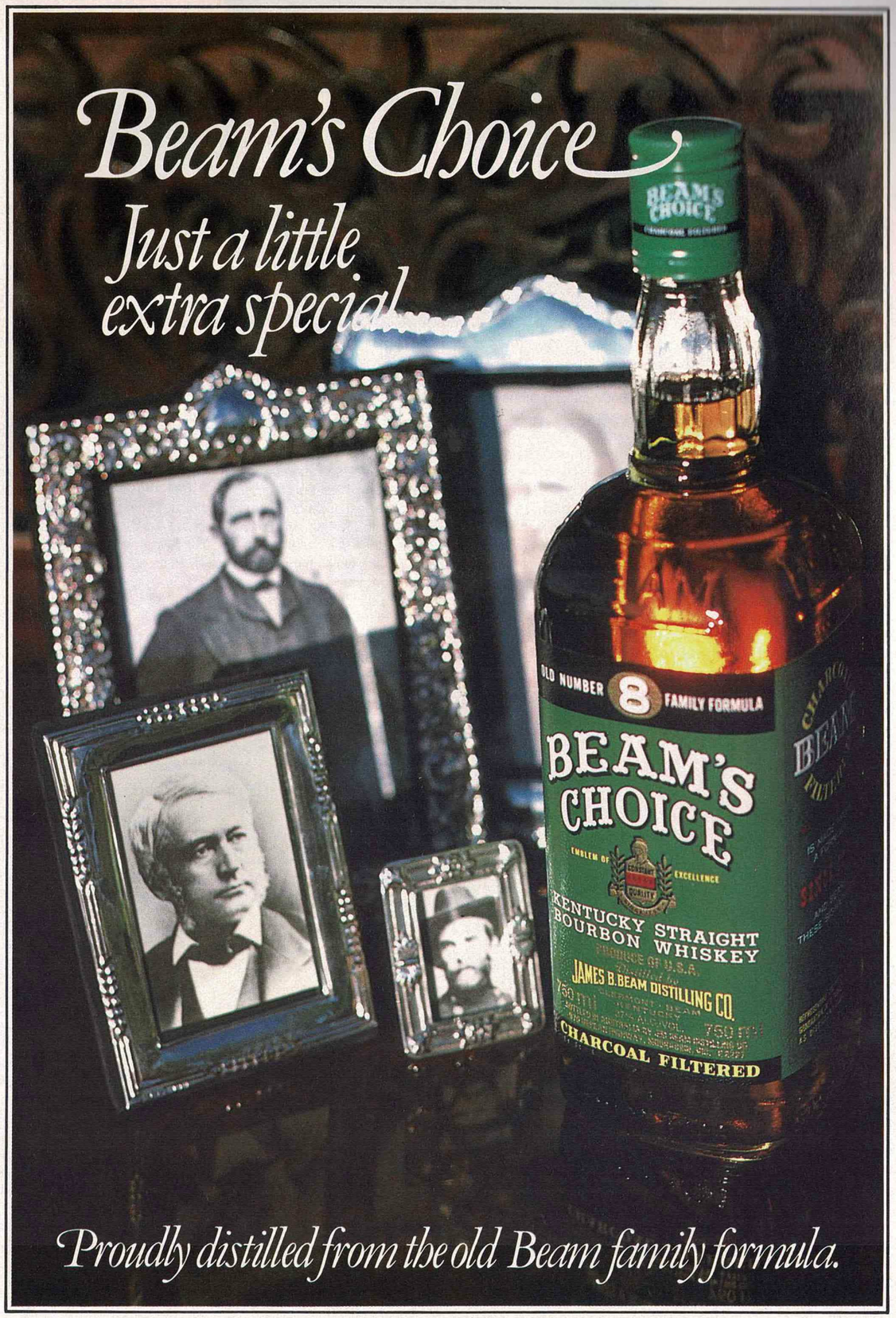
Meanwhile, the Philippines Government, urged on by a militant women's group in Manila, has moved to ban mail order bride agencies.

Philippines Consul-General Ernesto Llamas puts the Filipino point of view with simple eloquence: "Our good lady president will not countenance any of this monkey business," he says. Llamas' concern is not so much for the plight of battered Australian husbands as with reports

*Continued on page 144*

Illustration by Rosanne Hyndman



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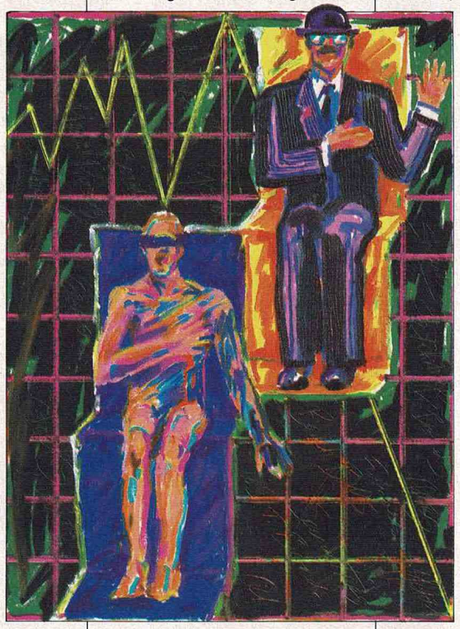
# AVARICE

LEAN BUT KEEN

I was out of Long Bay after about 12 months, having learned, among other things, how to blow safes with oxy-acetylene gear." So writes George David Freeman in his autobiography *Colorful Racing Identity*, reminding me of the advantages of adversity and of the benefits that can be drawn from bad things.

Just as most crims learn the tricks of their trade — breaking locks, passing cheques, fencing stolen goods — in boys' homes or prisons, so do the really successful businessmen learn essential skills by going broke or, as the case may be, by going very very close to going broke.

A famous British businessman whose fame is such that his name escapes me completely once pointed out that his idea of a good manager was not just one who can do well in good times — because anyone can do well then — but a manager who can do well in lean times. And, he said, you can see who will go well in lean times even in the good times by seeing how he handles the good times.



The good manager's operation will be lean and efficient even while all around him other managers' teams are waxing fat and luxuriating in their profits. Anyone, the expert said, can sack people when times are tough: the real manager can sack 'em in the soft times as well.

His basic line was thus: he who will do well in lean times will do better in a boom.

So, when all around you are bewailing the state of international commodity markets, the high wages being demanded and the onerous interest rates, treat all these problems as exercises to be worked through. They are problems that can be overcome; they are not insurmountable. Crikey, at any given point in the business cycle there is always somebody making money. So it must be possible.

The experience gained by overcoming whatever problems beset the business world — and upon which the lesser managers expend hours of whining pontification — is invaluable.

Notice, if you will, the public utterances on matters of concern to the business world by the self-made captains of industry. You will hardly ever find them whinging. Sir Peter Abeles is not known for saying x is happening and the government ought to do something about it; nor does Rupert Murdoch say so, nor Sir Tristan Antico nor, to my memory, Sir Arvi Parbo. If anything they simply note that international coal prices or whatever are down and affecting profits but that cost-cutting measures have ensured profits remain or losses are less.

They do not go on and on blaming the socialists, the Japanese, the Americans, the shipping cartels, the unions, sunspots or the traverse of Mercury in Aries for their lack of profits.

For these men have learned that essential lesson of life: you make the best of what you've got. Not for them the word "if." Rather, they use "when." "If" is for us: "If x would happen then I could be rich." The rich say: "When x didn't happen I did y and thus I am rich." They did what they could.

The businessmen who do all the complaining are usually small time urgers parasiting on the boom, the sons of more famous managers, or employees; whatever, they have either not enjoyed or not learned the lessons of adversity.

One of the remarkable things about present day Australia is the extent to which its business world is dominated by immigrant businessmen: people like Sir Peter Abeles, Larry Adler or Begiorno Nettis, who arrived here broke or near enough to broke after the war and established empires from nothing.

But there is no surprise in this. Larry Adler once explained it to me: "We came from a wealthy family so I knew what the good things of life were, and I knew that you had to work to get them." What he didn't add was that he also knew what the bad things of life were: what Jew in pre-War Europe didn't? Getting through the War alive and intact would make being a successful businessman in sunny Australia a simple feat.

So we come to the recent stock market crash and consequent corporate conclusions. The smaller-minded of us will look at the recently earthbound captains of industry with scorn: here's a man, we will sneer, who once was high and mighty but now is poor like us. Shun him, some of us will say. Which of course is stupid, and why some of us will stay forever poor, in purse and in spirit.

For those recently busted businessmen probably present a better bet than the businessmen still flying high: the upside is so much greater.

I remember a couple of years ago a senior financial journalist bewailing the fact he hadn't caught on until too late to the Holmes a Court technique of taking a non-performing tiny company and turning it into a big player, with wondrous effects on its share price. The plodding investor bought Bell Group; the more adventurous bought Wigmores. Bell Group doubled, Wigmores inceased tenfold. (Let's jump what happened later.)

The same opportunity will arise, or is arising already. Do you invest in a company that has come through the crash relatively unscathed or do you buy up the deflated dirigibles? We're back to basics: risk and reward. What do you want? Safety and small gains or risk and big profits? Doubtless some of these super-entrepreneurs will not get up off the ground; just as surely some of them will. Back them when they're down and they'll reward you when they're up.

Having been down, you can be fairly sure they won't go down there again. Having gone through one dirigible crash you could expect them to carry a puncture kit on future voyages.

So save your pennies and take advantage of the Great Stock Market Crash of 1987. Check out the fallen stars and sort the lesson-learners from the blame-finders. — *David Quicksilver*

Illustration by Julia Edworthy



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# ENVY

HARD CHEESE

If the following collection of words appears to be lacking in bold and tangible point may I say only that every word of it is true. May lightning smite me down and burn my britches if this is not a bona fide, really truly genyoowine chapter of my recent life. And life, as this befuddled punter knows it at any rate, doesn't come complete with its points in italics and its reasons asterixed for easy comprehension.

This is a tale of unbridled envy. It is a bit of caper yarn about a swindle that paid off handsomely for one of its perpetrators. It is a study of sibling rivalry and it is the tortured fluff of many hours of belly button pondering. Yes, all that shit and more, but most of all it's a story of envy.

May I say also that the following ugly outpourings were written some time ago as an exercise in catharsis. The exercise failed, however, for the green-eyed monstrous feelings that wracked me then are as raw and ugly within me now. I thought I'd just cheer myself up by sharing them with you. Have a happy day.

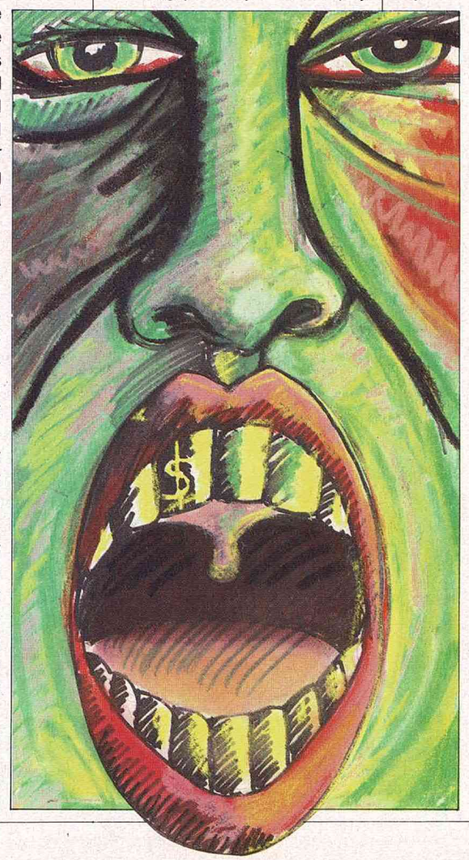


Illustration by Rosanne Hyndman

A relative of mine has just won a fortune on a game show. A close relative, an immediate relative, overnight becomes a fucking rich relative. He's my brother and until recently I liked him very much. So what's my problem? You'd reckon I'd feel proud of him, wouldn't you? Happy for him and pleasantly warm and familial. Not so, I'm afraid. My envy of his luck and ability has turned me into a scheming crone with hate in her eyes.

Until he became wealthy through sheer dumb luck his proudest possession was a wooden statue of Bullwinkle, won in a cinema trivia competition. To win it he had to name the cinematic technique used to film *The Thunderbirds*. It was a curly one but he scratched his chin and spat out the answer: "*Supermarionation.*" The joint went wild and the moose was his. I used to envy him that moose, too.

He is the closest of my siblings, the one who has never failed to make me laugh, and one I have always loved, well, like a brother. So why should I hate the bastard now that he's come into a bit of dough? My black heart knows that is not true hate that I feel; it's seething jealousy and self-pity underpinned with disbelief that he, not I, should have such good fortune. Sure, it may not be real hate, but it burns in the gut and the throat like the genuine article. *Am I a normal human being?*

The worst of it is that I've always been smarter than him. (Hey, Luigi, these here grapes are sour!) Shitty but true. A better scholar, better at general knowledge, better at loungeroom quiz games — though I concede his advantage where TV trivia and obscure tracts of *The Guinness Book Of Records* are concerned. But only just. Now, like some dismal Thomas Hardy heroine, Destiny has undone me. I am to drown in my own vicious bile as he gets a tongue kiss from Kismet.

I said that was the worst of it. It's not. *This is the worst of it.* My loathsome quisling of an id forces me to reveal that it was through my doing that he got on that show and won all that money in the first place. Yes, I cheated for him at the audition where we were both required to answer 50 questions. Instead of handing our papers to honest anonymous people, we marked each other's. As the answers were read in this test that's designed to sift the wheat from the chaff I calmly filled in the yawning gaps he had left where he hadn't known the answers. I faithfully forged his gawky boy's handwriting, chucking in a few spelling mistakes and crossings out to make it look authentic. If I hadn't done that, he would never have passed, never have been on that idiotic show, never made me hate him.

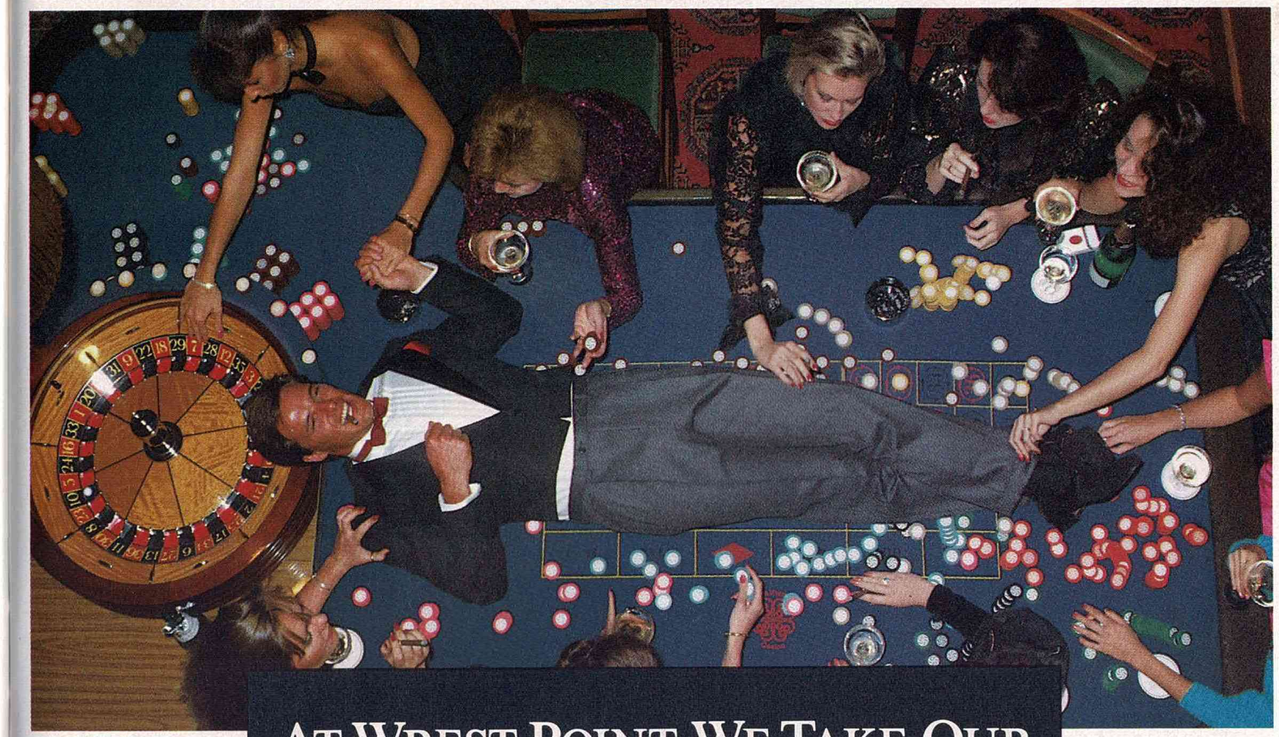
They called me to appear on the show a fortnight after the audition. I acquitted myself in a nervously nondescript fashion, without disgrace or worthwhile gain. I picked up a couple of useless things (anyone interested in some animal bean bags and an ornamental owl?), but no cold, hard cash to stroke my mercenary soul. All my relatives told me piteously that I looked good on telly.

My brother's call to the greedy lure of TV quiz show lucre came many months later, but from the moment the first question was asked of him he was on a winning roll. He caressed that buzzer like a small firm tit and it responded by flashing up his name first every time until he stood waving like a loony with streamers raining from television heaven, his pretty wife with chubby baby glowing at his side and the gorgeous model extras unleashing spumante and dazzling toothy grins.

Oh the horror, the agony of watching that and, for masochism, running it again and again on video. And the rictus of a smile that falsely gripped my face when I saw my brother in person, the phony words that spilled from lips as my diseased mind plotted threatening blackmail headlines. It was then I realised my childish jealousy like a punch in the gut, and yet still the cataracts of avarice clouded my eyes. Six or seven points at that crucial audition stage would be worth at least six or seven grand to me, I thought. At least . . . A couple of months down the line, the bugger has not given me a cracker.

Oh Lord, forgive me. Banish my heart of this malicious avaricious cancer of jealousy and suffuse me once more with the innocent love I once felt. Smile, oh Lord on this unlucky sinner. And oh Lord, while you're at it, could you see your way clear to sling a few bucks my way too? — *Anita Newman*



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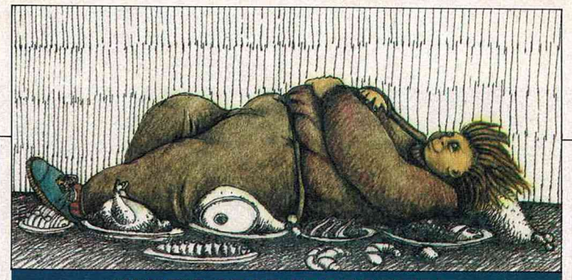

## WINE'S STAR PERFORMER

You might mistake him for a friendly bank manager: confident face, dark wavy hair, a winning smile and a very firm handshake. But the staid halls of finance are not where you will find Brian McGuigan. Not by a long shot. Because the "hall" he is in charge of is Wyndham Estate, one of the most successful wineries in the Hunter Valley or any other wine area of Australia.

There's nothing even vaguely retiring about McGuigan. A boots and all man, he is convinced that tomorrow always offers the potential to do better. Wyndham Estate exports are targeted at treble the 1987 figure, especially to Sweden — now the number one importer of Australian wines. In the past year, the company has become the chief exporter of premium Australian wines to France and Canada. At the end of 1987, overseas orders totalled in excess of $6 million.

*Wyndham Estate's Brian McGuigan*

McGuigan is probably the most vocal singer of the Hunter Valley's praises, squashing any accusations of the climate being too hot. "Hunter wines have a unique flavor and intensity. I believe that Australians want taste in everything. The cool climate brigade, with the card of snobbery up their sleeve, are pushing a more European style of wine. At Wyndham, we strive for Australian individuality."

Technological development is another McGuigan hobby horse. He believes that Australia is poised to become the vineyard of the world in the 21st Century because we already have the scientific edge. "Over the next two years, we will plant an additional 1000 acres of vines in the Hunter Valley, Mudgee and Cowra. Earlier this year, Wyndham released a new share issue to fund further technological developments. The 1988 vintage will see the first operation of our new $3 million winery."

Located between Wyndham Estate's existing Pokolbin winery and Casuarina, arguably the Hunter's most famous restaurant, the new winery is adjacent to the proposed development site of a Sheraton five-star resort. The potential for tourist-fuelled cellar door sales is beyond the imagination. At present the surrounding vineyards are planted to semillon and traminer. This year, significant plantings of cabernet sauvignon, ruby cabernet, merlot, malbec, pinot noir and chardonnay will bolster the "boutique" premium image of the operation.

In a few years, these new plantings will be on line to continue a national and international show record for Wyndham Estate that borders on a true, not hyped up, phenomenon. In the US, Wyndham was the top Australian performer at the prestigious Intervin show in New York for the second year running. At the hotly contested International Wine and Spirit Competition in Britain, Wyndham Estate has been the most successful Australian exhibitor for five years in a row.

Wyndham Estate's 1986 Bin 888 Cabernet Merlot is being hailed as a new "Grange Hermitage." Not because it tastes like Australia's most famous red but because the style shows the same degree of innovation that revolutionised the wine world back in the Fifties. Last year, it claimed the Hector Tulloch Perpetual Trophy for the best current release Hunter Valley red and was a shoo-in for Hunter Valley Benchmark status.

Noted economist John Maynard Keynes once remarked, "My only regret in life is that I didn't drink more champagne." Australians seem eager to avoid any such regret. Those in the vanguard of this lemming-like rush will not go past Wyndham's 1984 Louis IV Cuvee.

The wine isn't named after an early medieval French king in a pathetic attempt to gain "credibility." The title refers to Brian's brother Louis, an eminent doctor credited with a leading breakthrough in the treatment of rheumatism. At $22, this fulsome sparkler has the crispness and elegance one expects of a pure chardonnay wine but is devoid of the acidity often associated with a "straight" chardonnay sparkling wine.

Chablis Superieur is Wyndham's big seller. It's a well-made drop but quite frankly I think Wyndham provides many more ways to better spend your money. The 1987 Verdelho is fruity and dry on the palate and regarded by many as a leader in the white fashion flow-on from chardonnay. But if you still can't budge from chardonnay, the 1987 Wyndham Hunter Chardonnay is just as rich and full-bodied as its predecessors. The 1985 Bin 222 Chardonnay and 1985 Oak Cask Chardonnay are both trophy winners. Both are complex and beautifully made wines that put them in a league with the best in the country.

The 1980 Bin 444 Cabernet Sauvignon has achieved Hunter Valley Classic status, and little wonder. A very full-flavored wine, its robustness is tempered by a superb fruit and excellent wood and tannin balance. On a lighter note, the 1987 Hunter Villages is a top contender in the light red stakes. Its almost palpable fruitiness demands 20 minutes — no longer — in the fridge before drinking.

Australians are finally giving dessert wines a segment of the attention they deserve. The enthusiasm for making these "liquid gold" wines is shared by winemakers in all parts of the country. "Everyone wants to work with 'stickies' because they speak so eloquently," says Brain McGuigan.

At $7.40, Wyndham Estate Hunter Sauternes 1986 is an absolute giveaway. A fabulous medium yellow color shows the way for a deep, honeyed aroma modified with a hint of oak. The 1981 Sauternes shows the full effects of seven years bottle age, fully justifying the trophy it won at the 1986 Hunter Valley Wine Show. The 1985 Botrytis Rhine Riesling won gold medals at the Atlanta International Wine Show two years in a row. Don't drink it with dessert. Let the tail wag the dog for once and enjoy it, in sips, completely alone. — *Elisabeth King*

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# VANITY

HELL FOR LEATHER

Gram for gram, millimetre for millimetre, the Erection-maker is probably the most economical fashion accessory — and fueller of vanity — ever devised. First impressions, and you're guessing that it's a muzzle for a chihuahua or something, yet according to those who've worn them, "They make you *feel* like a stud . . ."

At least that was the comment from the salesman from Link, Australia's most "renowned" leather label. He went on to explain that its series of straps and studs are not all about looks and vanity, but that it's a design based on sound physiological principles: it holds the testes forward and exerts a firm pressure at the base of the penis; the testes are naturally drawn up close to the body as the Big O approaches and holding them down can for some men delay or otherwise intensify the climax; the pressure at the base traps blood in the engorged tissue so that you presumably stay harder longer with increased sensitivity. All this for less than $20.

But there's something else. It's made of leather. No other substance comes close to leather's sensual appeal. A visit to Link, in Sydney's inner city suburb of Newtown, will reveal *all* to those who've only guessed privately of leather's attractions. Link are upfront and frank. Their motto: "Anything you can do, we can do leather . . ."

"Leather plugs into a primitive instinct," explained the Link spokesman — a man who does a lot of selling and advising. (He preferred to go unidentified in this story: even with the slightest publicity, Link is fielding enough phonecalls from around the country to drive them nuts, whereas *all* the staff at Link are well-versed in the field and will go out of their way to help.) "I guess it goes back to the best hunter always wearing the best skin. There's definitely some inbuilt sense which attracts people to it." Marlon Brando and James Dean probably popularised leather in the Fifties, but even the style of those biker jackets can be traced back to the militarist feel. Leather's always been an aggressively male uniform.

Yet apart from that "image", leather tricks the senses. While it appears rough, hard and coarse, when it's worn or touched it usually surprises with its softness. And it fits — like nothing else. "It's another skin, literally, and it takes the wearer's shape. A leather outfit should never be lent to someone else for this reason."

Illustration by Lorraine Banks

The Link spokesman was keen to correct two misconceptions about leather fashions and accessories. The first is leather's — and Link's — perceived association with the heavy gay scene: "The gay look has been gone for about two years now. It's now only a small part of our sales. [Sales which are booming.] And they were actually more into the image rather than the sensuality." Now much of the Link range caters for women: Annie Lennox-style leather bras, suspender belts, corsets, and "the best-cut leather skirts in Australia."

The second suggestion that requires correction is that inclusion of leather into love play has anything to do with S&M, or what is generally perceived as the darker side of sexual expression. "What we simply say is that it's a way to romantically add variety to a couple's sex life." It's romantic because they make great gifts, and leather has a habit of flattering anyone who wears it. "Basically it exercises a sensual extension of anticipation, and isn't that one of the main points of making love? People *feel* sensual when they wear it. Now that doesn't mean that a guy who wears leather jocks under his jeans is going to be walking around all day with an erection . . . It just *feels* good."

Latest trends? The best recent sellers have been jackets in black oilskin. "The biggest mistake to watch out for is leather gear with trimmings hanging off it; that distorts its natural appeal." The garment should be basic, so that *you* add the accessories.

A copy of the New York police department leather jacket has been a particularly big seller for Link. Perhaps surprisingly, recent sales suggest that women are buying leather jackets as often as men.

Then there are the items for behind closed doors . . . The padded blindfold is one item that can instantly spark a waning level of sensual excitement. "It's not about dominance either; it's about tuning into your senses — and anticipation." Or there's a collar. It *can* be used as a fashion item, but in the bedroom, "It means you *can* lead a person to water and make them drink . . ."

There are also leather chastity items, for novelty, fantasy or roleplaying — for men *and* women — as well as cock rings, whips, slings, leather pouches filled with sand to hang from the scrotum . . . and more.

A visit to Link at 230 King Street, Newtown and a tour through the range is the best way to find out what, if anything, takes your fancy. The second best way is to send $5 to Link, PO Box 152, Earlwood to receive in the mail a 22-page color catalogue.

You can feel comfortable dealing with them. They're not shy, so there's no reason for you to be. The spokesman recalled one middle-aged woman who'd come in requesting ideas to spark things up a bit, and went away with an erection-maker and the suggestion that she leave it on the bedside table and wait till the rather timid husband asked her about it and its purpose. It evidently took three days for him to even notice it — but within two weeks they were *both* back perusing the range, looking for stage two . . . — *Graem Sims*



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# SLOTH

## VANUATU RESURGES

Pacific paradises are becoming rarer than peace and quiet and sperm whales. Fiji has blotted its image of 1000-watt smiles with curfews and ubiquitous burly soldiers. The dock strikes in Tahiti could lead to larger displays of anti-French feeling. These days, New Caledonia barely rates a stop-off for the *Fairstar* for reasons that have been chronicled in blow-by-blow detail elsewhere.

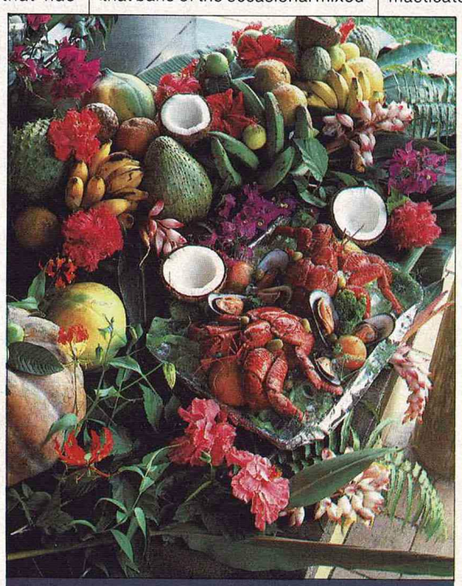
Fortunately, 1988 has seen the re-emergence of Vanuatu as a mecca for piss-weak hedonists easily seduced by clear turquoise waters and tropical beaches shaded by coconut palms. Cyclone Uma blew away Vanuatu's thriving tourist industry in February 1987. Today, as John Wayne would have put it, not so's you'd know it. In fact, in a dark twist, Uma has led to a fever of renovation and updating that has given Vanuatu much slicker and more sophisticated accommodation and restaurants.

International flights to Vanuatu touch down at Vila's Bauerfield Airport. Iririki Island Resort is some 15 minutes away by mini-bus, perched as the name suggests on its own self-contained island a three-minute ferry ride from Vila. The ferry service operates 24 hours a day to ferry the wounded laid low by Fosters, the country's favorite drink.

Iririki's brochure claims that the resort is "perfect for a start to wedded bliss, or a second honeymoon, or a getaway from anyone married to their work." I fall into none of these categories; suffice to say I slept like the catatonic from Edgar Allen Poe's *Fall Of The House Of Usher*. Lying in your self-contained *fare* (pronounced fah-ray) with the sea lapping under the verandah beats a Valium every time.

There are 72 *fares*, tiny bungalows laid out along curving walkways separated by lush tropical greenery, hibiscus and bec de perroquet blooms. Each fare has a queen-size bed (well sprung for those who care about bounce), three-piece lounge, music and video system, vaulting ceilings and two chairs on the verandah for a champagne breakfast if you want. And believe me, it's wise to want.

The hub of Iririki is the bar/restaurant/pool area. After check-in most people stampede the bar for one of the expertly made cocktails, none of which is that bane of the occasional mixed drinker — sickly. A Sweet Lips turned out to be gin, Pernod, fresh pineapple and orange juice. Hardcore men order a M'Lord's Hammer — no more than two please — of vodka, gin, rum, tequila, Cointreau, lime cordial and Coca-Cola.



*Vanuatu: not just a feast for the eyes*

Photo by Peter Hendrie

But the drink you really shouldn't miss is kava. One night the manager brought in some innocent-looking coconut shells filled with what looked like muddy water. A mildly or raging narcotic native drink, depending on how many shells you drink, kava leaves the same numbing sensations as novocaine.

One wild liver downed seven shells — two hours later he couldn't speak and was literally legless. For the factual, kava is made from the root of the Piper methysticum pepper plant, chewed and mixed with water. The best brews are premasticated by virgins, but as is the case elsewhere maidens are becoming more rare than a straight policeman in a vice squad.

The Reriki restaurant is used all day. In the morning this looming native structure wafts in the first of the day's balmy breezes while you're tucking into croissants, tropical fruit, pancakes, waffles or whatever. At night the native band is a perfect back-up for chilli coconut crab.

Le Lagon Pacific Resort looks as expensive as it is. It is attractive and opulently done out but lacks that indefinable thing called heart. A 75-acre web of lobbies, foyers, specialised restaurants, sitting rooms, bungalows and terraces, it's the perfect place to show the woman of your evil desires that silverfish will never find a resting place in your wallet. Book in when special packages are on offer, as they certainly will be.

The Intercontinental was once the place to stay in Vila. At the moment, it is looking a bit like an old tart with one false eyelash in comparison with Le Lagon and Iririki. Vacationing parents however consider it a boon. There are enough programs and organised activities to take children (from rug rats to Frankenstein teenagers) off their hands for a whole day, as well as equipment for every aquatic sport in existence. In all fairness, the Intercontinental will be given a massive overhaul this year and is home to the only disco in town.

The popular Erakor Resort has recently reopened to favorable local reviews. Those in search of Marlon Brando solitude or with severe resortitis have the options of Metesons Guest House, Manuro Paradise and Takara Resort.

Before independence Vanuatu was governed by the French and British. Fortunately, the French left their mark on the food, rather than vice versa.

Vanuatu is afloat with manly pursuits such as diving, kayaking, water skiing, sailing and canoeing in outriggers. The offices of Tour Vanuatu and Frank King Tours can help you with a wide range of half-day or full-day trips. Highly recommended is a side journey to the island of Tanna, one hour's flight from Vila, to take in the spectacular rainforest and Yasur, the world's most accessible live volcano.

To my mind, Vanuatu's people are reason enough to come. Vanuatuans like people, and they remember them as individuals. Perhaps it's the size of the country — some 80 islands scattered over thousands of kilometres of the South Pacific due east of Brisbane. Or perhaps it's because they have no television to draw them into their homes or make them fall silent, and so they walk about and talk with anyone. Or maybe it's that happy circumstance called "Island Time", flexible as a Dali watch, in which all transactions are possible, whether they take place or not. — *Elisabeth King*

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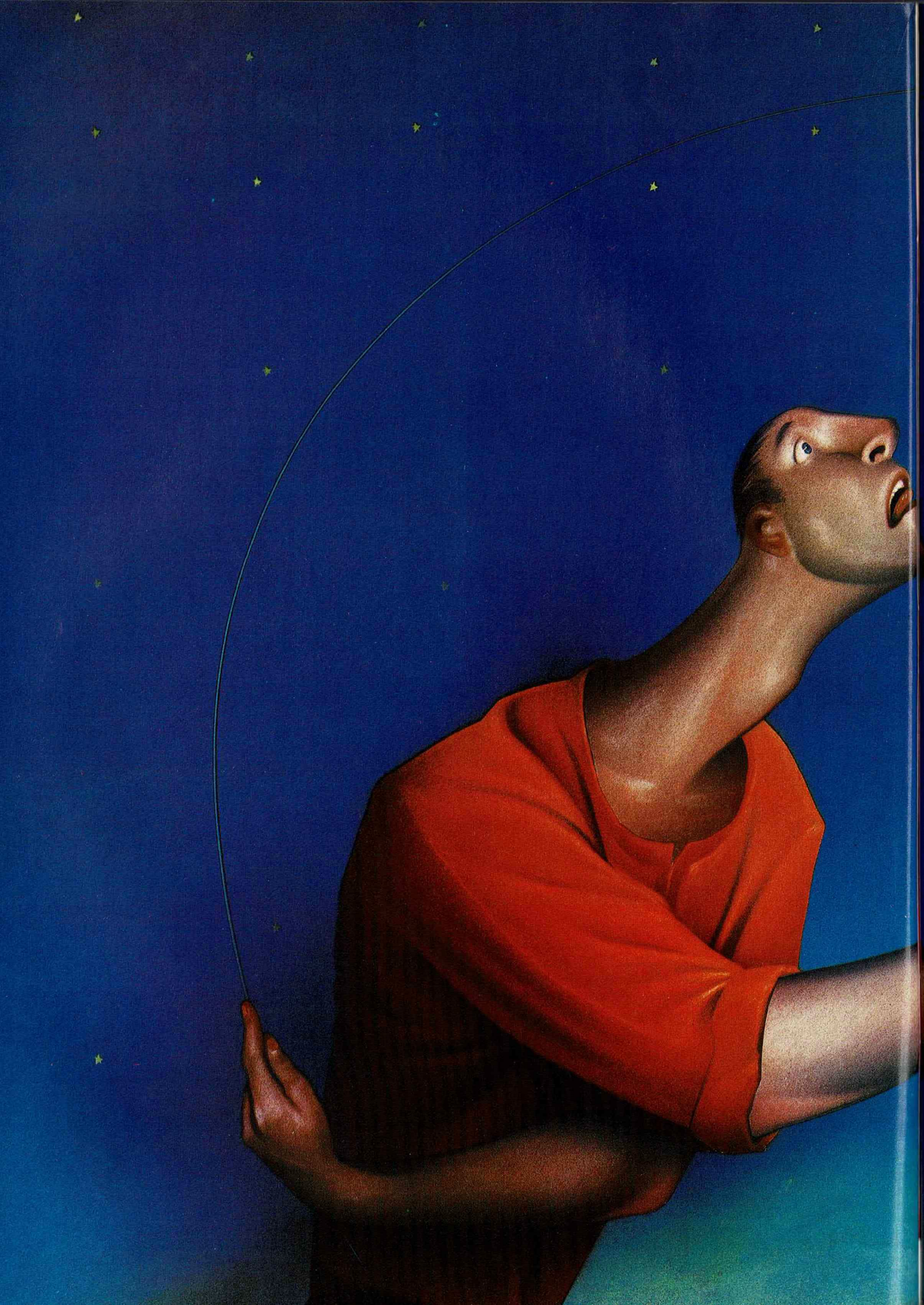

Heavens above!
Everyone's having close encounters

# THE ET EFFECT

BY BEN HARRIS*

Have you been reading the papers lately? It seems that nice people all over the world are being kidnapped! Not just by sex-crazed loons and avaricious thrill-seekers, either. The aliens have landed, they're all over the place, and around the world people are having "Encounters of the Third Kind." They're being poked, prodded and even raped by strange, inquisitive creatures from far-off planets. At least, that's what we're led to believe by the media and the New Age authors who feed and encourage them.

How, does this extraordinary development in human history affect you? Well, according to Whitley Streiber, author of *Communion* (published last year and still on the US best-seller list), every time you look at your watch and notice that time seems to have skipped by, you may

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ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

have just been abducted by nosy aliens, subjected to a searching extra-terrestrial examination, and returned to Earth (minus the memories) during the apparently "missing time." How exciting!

Streiber did not originate this bizarre theory; he has merely managed to package it in a very saleable form, owing to his talents as a writer of fiction. You've heard of his previous works: *Black Magic, The Wolfen, The Hunger* and others. Streiber has made a successful transition from sci-fi to what I like to call "psi-fi" — pseudo-science presented as fact. Current works also in this spurious genre are Bud Hopkins' *Intruders* and Gary Kinder's *Light Years*. Together with *Communion*, they form a trilogy of tripe which has been largely responsible for the recent world-wide upsurge of interest in UFOs.

What we're seeing now is only the beginning. The next few years will, I predict, produce a UFO "flap" the like of which we haven't seen since the fabulous Fifties.

It's odd how these things go in cycles. The early Seventies saw the rise of a host of new pseudo-scientific "discoveries", from the mysteries of the Bermuda Triangle to the magic of pyramid power. The market became oversaturated and was further damaged by scientific scrutiny which revealed some sophisticated hoaxes ("The Philadelphia Experiment" is a case in point) and failed to confirm the hopes of a gullible public.

Out with the old, in with the new — which, gathered loosely under the New Age banner, ranges from past-life therapy to trance-channelling (the new name for spiritualism) and includes a rejuvenated interest in "contactees" and "abductees" — individuals claiming personal contact with beings from other planets. People *want* to believe that their stories are real. People want to believe it could happen to them — that it *did* happen to them. Paul Kurtz, Chairman of the Committee for Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal (CSICOP), has described this mentality succinctly: "Although the scientific search for extra-terrestrial life goes on — as it should, given the mass of uncorroborated beliefs — we wonder sometimes to what extent intelligent life exists on Earth."

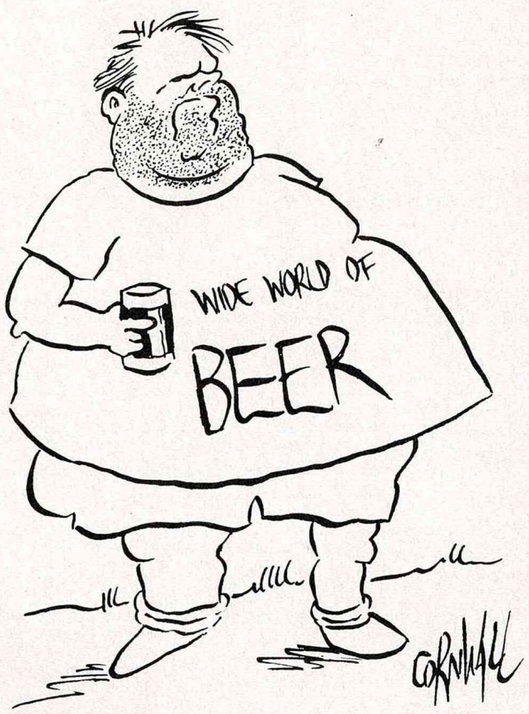
The UFO phenomenon started in 1947 when a man named Kenneth Arnold spotted nine luminescent objects flying over the top of Mount Rainier in Washington, USA. He said they flew "like a saucer would if you skipped it across the water." A journalist dubbed the objects "flying saucers" and the name stuck. The power of suggestion quickly took over, and every time someone saw, or thought they saw, something in the sky they didn't understand, it was immediately presumed to be a flying saucer.

Throughout the Fifties, saucers were being spotted everywhere. Some thought they were extra-terrestrial spaceships, others that they represented a secret Russian technology. Most were easily explainable as misidentifications of objects such as weather balloons, aircraft (at a distance and reflecting sunlight) or flocks of birds. But as the misidentifications grew in number, con-artists began to emerge. They were aided, ironically, by an infant technology which had serious limitations at the time: radar. The early radar screens continually picked up "blips", called "angels", which moved at tremendous speeds and executed wild turns beyond the capacity of any normal aircraft. Could they be flying saucers? A lot of people thought so, especially when a visual sighting coincided with one of these strange radar reports. It wasn't until much later that scientists learned that temperature inversions — high bodies of air containing hot and cold layers moving in opposite directions — were the cause of the mysterious "angels." Modern radar distinguishes them from solid objects.

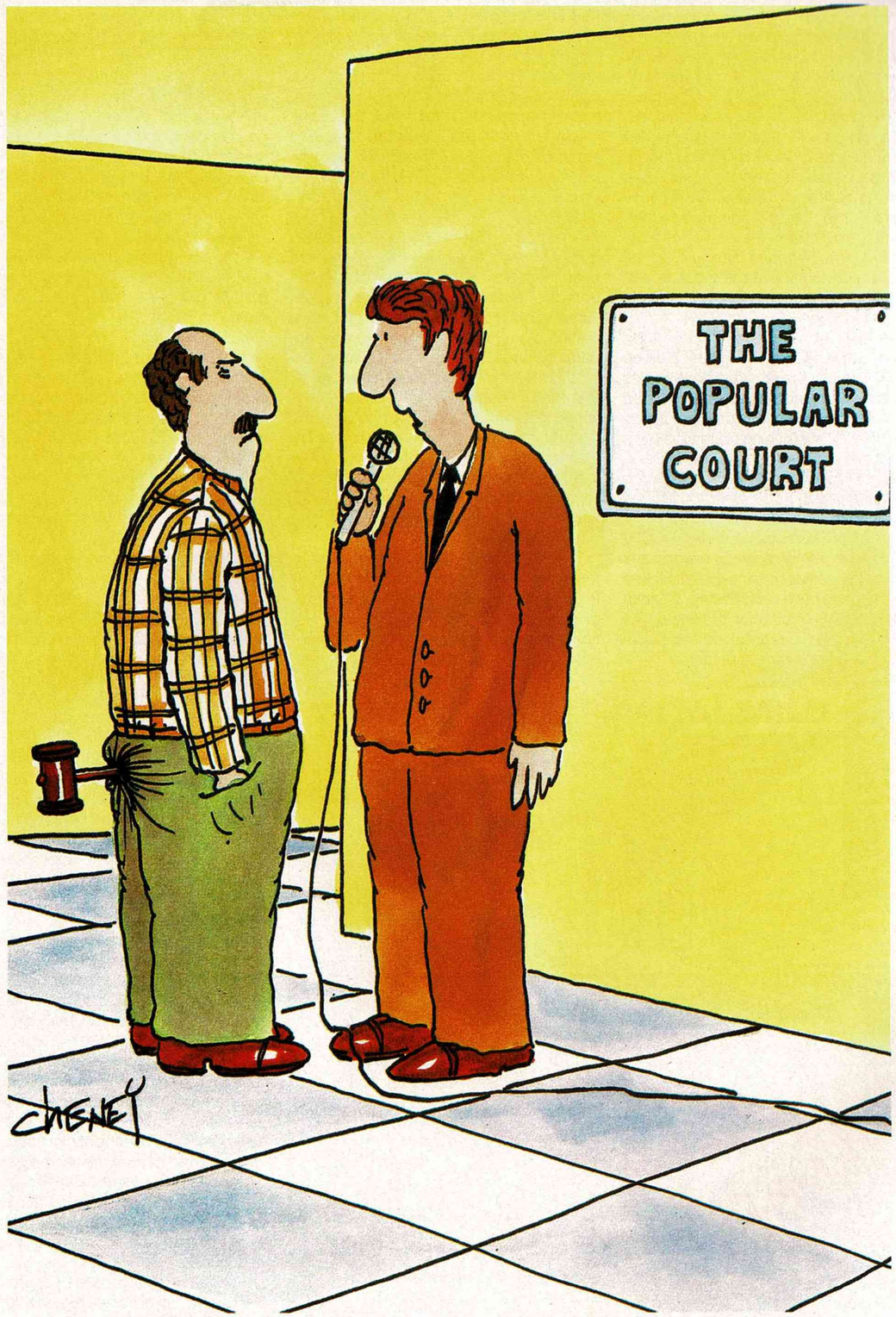
In 1950, with UFO hysteria in full swing, a loquacious gentleman named Silas M. Newton delivered a lecture at the University of Denver, Colorado, USA in which he claimed that a flying saucer had crashed in New Mexico and that the occupants had been captured by government officials and whisked away to a secret vault in the Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio. The "inspiration" for Newton's lecture was in fact an incident (later known as "The Roswell Incident") which occurred on June 14, 1947 when a New Mexico farmer found some objects originally identified as fragments of a flying saucer. It turned out that they were actually parts of a weather balloon.

However, Frank Scully, a well-known columnist for the showbiz magazine *Variety,* wrote up Newton's story as fact in *Behind The Flying Saucers*, published in 1950. Scully claimed as his major source a Dr Gee, who was an associate of Newton. Two years later the captured aliens story was exposed as a complete fabrication. Dr Gee turned out to be Leo GeBauer, manager of a radio spare parts store; Newton himself had a reputation for questionable business practices. Within weeks of the exposure of the hoax, GeBauer and Newton were arrested by FBI agents and charged with selling an item called a Doodlebug which they claimed could locate oil deposits.

The significance of this last story is that in spite of the clear refutation of the captured aliens yarn, Charles Berlitz was able to represent it as fact in his 1980 book *The Roswell Incident*, with the result that a great many people now believe the US Government is holding aliens in secret vaults. Thirty years down the track, how






*"So . . . how do you feel about the judge's decision?"*

many readers are going to be familiar with the facts? Lee Roger Taylor and Michael R. Dennett wrote in the *Skeptical Inquirer* in 1985 (referring to UFOs): "It is characteristic of a pseudo-science — and indeed, even a mandate — that new cases must continuously be brought forth to cover old, unproven cases in order to justify and renew the 'validity' of its faith." Berlitz obviously took the principle one step further. (You may recall that the same man co-authored *The Bermuda Triangle*, a discredited work combining fabrication and ignorance in generous dollops. The game remains the same.)

Wild tales of extra-terrestrial contact flourished throughout the Fifties. George Adamski, who in the previous decade was the leader of a small southern Californian religious sect, wrote *Inside The Space Ships* in 1955, in which he claimed to be in contact with aliens from Venus. He also stated that alien bases existed on the far side of the moon. Fortunately for him, he died before scientists managed to get a look at the far side of moon. Adamski's explanation for the absence of alien bases would have been interesting. He also faked UFO photos to build his following. Despite the fact that the model for the fakes was actually found, people still believe Adamski was a genuine "contactee."

All of this begs the question: why are people so willing to believe UFO stories that are not supported by a shred of evidence? It seems the answer lies in the notion of "transcendental temptation" — the desire to establish spiritual contact with worlds beyond our ken. The UFO phenomenon is apparently a heady mix of religious longings encompassed by an imagined technology inspired by our own technological progress. Instead of gods in the heavens we have aliens in glittering spaceships.

Among the current breed of contactees is Billy Meier, a Swiss who claims to have been in contact with a variety of females from The Pleiadians since 1975. He's taken some very good UFO photos that have baffled many experts. They show an apparently huge "space ship" floating *behind* a tree, which is supposed to establish that the UFO could not be a small model suspended on a thread. The photography experts that Billy fooled were all limited by their lack of training in "magic"; they examined the shots for paste-up, montage and rephotographing — the obvious techniques to look for. In most instances Billy doesn't use them.

As a magician I'm pretty well attuned to the processes of deception. In less than five minutes I was able to rig up and produce the shot on the following page. Notice the saucer passing behind the tree. How's it done? Simply by utilising the fact that a photograph is a two-dimensional representation of a three-dimensional scene. Distance and proportions can be distorted as the third dimension is removed. This shot is unquestionably as good as Billy Meier's and I claim no contact with extra-terrestrials.

Actually, Billy now reckons his contacts go way back to the Forties. He's been receiving all this higher knowledge for decades; why doesn't he impart some words of wisdom from above? To date the higher knowledge, delivered by aliens who've covered millions of miles to visit Billy's Swiss farm, runs along these lines: "The eternal truth remains for all times the eternal truth." We await further enlightenment.

Meier, like many "contactees" before him, has been caught cheating. He faked a photo of a San Francisco earthquake and slides of models have been discovered. He likes to do sleight-of-hand stuff with coins and Uri Geller's spoon-bending tricks. But why, you may ask, would he bother to fabricate an elaborate UFO hoax?

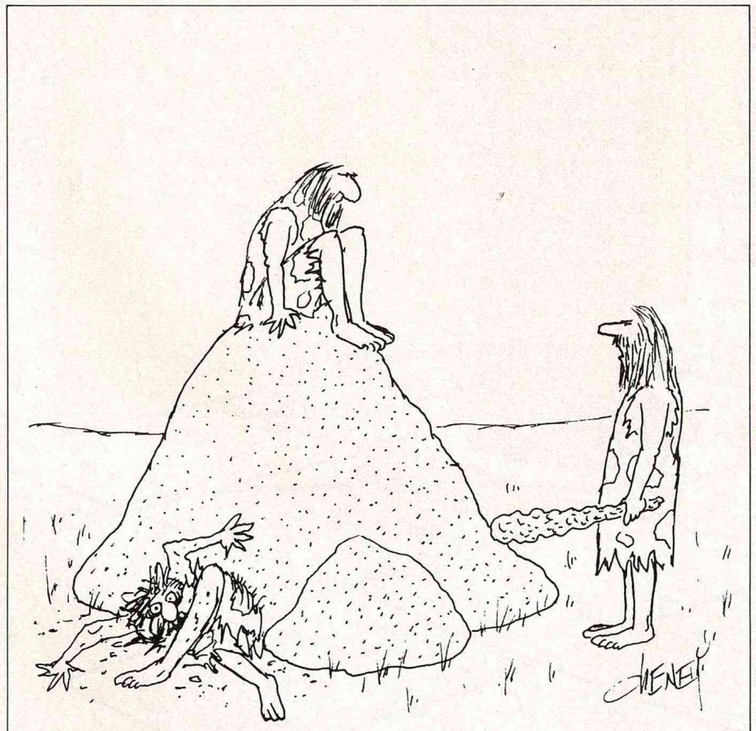
Apart from the fact that Billy probably couldn't lie straight in bed, his extensive following has lifted him from the poverty line to the point where he can afford a $250,000 farm.

The most famous of all "abductee" cases, and an article of faith among a great many UFO enthusiasts, involved a middle-aged American couple, Betty and Barney Hill. Their story has inspired documentaries, books and limitless speculation.

It first came to light in John G. Fuller's *The Interrupted Journey* in 1966, serialised in *Look* magazine the same year. Fuller is a fiction writer whose works include *The Ghost of Flight 401* and other tales of the supernatural. Barney is now dead, but Betty continues to make appearances at UFO conventions everywhere, where she's treated with the utmost respect by the faithful.

The popular version of the Hill story goes like this: Betty and Barney, returning from a vacation in Montreal, were driving through a deserted stretch in the White Mountains area of New Hampshire at around midnight on September 19-20, 1961 when they saw a star-like object that appeared to follow the car. The object seemed to be closing in and Barney got out of the car to check it out with his binoculars. He believed that he saw alien faces peering at him through windows. He ran back to the car in a panic, announced to Betty that they were about to be captured, and drove home, arriving much later than expected. They had apparently "missed" some two hours during this experience.

After several days, Betty began to have dreams in which she belatedly recalled both herself and Barney being taken aboard the craft and physically examined by the aliens. Several years later, under psychiatric evaluation including hypnosis,



*"No further questions, Your Honor."*



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they each told their stories of abduction and examination as revealed to them in their dreams. Betty also reproduced a "star map" shown to her by the aliens. UFO enthusiast Marjorie Fish examined the map, identified the stars and said they were capable of supporting inhabitable planets.

That's how the story goes, but it's not exactly watertight. Betty actually reported seeing a "star" below the moon on the night of September 19. Soon afterward, she reportedly spotted a second object which she said was bigger or brighter than the "star", and this she believed to have been the UFO. She and Barney watched this "craft" for at least 30 minutes as it appeared to follow the car.

Researcher Robert Sheafer has identified the "star" Betty spotted that night. According to Sheafer, "The moon was then near the constellation borders of Sagittarius and Capricornus, a region void of any conspicuously bright stars. The planet Saturn, however, was a highly conspicuous first magnitude object almost directly below the moon, as seen from the White Mountains. But there was a *second* planet present — Jupiter — two and a half magnitudes (12 times) more brilliant than Saturn, looking 'like a star, a bigger star, up over this one' — Betty Hill's description of the UFO. The Hills reported seeing two starlike objects, one of them the UFO. But two starlike objects *were* near the moon that evening — Jupiter and Saturn; Mrs Hill's description of the relative positions and brightness of the objects almost perfectly describes the two planets. The conclusion is inescapable: no unusual object was present. What Mrs Hill was calling a UFO was in fact the brilliant planet Jupiter."

Could someone mistake a bright star or a planet for a UFO? Actually, it happens all the time. Venus has been responsible for more UFO false alarms than any other celestial object; even Jimmy Carter once felt compelled to denounce the planet as a UFO. During World War II Venus often appeared to follow aircraft and many rounds of ammunition were wasted in attempts to blast it out of the sky.

The Hills' recollection of the timetable on their night of nights has varied considerably from source to source. Their original Air Force account placed the encounter at between midnight and 1am. *The Interrupted Journey* puts it at not long after 11pm, while another book, *The Edge of Reality,* records: "We estimate the UFO started to move in close to us right around 3am." How can we establish what period of time was "missed" if we can't even establish the time of the supposed encounter?

And what of the hypnosis? Betty and Barney did reveal their story under the hypnotic influence or guidance of Dr Benjamin Simon, a prominent Boston psychiatrist. Barney recalled that Betty had told him "a great many details of the dreams." Remember, it was Betty who originally had the abduction dreams and who continually retold the story to anyone prepared to listen. Dr Simon wanted to know why Barney knew nothing of Betty's experiences on board the space ship whereas Betty knew all about Barney's. Clearly, Betty had the "details" — the dreams — while Barney had only scant information acquired through the constant retelling. He said nothing original at all.

Now, hypnosis can be a useful tool, but not for investigations of this sort. Dream states and fantasy tend to merge with reality as the subject tries to please the hypnotist. For instance, people who explore supposed "past lives" while in regressional hypnosis just about always claim to have been famous people in these past lives. (Jesus Christ turns out to be a particular favorite.) In any case, the most damning evidence comes from Dr Simon himself, who never swallowed the story. In his opinion, "It was a fantasy . . . In other words, it was a dream. The abduction did not happen."

Betty's "star map" is about all that remains to prop up the Hill case. The map purports to show the route followed by the aliens on their journey to Earth. Marjorie Fish, using colored beads on a three-dimensional frame, claims to have matched the stars drawn by Betty with a group of nearby stars similar to our own sun. In fact, Ms Fish only identified a selection of 15 stars when Betty's map contained no less than 26 dots or stars. No self-respecting scientist would match up half the evidence, conveniently discard the rest, and still claim a "hit." Fish's interpretation is nothing more than a crude attempt at juggling the data to fit it into a predetermined pattern. Cornell University's renowned astronomer Dr Carl Sagan has pointed out that there is a resemblance between the Hill sketch and Fish's map only by virtue of the connecting lines drawn between the stars. Without the lines the patterns look about as different as can be.

No doubt Betty Hill still genuinely believes something very strange did happen to her. However, she now reportedly sees UFOs with astounding regularity and even has a pet lookout. After accompanying her to this special spot, a representative of CUFOS (a major UFO investigation group) concluded that Betty was unable to "distinguish between a landed UFO and a streetlight." Sadly, she seems to have lost the plot completely.

After the Hill story hit the press, almost 200 more "abduction" cases were reported across the United States within the space of a year. All of a sudden people were remembering that they too had been abducted, examined and returned to Earth just like Betty and Barney.

*The author's trick photography easily replicates other supposedly genuine photos of UFOs.*



America was enveloped by another "flap" when NBC-TV broadcast a pseudo-documentary on the Hill abduction on October 20, 1975. Three weeks after the program went to air, 22-year-old Travis Walton disappeared from the face of the Earth, apparently having been abducted by aliens. The case made international headlines.

Walton was at the time a member of a seven-man crew engaged in thinning and stacking timber in the Turkey Springs area of the Silgreaves National Forest in the mountains of east-central Arizona. At about 6pm on November 5, 1975 Travis was sitting in the front seat of a truck when he saw a saucer-like object hovering about 30 metres from the road. Mike Rogers, the crew head, reckoned the object was about five metres in diameter and "looked like a flying saucer . . . something I'd seen pictures of."

Travis leaped from the truck and ran towards the object. As he approached it, a brilliant flash of light threw him backwards about three metres. Rogers panicked and roared off in the truck. After covering half a kilometre he turned the vehicle around, returned to the spot and searched for his workmate, who was nowhere to be found. Five days later young Travis reappeared, eager to tell the world of his extraordinary experience.

As you might expect, the Walton abduction story does not benefit from close scrutiny. The contract that Walton's team had entered with the US Forest Service was, at the time of the incident, seriously behind schedule. Having already received an extension, Rogers would have been in big trouble if he failed to complete the work by the stipulated date: November 10. On November 5 he still had 222 acres to thin. Only an unavoidable delay — perhaps an act of God? — could provide the excuse he needed.

Rogers and Walton both had an interest in UFOs; other members of the crew had heard them discussing the subject at length. And Rogers had seen the NBC-TV documentary on the Hill story. Significantly, Travis' description of his physical examination by the aliens closely paralleled Betty and Barney Hill's accounts.

Why was Travis so keen to hitch a ride on the flying saucer? Was he expecting a party? Why were there no bruises or marks of any kind on his body if he'd been blasted by a beam of light only five days earlier? Initially, the "abductee" flunked a lie detector test but was quite happy to undergo a second test. Walton said he wanted to be sure the tester was not biased. Who was chosen for this weighty task? None other than Cleve Backster, the man who first popularised the notion that plants can communicate their feelings through electrodes attached to their leaves. (Many scientists have attempted to duplicate Backster's experiments without any success.) As it turned out, the second lie detector test never took place. That didn't stop Travis from producing the inevitable book, *The Walton Experience,* which made a killing on the paperback market.

In this age of rampant superstition, hucksters are proving that you can fool a great many of the people all the time with practically no effort whatsoever.

Here's an example of the amazing credulity of UFO believers: in Gary Kinder's recent book *Light Years,* chronicling the alleged extra-terrestrial contacts made by Billy Meier, reference is made to a piece of "hard" evidence: a triangular piece of metal that Meier claimed had been taken from the hull of a "beamship." Now, if rigorous scientific examination were to show that this metal was composed of elements of unknown origin, or was perhaps bonded in a way not possible on this planet, the case would have been closed in Meier's favor. Of course, the artefact would then be hailed as the most important, most precious single object on Earth — the most significant "find" in all of human history. Now, what do you suppose happened to it? Would you believe that the object mysteriously vanished after being sent to the US for examination? It was there, under a microscope, at one moment, and then suddenly it was gone!

> MJ12 purports to be a leaked CIA document stating that four badly decomposed alien bodies were recovered from a UFO which crashed in 1947

You might have thought the security around this priceless sample would be pretty tight. In fact, according to *Light Years*, it was delivered to a scientist named Marcel Vogel in this fashion: "One Saturday morning, not long after he had agreed to examine the Meier evidence, Vogel found lying on his doorstep a small padded mailer addressed to him." Can you imagine trusting Australia Post with the most precious object on the planet? Can you imagine the man entrusted with Meier's sample taking a punt on the US Mail if Meier had really taken this thing from the hull of an alien "beamship"? And yet many people believe Meier's "hard" evidence is genuine and that it has tragically disappeared. Could there be a more poignant testimony to human gullibility?

The proponents of the UFO phenomenon and their faithful have an equally disconcerting ability never to let the facts get in the way of a good story. In this they have little to learn from the denizens of the yellow press. For instance, what of the CIA conspiracy theory, by which it is generally understood that all the *real* evidence — the hard stuff — has been scrupulously concealed over several decades for fear of inciting panic among the populace? In fact the relevant CIA papers are public property and have been since July 1976, when the 80,000 pages that comprise the "Project Bluebook" files were released under the US *Freedom of Information Act.* There is no evidence that there's ever been a cover-up of any kind. Believers now pore over the documents for anything that might confirm their suspicions. But let's face it: the US Government couldn't keep Watergate nor the Iran-Contra scandal under its hat. What chance would the Americans have of concealing possibly the biggest story imaginable across so many presidencies?

Occasionally a forged document crops up to excite. The very latest entrant in this perennial wild goose chase is the "MJ12 Document", brought to light by Timothy Good in his book *Above Top Secret,* which examines the current state of UFOlogy. MJ12 purports to be a leaked CIA document stating that four badly decomposed alien bodies were recovered from a UFO which crashed in New Mexico in 1947. This is yet another reference to The Roswell Incident. It is a derivation of the hoax originally perpetrated by Silas M. Newton and Leo GeBauer back in 1950 and cranked up for another run by Charles Berlitz in 1980. According to Good, MJ12 is conclusive proof of a government cover-up. It is of course nothing of the sort.

Meanwhile, amidst an explosion of UFO pseudo-science and chicanery, people all over the world are experiencing the "missing time", reporting the same abduction experiences, and drawing sketches of remarkably similar abductors. According to Bud Hopkins, author of *Intruders,* this is conclusive proof that the aliens are among us. It has apparently not occurred to Mr Hopkins that all these people are reliving under hypnosis the fantasies of the "abductees" who've preceded them, and that the cute little creature that everyone is drawing is none other than ET — the most popular extra-terrestrial of them all.

There are a great many genuine scientists engaged in the pursuit of evidence of life elsewhere in the universe. Among them is Dr Carl Sagan, who has said in condemnation of the current rash of pseudo-science: "Finding out the way the world really works requires sceptical scrutiny of every step." If we don't apply that principle to the study of UFOs — a subject which seems to encompass the deepest hopes, fears and dreams of mankind — we could eventually be forced to submit to the hegemony of hogwash.

# NAKED EYE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ED HOLZMAN

"I know where you guys are coming from," asserts a not-so-timid Angie Reidman. "I've read all that stuff that it's supposed to only be men who get their jollies from visual stimulation. I'll bet it was a man who came up with that theory — probably some guy just making excuses because he looked like something only his mother could love. I think men just want to keep all the fun to themselves . . ."

"The telescope is mine," confesses Angie. "I was a little nervous about posing, so they asked me how I relax. Living near the beach like I do, a telescope comes into its own. I spend hours peering down that sucker."

What has she spied? "Well, boats make great subjects. Dudes with boats seem to have the impression that once they get a few hundred yards off shore they're in a world of their own. But no way have they left prying eyes behind . . . It gets pretty outrageous. It's not the waves that do all the rocking, believe me."

"But mainly I'm just checking out the hunks sunning themselves. And I like the odd update on my competition . . ."

"You'd be mistaken if you thought female voyeurs weren't very common," reveals Angie. "There's a group of us who get together for afternoons on my balcony. We sunbake and psyche ourselves up for a big night on the town that way."

"If I went out tomorrow and killed myself, people would say, "That's God paying him back for being such an arsehole."

# MIKE GORE

BY FRANK ROBSON

In his office, fist-fighting Gold Coast developer Mike Gore keeps the dried and cured scrotum of a dead bull. Fists. Gore. Scrotum. Bull. Lionise or loathe him, this is a man with *blood* in is veins. A man who dismisses the game of golf as "a good walk rooted," and who — as unofficial lead steer of the White Shoe Brigade — was a prime mover in the unhappy Joh-for-PM campaign.

A good campaign rooted? Gore thinks so, and doesn't hesitate to apportion blame for the ensuing political demise of his friend Joh Bjelke-Petersen. Gore rarely hesitates. In cahoots with his similarly beefy and like-minded ad-man and mate John Singleton, Gore has infuriated the nation with provocative advertising themes for his high-faluting resort/marina/residential/golf-course development, Sanctuary Cove.

In the first sales pitch, Gore bought double-page newspaper ads in which to apologise to God for what fellow developers had done to Surfers Paradise. Sanctuary Cove, by comparison, was "an island of tranquility in a sea of mediocrity." More recently, Gore upped the shock value of his ads by inviting "subdued and elegant" achievers to grab a slice of Sanctuary Cove's electronically-secured residential section as a means of avoiding the "cockroaches" outside. Gasp! The brute! How dare he! And so on; a whole new broadside of free publicity. Singo and the man with ornamental bull's balls must have laughed themselves limp. It's a

PHOTO BY DAVID MAY

# INTERVIEW

common mistake to dismiss Gore, 46, as just another opportunist pawing for paydirt on Queensland's Greenback Frontier. There is a calculated yobbo element in Gore's public persona, but beneath that scarred unlovely exterior exists an altogether more complex and interesting specimen.

You may not agree with Gore's touching description of himself as "a pussycat"; you may be equally unconvinced by his avowed support for Aboriginal land rights and the feminist cause; but there's something about the towering, self-made moneybags that touches the humorous, outlaw spirit of Oz. "We have this Phoenix-like ability," he growls, "which allows Australians to rise from the ashes and go out and kick the shit out of everybody!"

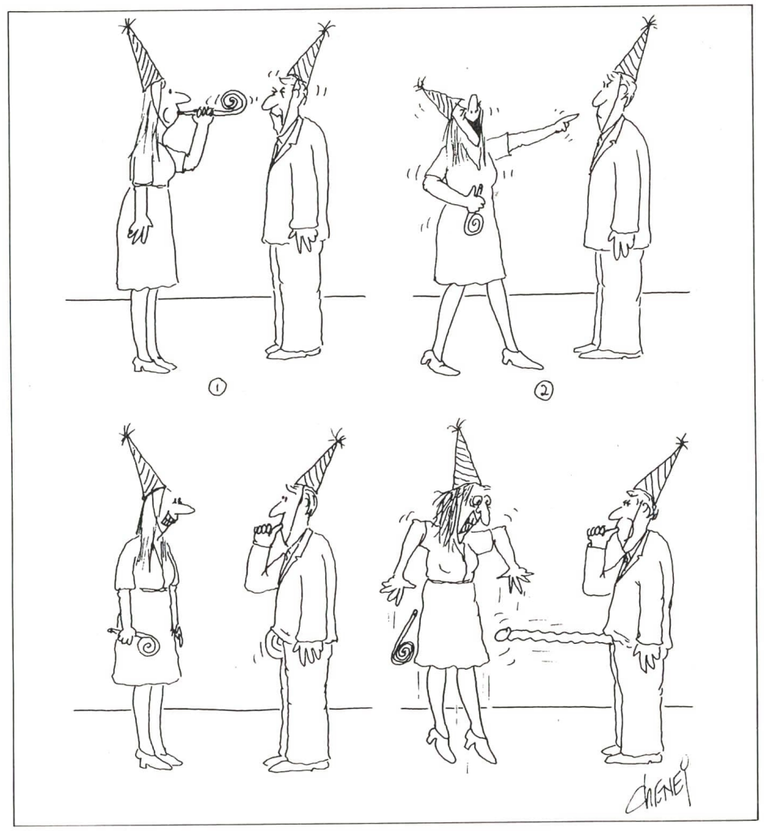
From austere beginnings in Sydney's Balmain, Gore scrabbled his way to multi-millionaire status via used cars and boats, skating rinks and electrical warehouses. Yet as recently as 1972, when he arrived on the Gold Coast, Gore had just $400 to his name. Today — the 1465th day since he began carving the vast Sanctuary Cove project from a swamp at Hope Island (the days are marked off on scraps of paper stuck to his office window) — the development has consumed $300 million. It almost collapsed recently when his banks withdrew credit. Gore's grandiose vision of "the very best resort in the world" was rescued by the arrival of the Ariadne company, now an equal partner in the project.

To most Australians, Gore is probably best recalled as the bellowing capitalist locked in verbal combat with a bellowing commie — the Soviet Republic's roving diplomat, Joe Asimov — in a *60 Minutes* report last year. Despite the ideological acrimony, these opposing heavyweights seemed strangely simpatico, both almost comically macho. Ventures *Penthouse* Queensland correspondent Frank Robson, who interviewed the developer on-site: "One suspects that somewhere in jowly Joe Asimov's Moscow office, there could be an ornamental bull scrotum almost as big as Mike Gore's."

***Penthouse:*** What sort of man are you?
***Gore:*** I'm almost puritanically moral. I've got some very *strange* views, actually. I guess I'm proudly Christian, but I talk to God on my terms and nobody else's.
***Penthouse:*** You said once, referring to the Pope, "Sorry Paul, but I deal direct."
***Gore:*** That sentiment is real. I was raised in Catholic boarding schools, but later re-evaluated my religious ideals. I decided that God has to appreciate me being at Mass because I want to be, rather than because I have to be. In the average church on Sunday, three-quarters of them are resting their ample arses on comfortable pews, rather than the penance idea of kneeling. I hate sham. I respect the Pope, but he's just another guy like me. I can't believe God tells him to tell me what to do — I mean, why deal through a wholesaler if you can go direct to the grower?
***Penthouse:*** Some might call that arrogance.
***Gore:*** I'm humble enough. Humble enough to look up to successful people. I don't consider my own success puts me on an equal footing with everyone. Success needn't involve money either — it could be someone working with handicapped kids.
***Penthouse:*** In what way are you moral?
***Gore:*** Fifteen or 20 years ago, before he became a folk-singing groupie or whatever he is now, Don Chipp the politician decided to allow pubic hair in published photos of women. Since then, I've always been against Don Chipp.
***Penthouse:*** Why did that offend you?
***Gore:*** Because I knew the next step would be pubic hair with legs apart, and so on. I suppose this is pretty strange stuff to be saying in *Penthouse*.

(Gore is interrupted by the phone — a radio interview with a Melbourne station. "Give it to me in the old measures," he says. "When you say a man 176 centimetres tall, I don't know if I'm looking for a giant or a dwarf!")

***Penthouse:*** You'd got to the stage of legs apart . . .
***Gore:*** Oh yeah. Don't get me wrong, when Chipp did that, I — like every other pubescent wanker around the place — thought it was marvellous! But I began to see the progression, more and more sensual, then guys in the pictures too, and then, not uncommon now, guys with other guys . . .
***Penthouse:*** (archly) Not in *Penthouse*, Mr Gore.
***Gore:*** Right, right — but these kind of progressions have been around forever. Frankly, I like the rooting scene in *Gone With The Wind*. I mean, you know they do, but you don't see it. I'm not into sexual displays.
***Penthouse:*** Where's the sensual progression leading?
***Gore:*** To a return to strict morality. It was only a couple of hundred years ago that the great kings of England and Europe syphilised half the Continent. It's all a matter of cycle. Take the Sixties, free love and all that. Well, I missed it.
***Penthouse:*** Do you resent missing it?
***Gore:*** (laughs) Sometimes. But attitudes have changed since then. I notice it among the young women who work for this company. I haven't met any of those women who are supposed to be assertive about sex and so on. If I did, I would be quite prepared to have my masculinity threatened by their assertiveness. The truth is that I like holding hands, a bit of softness. I guess I'm just a bloody romantic.
***Penthouse:*** Public nudity is commonplace on the Gold Coast. Does it offend you?






***Gore:*** Well, to me a boob is a sex object, a sexual thing. I would be terribly offended if my lady publicly displayed her boobs. It's claimed I should be proud of her beauty and so on, but I don't think most males look at boobs and think, "My God, aren't they exquisitely well-formed?" We look at them and think, "Christ, I'd like to get hold of one of those!"
***Penthouse:*** Will there be nude sunbathing at Sanctuary Cove?
***Gore:*** People who appreciate living here are people who present themselves in an elegant, subdued way. That's not to say there won't be a naked woman on the place, but the example will be: *don't*.
***Penthouse:*** As Queensland's leading white-shoer, do you go out of your way to rile people?
***Gore:*** Let's set the record straight. I was the only so-called white-shoer with the guts to identify myself. I did that because I respected Joh immensely, and I still do. But I don't go out of my way to offend people, and never have.
***Penthouse:*** What really happened with the Joh-for-PM campaign? You've never denied being one of the instigators of the whole thing.
***Gore:*** The full story will never be told because I wouldn't tell it . . . I can say that it was a perfectly feasible plan politically, and it would have worked. But the dills got hold of it. The political ringmaster, Sparkes (Sir Robert Sparkes, National Party state president) and advisors like Fred Maybury were incensed by outsiders getting involved — especially somebody like me. I mean, what the hell would I know? Yet the Canadian political analyst I brought in right at the start, Alan Gregg, is the most astute political manoeuvrer in the world.
***Penthouse:*** What was his role?
***Gore:*** Gregg heads up a company called International Strategies. He was hired by my company. I went directly to him and asked him to come to Australia and deduce whether Joh could make it to Canberra. I sent him statistical data of electoral results going right back. He began reading it when he got on the plane in North America, got off the plane 30 hours later and was able to discuss minute trends of movements in seats I'd never heard of! The guy is a freak, a political savant!
***Penthouse:*** And his prognosis was that Joh could become prime minister?
***Gore:*** Oh, absolutely. But he also said that if Joh didn't, the Liberals wouldn't and the Labor Government would be returned for at least two terms. I wasn't trying to oust Labor so much as establish strong government and strong opposition. The Opposition was a bloody shambles — no guts. Subjectively, I didn't want to see Labor go. I thought Hawke was doing a superb job. I've got good mates in the damn government. But we had no bloody opposition.
***Penthouse:*** Who are your mates in the Hawke Government?
***Gore:*** Oh, bugger that! I'd rather not identify them. I'd end up the leader of the Red Shoe Brigade! I was talking before of peers to whom I look up. Now, I could probably buy and sell Bob Hawke 100,000 times, but I still admire him and look up to him. But getting back to the Gregg thing. I'll never forget the first time I introduced him to Joh. I rang Joh in advance and warned him Gregg wasn't the kind of person he might normally want to be seen with . . .
***Penthouse:*** What are we dealing with here?
***Gore:*** Well, Gregg is 35, he rolls the sleeves of his suit coat up, he has very long hair and braces on his teeth. I mean, he looks *different*.
***Penthouse:*** How did Joh react?
***Gore:*** The first look Joh gave Gregg was an extraordinarily quizzical one. But after ten minutes of discussing political history, Joh really understood the guy. This was prior to the announcement of Joh's Canberra campaign. We'd been planning for months, for

> It wasn't Joh's idea to run for PM. It was ours. He was sceptical — and no wonder. It was the most idiotic thing you could ever imagine

a long time, before even Joh knew anything about it.
***Penthouse:*** So Joh was actually approached, by you and the anonymous white-shoers, with the idea of running for PM?
***Gore:*** Yes he was. It wasn't Joh's idea. He was sceptical at first — and no wonder. It was insane. It was absolutely preposterous! It was the most idiotic thing you could ever imagine.
***Penthouse:*** Was it *your* idea?
***Gore:*** I did a fair bit of negotiating, but it wasn't my idea alone. It was a plan by a like-minded group to try and create an effective opposition.
***Penthouse:*** Can you reveal other members of that group?
***Gore:*** I could name every damn one of them, but I won't. If they chose not to be indentified — well, as Joh once said, it's very difficult to walk a barbed wire fence with one leg on either side. As the only white-shoer identified, I had to bloody learn to do just that!
***Penthouse:*** How does it feel?
***Gore:*** You get very accomplished at breathing deeply.
***Penthouse:*** (indicating bull scrotum ornament) Is that a memento of the exercise?
***Gore:*** (seriously) No, no, no. That was a present from my staff.
***Penthouse:*** Why did the Joh-for-PM campaign fail?
***Gore:*** Because those people in a position to ensure that it worked decided that their ways were better. It failed because of ignorance — the kind of thinking that led to the ignominy of every newspaper in the country carrying that poxy, cheap, dreadful sticker: JOH FOR PM.
***Penthouse:*** What's the state of play with your tax hassles?
***Gore:*** It's still going on, and it's likely to continue for a long time. The allegation is that I defrauded the government of $300,000. That was from a previous business, not connected with Sanctuary Cove.
***Penthouse:*** Did your overt support for Joh during the election lead-up make you some powerful enemies in Canberra?
***Gore:*** (with feeling) God, I'd hate to think that was true! I'd be a liar if I didn't admit the thought had occurred to me, but that's like looking under every stone for a rapist. I've no doubt that a lot of people say, reading about the tax thing, "Bloody stiff! He's getting his just deserts." If I went out tomorrow and killed myself, people would say: "That's God paying him back for being such an arsehole!"
***Penthouse:*** Are you aware that southern trendies consider you the foul and bloated heart of the enemy?
***Gore:*** No . . . but when I walk into a group of them, it isn't like Moses parting the waters. They don't all disappear. They're interested in what I'm like. You either like me or hate me, and generally you hate me until you meet me. I'd be mortified if that wasn't the case.
***Penthouse:*** You like to be liked?
***Gore:*** Oh sure, sure. I want to be liked more than respected. And I want to be understood more than I want to be patronised.
***Penthouse:*** So why call people cockroaches?
***Gore:*** The cockroaches I was talking about are those people who are pro or anti everything in a vocal, disruptive way. If you're surrounded by people yelling at one another, you'll push them away or fight your way out. Now, what the hell do you do when the cockroaches invade your kitchen? *You get them out!* You want to get away from them. It's abhorrent, disruptive — you don't want it around you! That's what I meant: cockroaches more as a way of life than as specific people.
***Penthouse:*** What about those who can't afford to escape the cockroaches?
***Gore:*** Well, I would love everybody to be able to live in this type of environment . . . but if I said Sanctuary Cove was for everybody, then it wouldn't have a mystique about it, it wouldn't have an air of desirability. I mean, everybody can't have a

*Continued on page 104*

REFERENCE
CHERYL HAS IMPRESSED ALL WITH HER FRIENDLY ATTITUDE.
9½/10
PERSONNEL
REFERENCE
MALCOLM IS A LIKEABLE YOUNG MAN. WITH AN OPEN, FRIENDLY DISPOSITION. HE IS ALSO EXTRAORDINARILY POPULAR.

# HIRE INTELLIGENCE

**When it comes to job references, it pays to read between the lines**

HUMOR BY GARRY SARGEANT

There are many times in life when we do not say exactly what we think. In fact, that last sentence was one of them. Because the actual truth is that there are not many times in life when we *do* say exactly what we think. There are libel laws to stop that sort of thing, you know.

This is complicated when somebody has to supposedly write down what they think about another person. This is called "giving a job reference" and the main object of this is to write comments so good that the person will get the job and not come back and pester you to write another one for them. Even more important is to ensure that this turkey will work somewhere else and not come back to work for you.

This means, of course, that for the prospective employer reading the reference, there is a decoding problem. Could this anaemic, trembling social leper stuttering his way through the interview be the same superperson described as:

> *A diligent worker with an enormous capacity for following orders. An enthusiastic, organised, efficient and punctual employee who, in a short time, quickly made himself indispensable. Patient and persistent, he has a demonstrated ability to pick up new skills. Nothing was too difficult for him. This is a person who takes his work very seriously and is adept at handling awkward enquiries. I would not hesitate to recommend this person to any prospective employer.*

All of which translates as: "This person is a pathetic wimp." It is all very obvious once you have mastered the secret language of job references.

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK TREMLETT

| Previous employer's comment | Translation |
|---|---|
| **diligent** | always checks and double-checks the accuracy of his pay cheque |
| **has an enormous capacity for following orders** | cannot think for himself |
| **enthusiastic** | only takes an hour for lunch |
| **organised, efficient** | has a neat desk |
| **punctual** | only arrives ten minutes late for work |
| **punctual and diligent** | only arrives five minutes late for work |
| **in a short time, quickly made himself indispensable** | re-organised the filing system so that nobody else could understand it |
| **patient and persistent** | slow |
| **has demonstrated an ability to pick up new skills** | can now write |
| **nothing was too difficult for him** | *nothing* was too difficult for him |
| **takes his work seriously** | is on valium |
| **adept at handling awkward enquiries** | knows how to put the telephone on hold |
| **shows personal initiative** | helps herself to office stationery |
| **shows a willingness to work erratic hours** | never shows up to work on time |
| **ambitious** | kept asking for pay rises |
| **attacks every task with a highly professional attitude** | will not do a scrap of work that he is not paid for |
| **relaxed person who can cope with pressure** | dozes off in the afternoon |
| **shown herself keen to take on new responsibilities** | gets bored easily |
| **tactful and considerate** | lies |
| **adept at handling difficult clients** | not ashamed to grovel |
| **our promising young executive** | made a lot of promises |
| **has shown that she knows the value of hard work** | only works when she thinks she is being watched |
| **is responsive to the needs of other employees** | covers up for others when they take time off work |
| **a natural leader who inspires loyalty in others** | a person prepared to sack people who don't work |
| **works well under pressure** | works only when under pressure |
| **has demonstrated an ability to delegate responsibility** | passes the buck |
| **worked well under difficult conditions** | was hated by the rest of the employees |
| **can be relied on in an emergency** | can be relied on to start an emergency |
| **has an acute grasp of the workings of committees** | stabs people in the back |
| **I have seen her develop into an efficient worker** | she can now do the job without tripping over herself |
| **will go far** | goes too far |
| **would be an asset to any business** | doesn't take any sickies |
| **a person of strong character** | knows how to say no with authority |
| **energetic** | does not doze off in the afternoon |
| **tireless** | worked through lunch once |
| **able to keep his finger on the pulse** | unable to keep his fingers off the secretaries |
| **lively personality** | will not shut up |
| **has demonstrated admirable research skills** | reads the newspaper every day |
| **she related particularly well to the women members of the team** | I think she's a lesbian |
| **forward-thinking** | asks too many questions |
| **open, forthright personality** | swears all the time |
| **able to make quick decisions** | able to make hasty decisions |
| **able to devise a plan and see it carried through** | was responsible for the tea roster |
| **has shown an ability for conceptual thought** | daydreams all the time |
| **has impressed all with her friendly attitude** | sleeps around |
| **thrives on hard work** | has bribed me to write this reference |
| **although she only worked for us for a short time, she impressed all who came in contact with her** | I have never met this person |
| **has a marked ability to work alone** | cannot get along with other people |
| **can look forward to a brighter future** | as his past is so dismal |
| **her good nature made her a joy to work with** | she smiles inanely all the time |
| **I personally will be sorry to see him leave** | he owes me money |
| **I cannot recommend him strongly enough** | we drink together |
| **has shown a willingness to work long hours** | has shown a willingness to collect overtime payments |



| | |
|---|---|
| **has displayed great strength of personality** | regularly disobeys orders |
| **a likeable young man** | an idiot |
| **developed original projects** | developed disasters |
| **shows management potential** | likes to sit and watch other people working |
| **has an ability to turn her hand to many different tasks** | cannot concentrate on one thing for more than five minutes |
| **a regular, reliable person** | goes to the toilet every day at the same time |
| **energetic** | fiddles all the time |
| **bubbly personality** | is an alcoholic |
| **thrives on challenges** | tried to tidy up the office storeroom |
| **only ever have to tell her something once** | and then she repeats it to every bloody person in the place |
| **fastidious in her work** | can spell |
| **extraordinarily gifted** | able to organise a filing system |
| **a pleasure to work with** | is cheerful in the morning |
| **dedicated** | does not leave work until five o'clock |
| **open, friendly disposition** | sexually active |
| **extraordinarily popular** | local marijuana supplier |
| **a high level of personal organisation** | owns a diary |
| **gifted at long-range planning** | keeps talking about what he is going to do when he retires |
| **capable of growing into any job** | capable of learning office secrets |
| **remarkably responsible for her years** | takes contraceptive pills |
| **a young person who knows where he is going** | he is going out of this office and is *never coming back* |
| **talented** | passed the HSC |
| **we will be sorry to lose this person** | we will be sorry to lose what'sername |
| **has drawn the admiration of her workmates** | she owns expensive clothes |
| **had drawn the admiration of his workmates** | he has a fantastically attractive girlfriend |
| **a wonderful sense of tact** | lies to the boss about how she looks today |
| **consistent temperament** | always depressed |
| **a lively sense of humor** | tells crude jokes instead of working |
| **capable of anything** | capable of *absolutely nothing* |

| | |
|---|---|
| **honest** | has not been to prison (as far as I know) |
| **honest and trustworthy** | is the only person in the office who does not help themselves to the office stationery |
| **self-confident** | was after my job, the little twerp |
| **is able to advise with policy decisions at the highest level** | is a know-all |
| **has displayed a high degree of competence** | writes letters with decent grammar |
| **shows great determination to achieve what she wants** | nags |
| **persistent** | thick |
| **persistent and conscientious** | thick but tries hard |
| **not afraid of heavy labor** | is trying to get worker's compensation |
| **the sort of person you can turn to in a crisis** | because she is the one who will have started it |
| **I would not hesitate to recommend this person to any prospective employer.** | this person has so little character they would fit in anywhere |

THE UGLY AUSTRALIANS

**If wharfies were horses, Ernie Lance would have been a thoroughbred**

NUMBER THREE

# BOSS OF THE WATERFRONT

**HUMOR BY ROBERT ENGLISH**

The Secretary of the Waterside Workers' Federation stopped outside the doors of the Arbitration Commission to light a cigarette. He was joined by an agitated Federal Minister for Trade.

"Well, Mr Lance . . ."

"You can call me Ernie." He had a voice something like a cry for help from six feet under water. It was sort of a gargle.

"Well, Ernie . . . The court has made its decision so we can all go home and get to work, eh?"

The Secretary started to walk towards the lifts. "We don't give a stuff what the court said . . . We're still out."

"But you have to abide by the order."

"Who says?"

The lift arrived. Ernie pushed in, causing two passengers at the back to be crammed against the wall.

The Minister squeezed in after him.

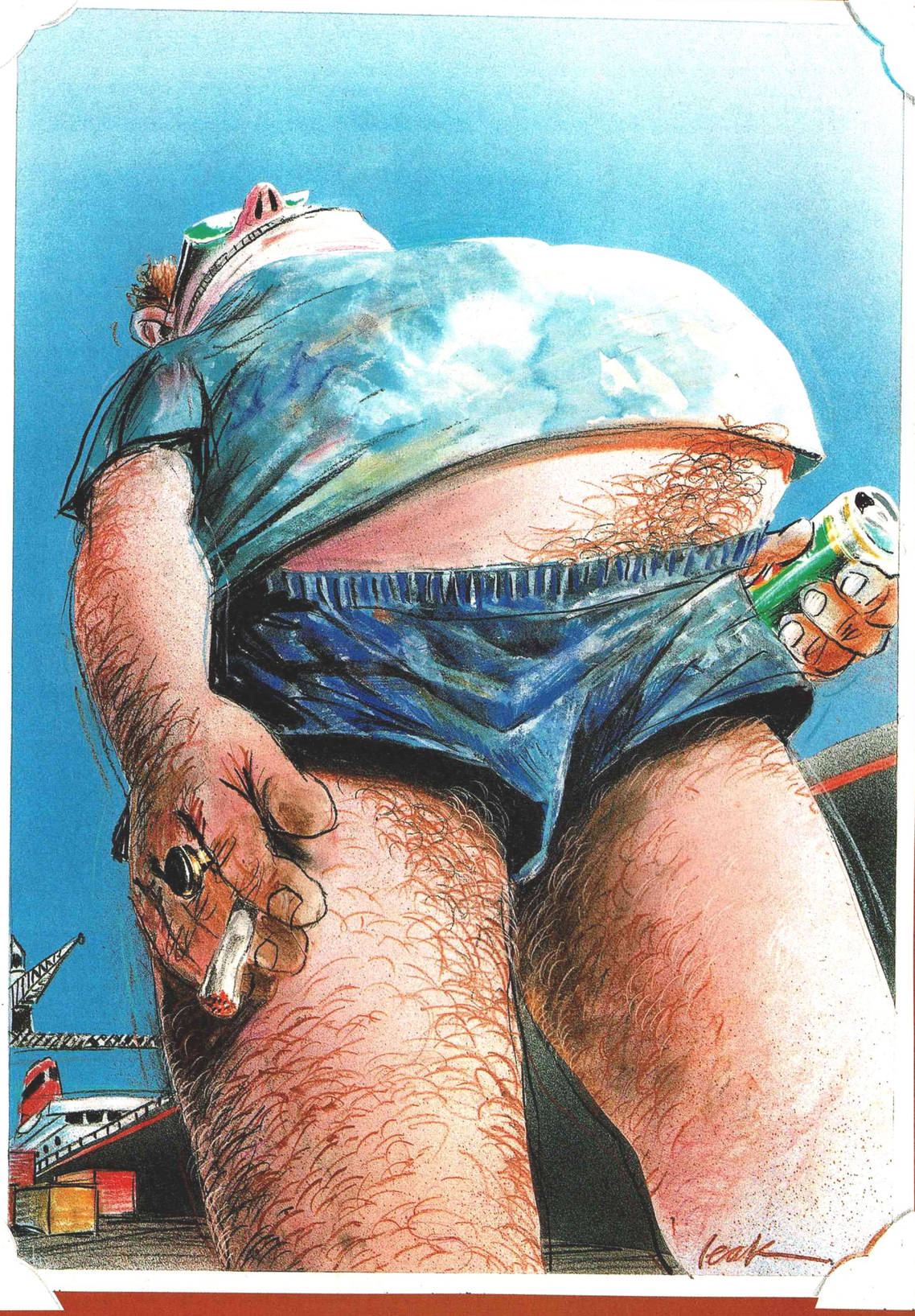
"If you defy the order, Cabinet has given me authority to advise that proceedings will commence immediately for the deregistration of your union."

"We don't give a stuff."

". . . and for the imposition of fines for disobeying the order . . ."

"We don't give a stuff."

**ILLUSTRATION BY BILL LEAK**



# BOSS

They were at the ground floor. Ernie pushed out first. The Minister trotted after him. "Er . . . Mr Lance . . ."

"You can call me Ernie . . ."

"Ernie, just what is it you *really* want?"

The Secretary stopped and looked at the anxious Minister. "You don't know?"

The Minister shook his head.

"Well, first of all, we intend to stay out until the ANL goes down the chute. We think another week will do it . . ."

"But that's the national line . . . It's Australian . . . It's yours, it's mine . . ."

"We don't give a stuff. They told lies about us when we were out last year."

The Minister felt like throwing up.

"But that's just in the short term," Ernie continued. They had to stop at Martin Place as the Army Guard marched past. "In the long term we want to get rid of them Japs . . . We think if we stay out long enough, they'll be forced to go elsewhere."

The Minister couldn't believe what he was hearing, thinking that Ernie must be playing some kind of joke. When he spoke there was a lilt in his voice as if he was enjoying the other's sense of humor.

"But they are our biggest and most important trading partner."

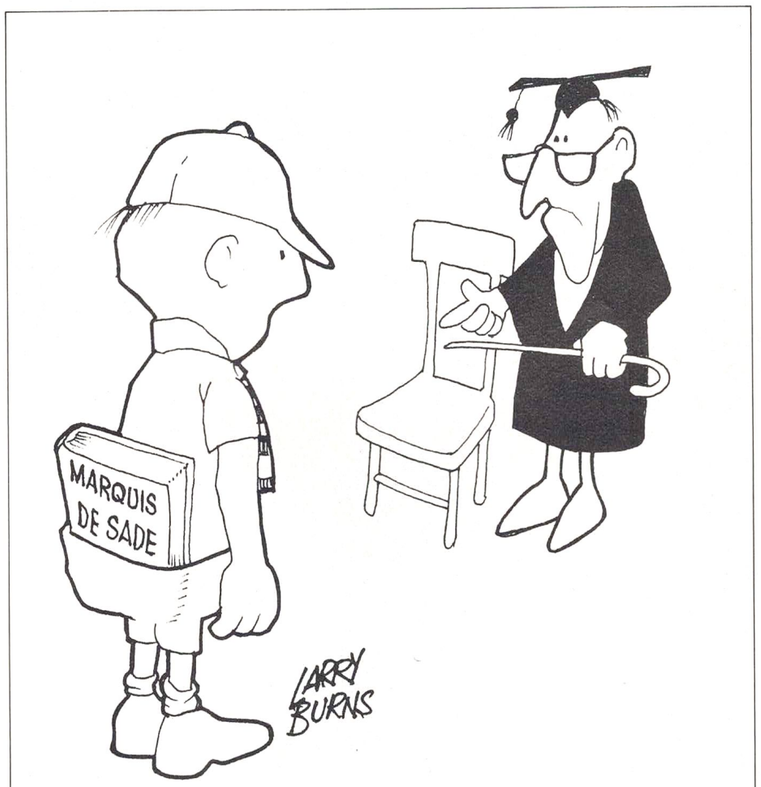
"We don't give a stuff."

The Guard had passed and Ernie continued walking. The Minister wondered whether it was worthwhile following him. In desperation he shouted after him one last plea: "Mr Lance, there are now over 100 ships lying idle out there."

Above the noise of the traffic he just managed to hear Ernie's answer. "We don't give a stuff."

The Minister turned and slowly walked the other way, muttering to himself: "Neither do I, Ernie . . . Not any more. Neither do I."

At home, Ernie Lance was a bit of a family man. His son Errol, 14, and his daughter Kerrie-Anne, 12, spent many happy hours with their dad, watching the football on TV, digging up the potatoes and turnips in his "Save Australia" vegetable garden and trying to beat him at slot-car racing. However, his nemesis was his wife Gloria, who, despite his beer-gut, outweighed him by at least three stone. Ernie had a guarded respect for Gloria, who was a hopeless alcoholic and who regularly beat him up when she suspected he was sneaking her vodka. Accordingly, whenever Gloria was on the prowl, Ernie would hole himself up in his office, or the den as he preferred to call it, and work out ways to screw his members' employers and bring them to their knees, in similar fashion to the way Gloria subjected him to domestic humiliation. Besides his keen interest in football and gardening, Ernie's other hobbies were beer-drinking and picking his nose.




At other times, Ernie attended the office in Sydney's Sussex Street, which was smoothly and efficiently run and which cost the Commonwealth of Australia and its taxpayers an average of $500 million annually in lost production.

Ernie, of course, was very proud of this, as had been his father Bernard Lance, the grandaddy of all waterside bosses. Bernard had written the book. All those who followed would be mere disciples. Ernie, in awe and reverence, visited his father's grave at Rookwood each Sunday afternoon and laid flowers and spoke to him for about 20 minutes before tears and heartbreak forced him back to the "Commercial" for 15 to 20 schooners with his mates on the executive. There they would laugh and shout and throw pretend punches at each other and work out ways to leave as many ships idle as they could the following week. To them, a cause was an excuse . . . an excuse for strike action, work to regulation or maybe just a few days off for a bus picnic to the country. This week the cause was the government's proposed export of uranium to Iceland.

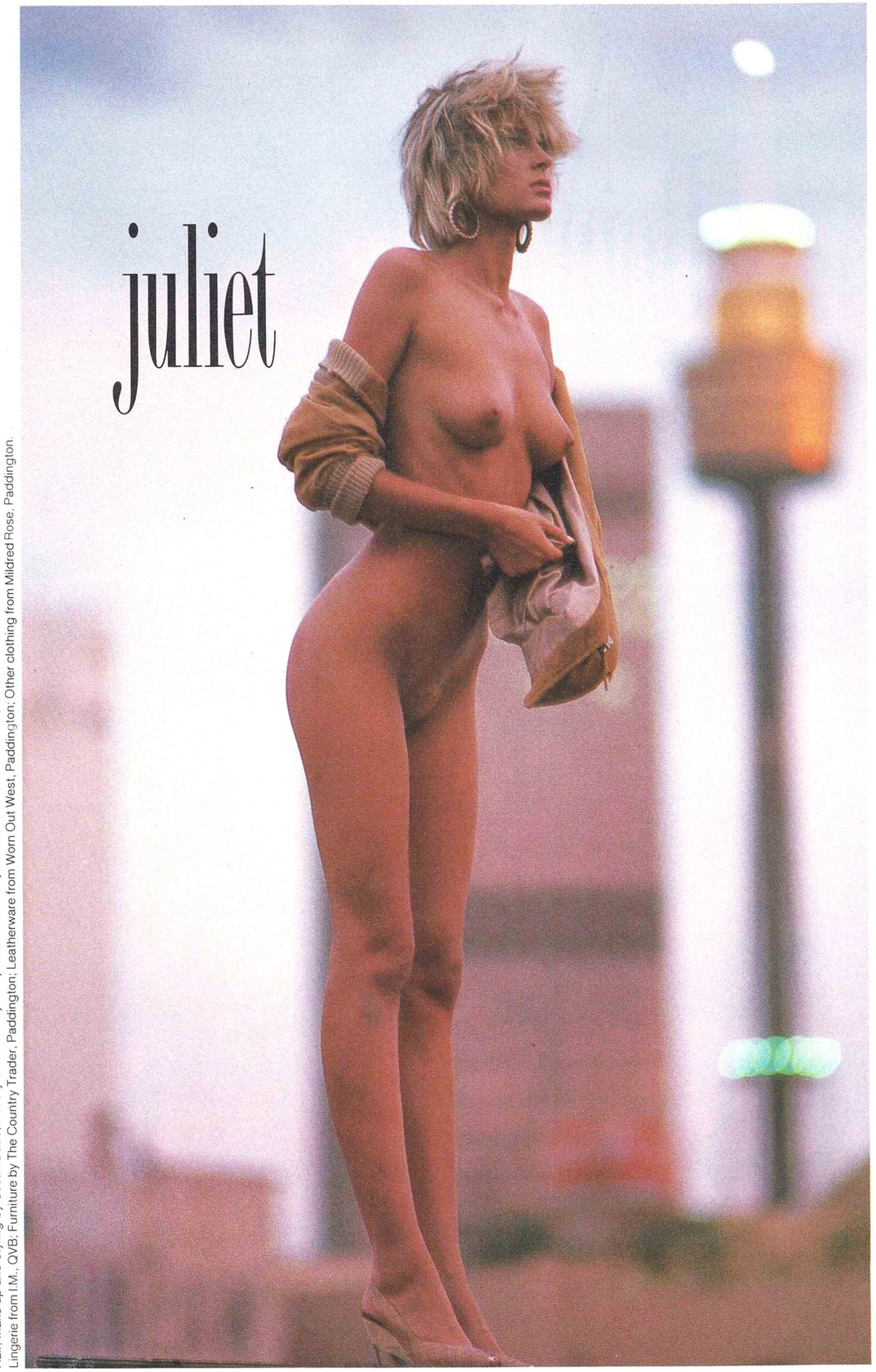
Ernie, with saliva in the corners of his mouth, banging his fist and occasionally picking his nose, told a gathering of members in the public bar of a hotel in Wooloomooloo that the government action was provocative and naive and that there was no assurance that Iceland intended using the yellow-cake for peaceful purposes. After a couple of raffles for meat-trays and an Aboriginal woman, the men voted unanimously to stay out indefinitely until the government changed its position on the potential aggression of Iceland.

During the following two weeks more than 100 merchant ships lay at anchor outside the harbor, unable to discharge or take on cargo, and Ernie grabbed the chance to take his kids skiing in New Zealand.

It was something of a paradox that Ernie, despite his left-wing sympathies, didn't have a great deal of respect for his governing body, the ACTU. He regarded its members, and especially its leaders, as lily-livered sycophants who danced to the tune of the power-brokers in Canberra. "No guts," he would say time and time again to his deputy, Clancy O'Reilly, who had brought all his Irish wisdom to the waterfront some years back, and who was paid 50,000 a year to say "yes" to Ernie whenever he proposed anything from a beer to a strike. The union's bookkeeper was a moron called "Bluey" Davis who had left school at 14 and completed his education in pool rooms and pin ball parlors. But because he was the son of Ernie's sister, he compulsorily landed the job after being released on parole following his conviction for a series of bag-snatching offences and an assault on his arresting officer. But despite the rampant nepotism

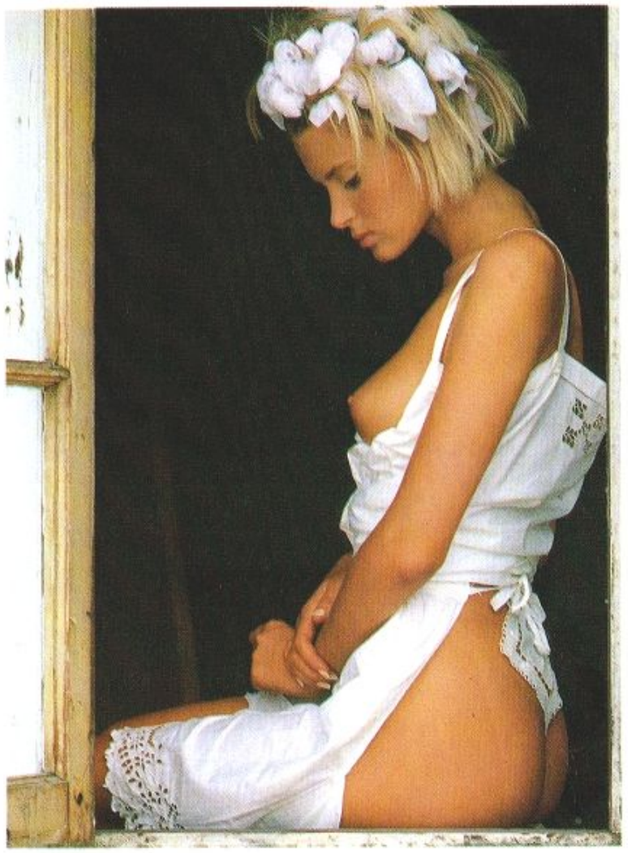
*Continued on page 106*





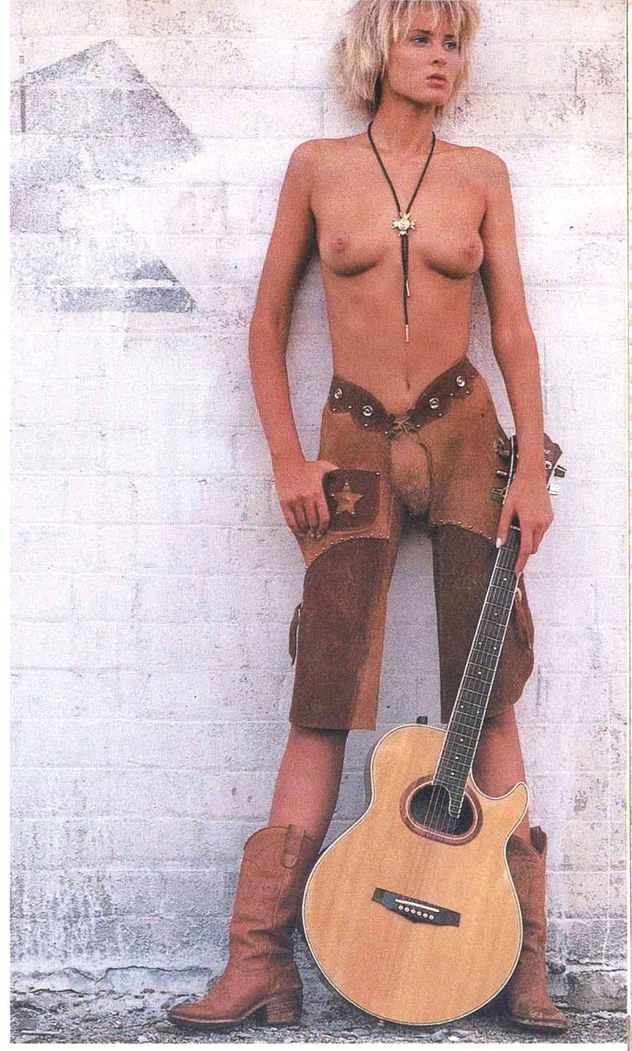

Hair, make-up and styling by Susan Daub; Beauty treatment by Pampurrs, Neutral Bay; Corset and shoes from Raymond Castles, Double Bay; Lingerie from I.M., QVB; Furniture by The Country Trader, Paddington; Leatherware from Worn Out West, Paddington; Other clothing from Mildred Rose, Paddington.

# New Romantic

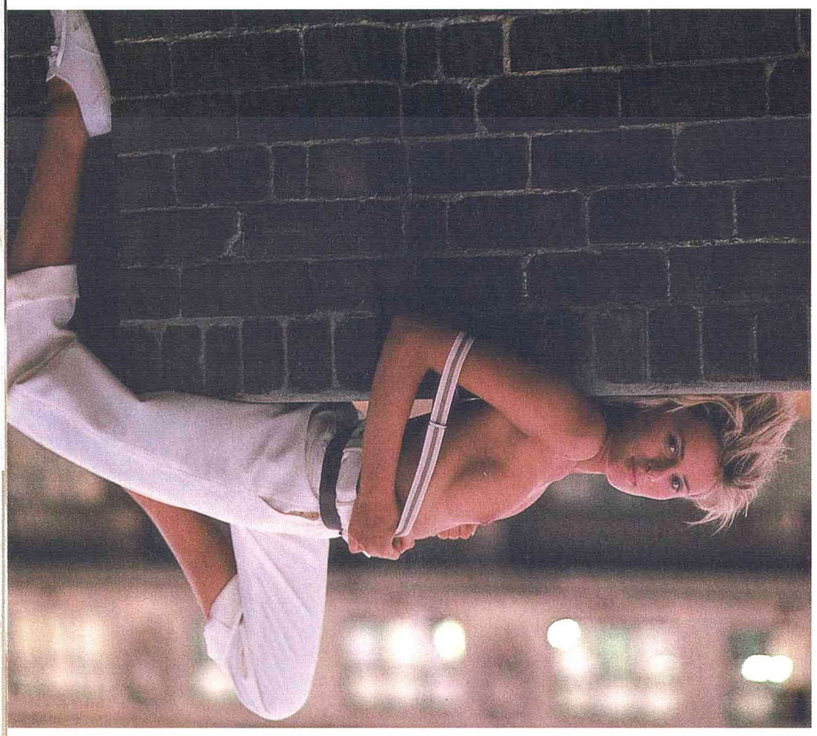


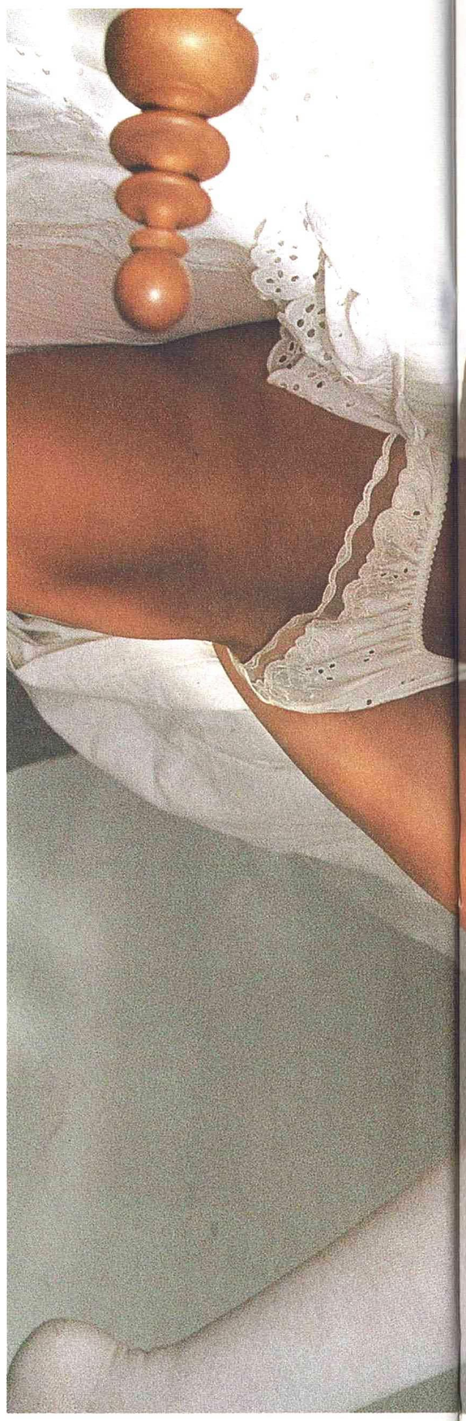
PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

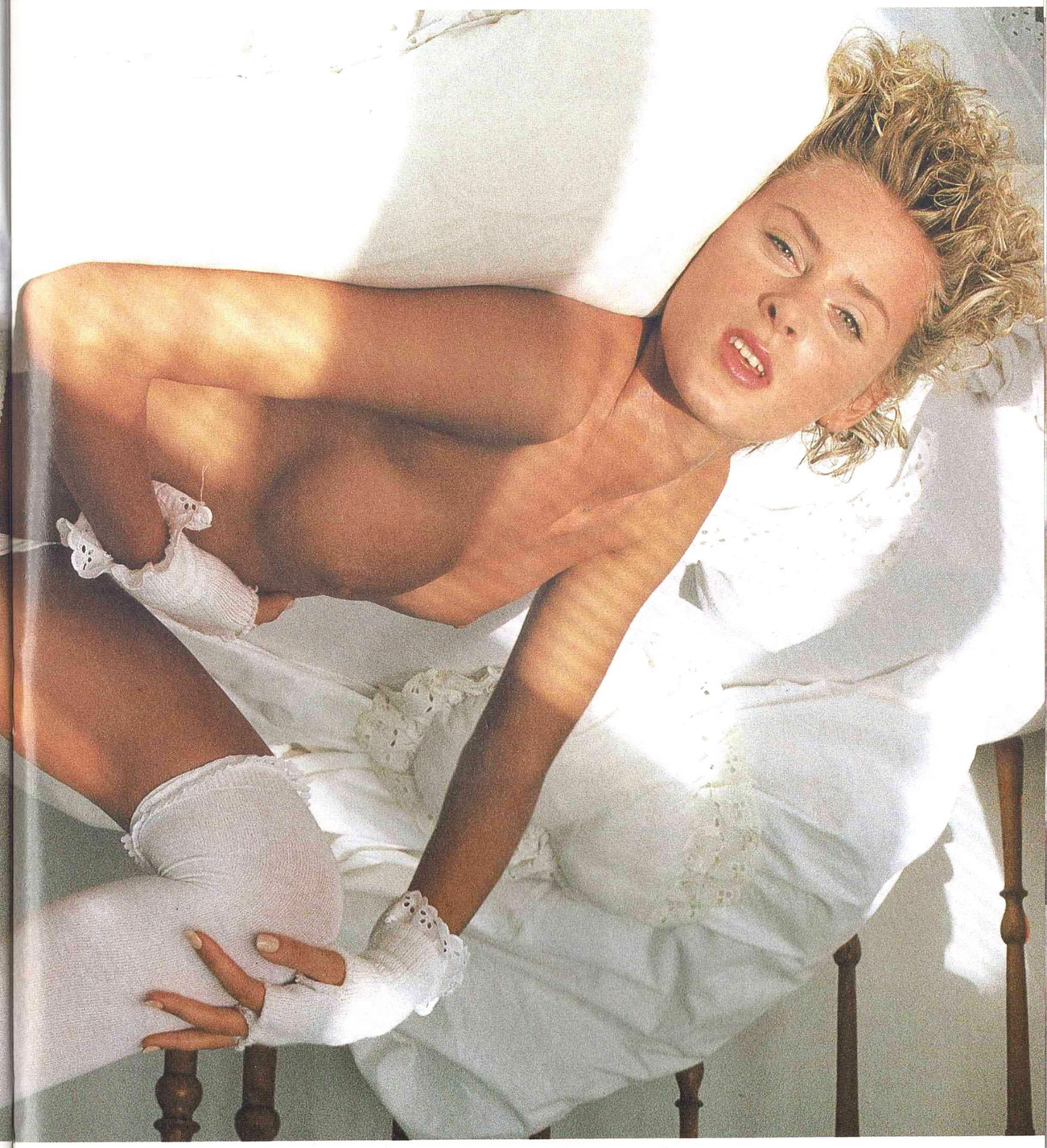
Juliet Carey, just 18, is a girl with a mission. Seems she's determined to be ensconced with the Romeo of her dreams by the time she's 22 — and that leaves her with just three years or so to cram in as much excitement and adventure as she can rustle up. "I've been a good girl for the last couple of years," she says, "but now I've got some catching up to do."



Juliet, of Sydney, is not hard to please — so long as her man is willing to do everything for her — but she's no pushover. The measure of this thirst for adventure is as boggling as her stunning looks and dazzling personality. She describes her quest as "anything and everything — all of the above."







Yet there's more — an impossibly soft side to her. "I'm the quiet, observant type most of the time. I'm right at home in the bush or at the beach. I adore animals, all of life. That's sort of how I see myself. It's just that I *surprise* myself a lot of the time . . ."

True to her namesake of Shakespearean tragedy, Juliet is delighted by romance of the old order — a "chocolate and flowers freak" is how she puts it. But forget the bit about tragedy. Juliet's looking forward to the winter of her content.

# CARD SHARP

A guide to the art of winning at poker

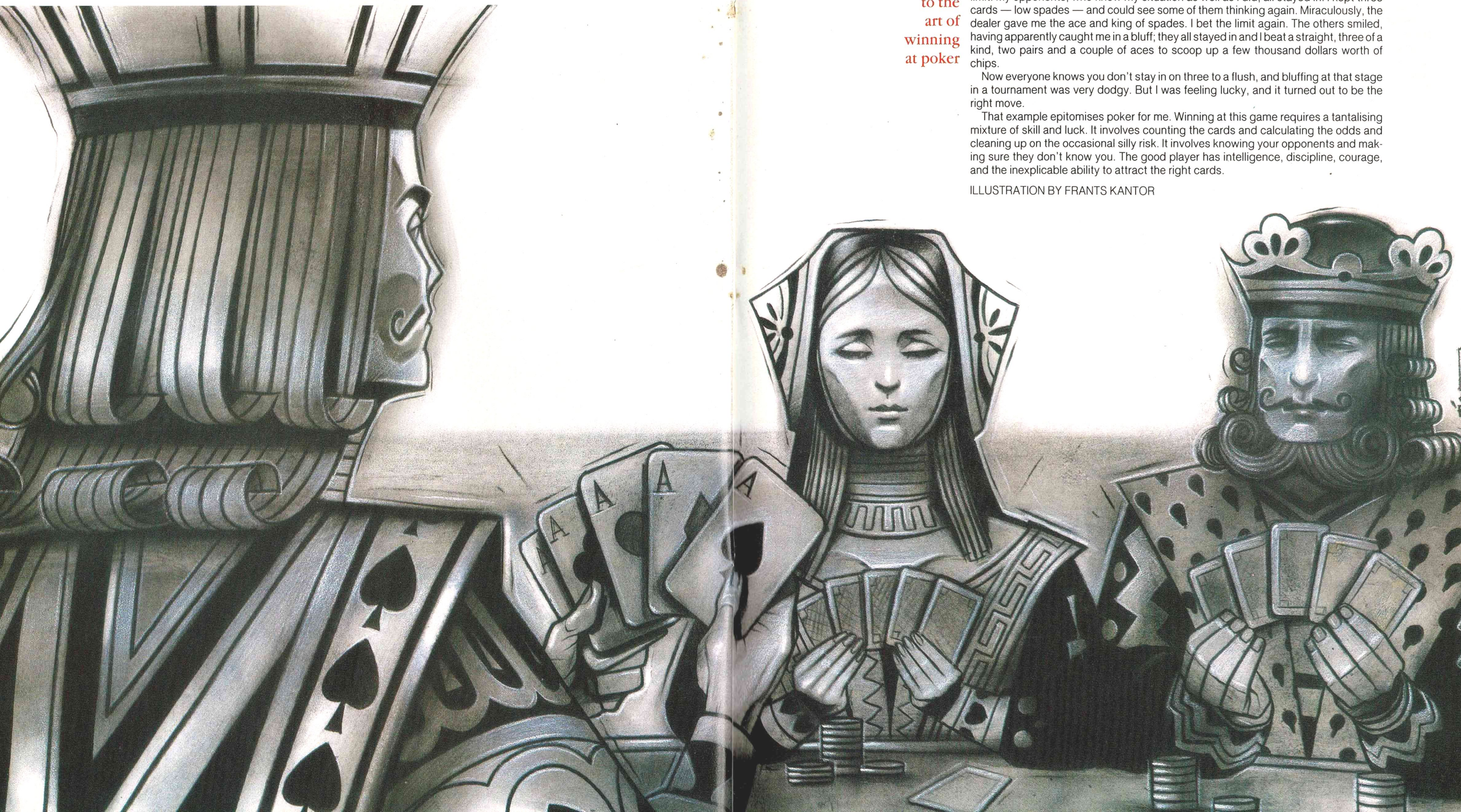
BY SUE ROBINSON

It was a big tournament. The game was five-card draw (that is, "ordinary" poker) and I was down on my chips. My hand looked more like a foot and I had nothing much to lose, because time was running out and I wouldn't qualify anyway without a win. It was time for a bluff, so I bet the limit. My opponents, who knew my situation as well as I did, all stayed in. I kept three cards — low spades — and could see some of them thinking again. Miraculously, the dealer gave me the ace and king of spades. I bet the limit again. The others smiled, having apparently caught me in a bluff; they all stayed in and I beat a straight, three of a kind, two pairs and a couple of aces to scoop up a few thousand dollars worth of chips.

Now everyone knows you don't stay in on three to a flush, and bluffing at that stage in a tournament was very dodgy. But I was feeling lucky, and it turned out to be the right move.

That example epitomises poker for me. Winning at this game requires a tantalising mixture of skill and luck. It involves counting the cards and calculating the odds and cleaning up on the occasional silly risk. It involves knowing your opponents and making sure they don't know you. The good player has intelligence, discipline, courage, and the inexplicable ability to attract the right cards.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR



# CARD SHARP

The game is a magnet for colorful people. Poker players smile sweetly and chat nicely while planning to relieve you of your cash. The scene is rife with con-men, crooks, entrepreneurs, addicts, idiotic amateurs and gifted, courageous players. It is bursting with mythology, mystery, machismo and magic.

Every poker player has his own stories of unbelievable hands, record pots, hot tactics, stunning streaks, raids and fights. Typical of these possibly apocryphal stories is the one about former NSW Premier Sir Robert Askin. According to the rumor, when he ran out of money in a big game Askin started betting with knighthoods. That yarn appeals to hard-core poker players.

Like all players, I have my fund of burning memories. There was the time in a casino when I was playing "high deck" (ie sevens and up) draw when the dealer kicked me under the table just as I was about to fold on a pair of queens. I stayed in, raised the limit, and drew another pair of queens.

Poker players make heroes of the gamblers who can lose tens of thousands of dollars in one night without losing their cool. They admire the flash players who can pull off a huge bluff and they dream of getting the perfect hand themselves.

But really, there are just two kinds of players: those who crave "action", and those who win. The winners stick to games where they can use and watch tactics. They choose schools where the house doesn't take too big a cut. They calculate the odds of getting the card they need. They fold frequently, sometimes on very good hands. They listen to their hunches as well as the voice of reason, and they know when to make their opponents pay the maximum to look. There are very few of them, and a good one will make a comfortable living out of it. (One estimated he'd earn between $60,000 and $70,000 a year, all in $2 and $5 games.)

Australian professionals say the biggest obstacle to winning consistently is boredom. You spend a lot of time watching, folding, and folding again, always waiting for the two or three hands in a night that are actually good enough to play . . .

If you want action — poker as a test of manhood — you'll like games where luck counts and there's lots of betting. You won't fold for anyone and you'll stay in on stud games, praying for the last card to dramatically make you a winner. You'll pay up because you are bored with folding or curious about someone else's cards.

Typical action games are real killers, with lots of rounds of betting and hands where the turn of one card can change everything. An example is "pineapple crush" — hi-lo manilla with discards, in which the object is to have the best *or worst* hand on the table. Another is "cincinnati" with deuces wild and discards. This gives you five cards in your hand and five on the table, which are turned up one by one after each round of betting. You choose the best of ten, and fold unless you have four of a kind or better.

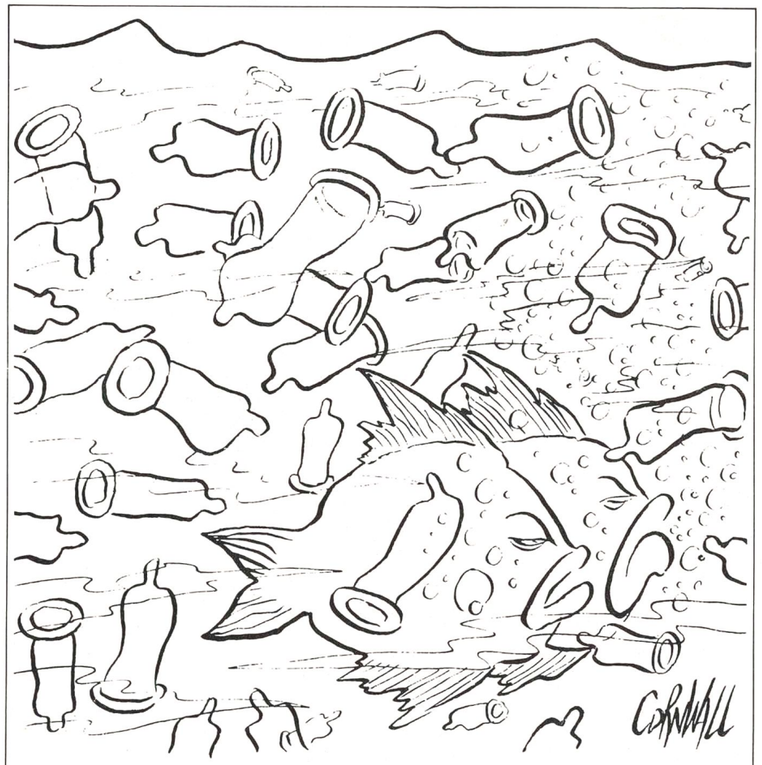
Now, an action player can sometimes have a lucky win and may even beat a professional — but not often. The professional, on the other hand, wins steadily. To make money out of poker you have to learn tactics, develop the art of bluffing and reading bluffs, and exercise iron self-discipline.

A few basic rules can help. Your reporter is a girl who wins steadily and has done reasonably well in tournaments. I'm not an expert and I've made my share of expensive blunders. But I've talked to plenty of experts, and what works for me may well work for you.

Firstly, pick the right game. Choose schools where you can go all in or declare your limited chips. This means if you want to stay in a hand but don't have the money to match someone's bet, you can put in all you have and the residue is used as a side-bet. Go for games where they play "table stakes" — those where you can only play with the money you have in front of you when the first cards in the hand are dealt. A school without these rules allows someone to "buy the pots" because he has more money to play with than other players. He only has to bring out an extra wad of notes when he knows you're almost out of cash.

Secondly, be aware of betting limits. Some schools have a half pot limit, some full pot, some no limit and some limit bets and raises to multiples of $5 or $10. Now each type of limit has its advantages and disadvantages, but only a mug will join a game without knowing in advance if he can only bet $5 on his four aces or if an opponent can suddenly raise him five times the pot.

Once you've picked your school, set yourself some general rules for playing. Kenny Rogers really said it all in the chorus to his hit song, "The Gambler": "You've got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em, know when to walk away and know when to run. You never count your money when you're sitting at the table. There'll be time enough for counting when the dealing's done."




*"God, I hate Sundays."*

**Know When To Hold**

The cards that are likely to win differ depending on the variety of poker game. Of course, anything can and does happen. I've seen a seven-card stud tournament won by an ace high. I've seen a guy win a $20,000 prize drawing to a practically impossible flush. I've seen a mad gambler bet all he had against two pat hands and draw five cards, four of which were aces. But these are the exceptions; the rule is a bit more predictable.

There are basically two kinds of games: draw and stud. These games can be played with a full deck or high deck (sevens — occasionally sixes — and up).

In high deck games, a flush beats a full house because it is harder to get. Straights are relatively common, but it's not worth hanging in there for an inside straight (ie when only one card will complete the straight) in most games. An ace high straight where you need a ten carries the same risk. I don't bother trying for a flush against strong bets unless I could also end up with a high straight. Two pairs are dodgy unless betting is desultory and they're high pairs.

If there are enough players to shuffle in discards, it may be worth keeping a middle pair of cards that other players are likely to throw away. A woman player I know makes it a rule to keep eights in high deck draw with discards — she frequently draws another eight.

The secret in high deck draw is to work out what the other players are holding. If you've got a pair of aces and four other players are also staying on a pair, the chances are one of your opponents is also holding two aces. The player with jacks could draw the third — you won't. Watch the betting for clues.

The most common high deck stud game is manilla. You have to use the two cards in your hand ("hole cards") and five others turned face upwards one by one, so fold if your cards aren't promising. It ain't a bad idea to fold straight away unless your two hole cards fit nicely into a high straight, give you a high pair (though this is risky — a straight usually wins) or are close together and of the same suit. Don't stay in after the third card is turned up if you still need two specific cards to complete your hand.

There are exceptions. I have folded on a seven and an ace only to see three other sevens turned up on the table. Nevertheless, it's better to fold on a winning hand than bet big on a losing one. I have seen a good player lose a fortune in manilla because his hole cards and the first face up card formed three of a kind. He had this promising hand five times in a row. Each time he stayed in, failed to improve and lost to a straight.

Full deck games can be draw or stud and the most common stud games are straight five-card and seven-card. All stud games can be killers because curiosity can drive you to stay in to see the next card. Use discipline.

In five-card stud (when you get one card face down and four more, one by one, showing), a good pair can win — so can an ace high. Think of folding if your hole card isn't as good as the best showing on the table — providing you don't have a pair back to back (ie, one down and one up).

Once again, there are exceptions. I played against a lucky player in a tournament who stayed in every hand because he knew he was on a streak. I started with two aces back to back and he matched my bets to draw an ace, a king and another ace on the last three cards.

In seven-card stud, you start with three cards. I stay in for the first extra card if I can. I will fold if my three cards don't even remotely match, if the cards I need are already showing in other players' hands, or one of the other players looks altogether too confident. Watch other players' hands, look to see what they may have and what they have that you need, and remember what cards the folded hands had showing. Even this can't give you the total picture. The three down cards (the first two and the last of the seven) can conceal a totally unsuspected four of a kind or straight flush.

Watch betting tactics. Winning hands in this game are fairly good. Two pairs aren't worth gambling on and I would never stay after the fourth card unless I had at least a pair or four to a five-card hand (ie needing only one card from the last three to complete the straight or better).

You can win draw poker on a pair or a bluff. It has to be the hardest game to judge unless you really know the other players well. One player I know only stayed in if he had jacks or better. He was so consistent he found, after a while, that everyone else would fold as soon as he bet. While that may have won him the odd bluff, he only ever got a chance at a decent pot when someone else had a hand sure to beat his.

You have to be lucky to draw an inside straight or to draw more than one card to give you a straight or flush. If discards are dealt in, don't keep high-card "kickers" (say, an ace with a low pair), because everyone else will too. You have to play off the risk of someone else getting your discarded ace against the likelihood of getting the card you want.

Hi-lo games are uncommon but gaining popularity in private poker schools. The pot is divided between the highest and lowest hand. Draw hi-lo yields better hands than stud, and in both games it's easier to know if your hand is a winning low than if it's a winning high. An ace, two, three, four, six is an unbeatable low — a six-five low often wins and it's worth staying in on a seven low in a stud game. In stud hi-lo, you can at least judge from the face-up cards whether your opponents are likely to bet high or low and that will give you more flexibility if you prefer playing to folding.

**Know When To Fold**

In poker there are two sorts of hands worth getting at first deal. The winning hand is naturally the best. But if you can't get a winning hand, be grateful for one that's so bad it's not worth betting on. The real bankbreaker is the second-best hand, and it's something even the best player can't guard against. Knowing when to fold takes real discipline and is the best ace any

*Continued on page 84*

*"How do you feel about excruciating agony?"*

BY LARRY ALLAN

# SMOKY MOUNTAIN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GONZO

Ten minutes drive from Manila's central business district lies Smoky Mountain. It is a rubbish dump, and the Earth's most squalid human habitat — home to more than 3000 Filipinos.

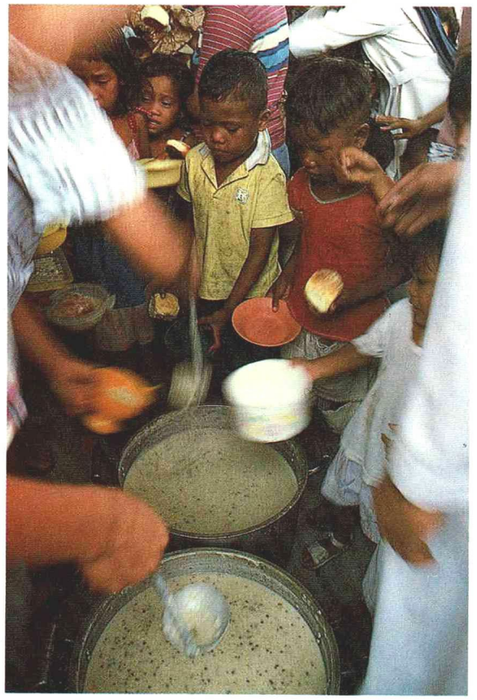
It is a drive few visitors to Manila care to take. Manila generally engages with its bustling mixture of decadence, opulence, poverty and simplicity. Smoky Mountain horrifies.

Smoke bellows obscenely all day and night from heaps of filth and filters in a pall across Manila Bay. An endless parade of trucks and trolleys delivers each day the refuse of a city of seven million — and the inhabitants of this shanty town are waiting to sift through the contents of each load.

This is the Manila robbed by 20 years of Marcos rule, a life of abject poverty delivered from the opulent splendor of Malacanang Palace; it is the Manila a world now expects President Aquino to bring into the 20th Century. Yet even the police do not enter for fear of the Sparrow groups representing the Communists.
Death is close.

Even before you can see the sign that reads, in bright red letters, ''Welcome To Smoky Mountain'', you can smell it. Nothing can describe that stench. The human jetsam who live here wear rags over their faces in an attempt to keep its constant vileness at bay. Except for the kids. To these children, this is what the whole world smells like.

In Smoky Mountain, clean bathing and drinking water is a privilege. Yet on Sundays, the mood seems to change. Into the filth and despair comes the Catholic Church. Once a week, people look clean — and there is food. But then the Church packs up and life returns to its wretched routine on the acres of fetid black mud.



# CARD SHARP

*Continued from page 77*

poker player can have up his sleeve.

At a recent draw game in Melbourne, a professional player folded on three aces — before the draw — because another player, whose style he knew, raised the bet. This player claims to make a regular $1200 to $1500 a week out of poker. Perhaps being willing to fold on three aces is part of his secret.

Fold if you feel unlucky, if your hand hasn't improved (chances are someone else's has), if someone raises you on your bluff, if you've had too much to drink, or if someone else's cards look better than yours and you need to draw the right last card to beat him. Fold often.

Watch the body language and tactics of the other players. One guy I knew used to jiggle his chips whenever he had a good hand. He didn't jiggle his chips when he was about to bluff. I quickly learned to fold whenever I heard the click of plastic, except when I had a crash hot hand myself. Another, a short-sighted, extremely scrutable Chinese player, would lean back in his seat to get a clear view of all those aces and kings. The creak of protesting chair legs was my cue to drop out of the game.

Some people give themselves away when they are about to place a big bet, whether it is a bluff or not. If you aren't staring at a promising hand, fold before they have a chance to raise.

Check the betting style of your opponent. In one memorable game of manilla, I lost a huge bet. My hand? Four aces. My opponent's? A routine flush. I had been so excited about those four bloody bullets I had failed to notice the possible routine flush. I had also failed to note that the other player — cautious and timid at the best of times — had just made a spirited raise. I should have folded.

Carefully assess what you think your hand is worth — and stick to it. If you've decided it's only worth $10 to see the next card and another player raises after you have put in your $10, don't stay in.

Now many players will disagree with me on this, but I have seen too many lucky streaks to discount them. I have one basic rule: never try to fight someone else's lucky streak. Let one of the other players do that and fold until it's over. Some of my most heartbreaking losses have been with second-best hands against a player enjoying a streak. I still wince when I think of the four kings I bet my shirt on, only to find my opponent had four aces.

Be aware that if you feel unlucky or uncertain, at least some of the other players will sense that you do. Your body language will give you away. Someone will call if you bluff, so fold if you aren't sure.

Whatever you do, *don't get possessive about the pot.* Once you've put your money on the table, it isn't yours any more. Playing to protect your investment is a quick way to go broke. So what if you've put $3000 in there already? If your hand won't win, it's crazy to donate any more. I know it's tough — but that's poker.

**Know When To Walk Away**

Ry Cooder said it well: "A man should never gamble more than he can stand to lose."

If you have difficulty disciplining yourself to walk away from a game, bring only as much money as you can afford to squander, and leave your cheque book at home.

Staying in a game because you're losing is plain folly. If you're having a bad night, quit and go home. If you suspect other players are cheating or ganging up on you, go home. Remind yourself there will be other games.

> Undoubtedly the greatest thrill in poker is winning a large pot on a hand full of nothing

**Never Count Your Money When You're Sitting At The Table**

This may sound silly, but knowing where you stand affects your play. If you are winning you will play more confidently, and losing can make you too timid. If the other players are any good, they will notice you counting and it will affect the way they play against you. If they notice you're down they can go for the jugular, and if you're up they may guess, correctly, that you will bet on a less than perfect hand.

It is just plain stupid to bet big because you feel flush after the last pot. No matter how healthy your pile of chips looks — don't lose your head.

**THE ART OF BLUFF**

The above rules are general. But poker involves a lot more than simply calculating how good your cards are. There are two special ingredients to the game that give the real gambler a chance: luck and bluff. The odds may be against you drawing three to make a routine flush. But you could beat the odds.

Hunches play a big role in poker and I've seen champions playing wild hunches successfully. It makes no logical sense, but listen to your feelings. If you feel lady luck smiling, going for the long shot could be your best bet.

Bluffing and reading bluffs, however, requires strict observation of both the other players and yourself. It's worth it. Undoubtedly the greatest thrill in poker is winning a large pot on a hand full of nothing. In any case, a bluff is a good investment even when you're caught out — because if no-one ever catches you at it, people will fold when you really want them to see you.

The first skill in bluffing is knowing when to call someone else's bluff. Once you've got this straight, you can call on a middling hand and expect to win. This skill involves two different kinds of observation — other people's tactics and other people's faces.

I play in a regular game where, when everyone else checks, a particular woman bets big on principle. She has nothing 70 percent of the time. The rest of the time she's got the goods — but poker is a percentage game and it's worth risking the odd loss by staying in against her for a chance at a good win. Another player in this game only bets really big when he's bluffing. He's conservative on a real winner because he doesn't want to scare the other players out. When he bets double his normal amount, I know he has a pair at best.

Another guy always chooses to bluff two hands after a win. That's when he's got the money to spend. Of course, sometimes he's got the cards, but more often he hasn't.

Watch for strategies like this, but don't neglect the body language. I have noticed that male players are great at identifying strategies, but aren't really into watching their opponents. In a Melbourne tournament I watched the two top professionals against a mug punter. The punter was a restless sort of bloke and tapped his foot impatiently whenever he intended to bet big, whether it was a bluff or not. The two professionals lost badly. They couldn't work out his strategy. After the game, they admitted that they had neither seen nor heard his obviously tapping foot. That's why none of the bluffs worked. They would have known — if only they'd noticed — that he was ready and willing to stay in.

There are various things to look for in a bluffer. The most common giveaway is the player who checks his cards before he bets. If he's got a sure-fire winner, he doesn't need to remind himself of it. One player, otherwise gifted, would put his hand up to his mouth before he bluffed. Another would only name the amount he was betting when he bluffed. On a genuine hand, he would let the money he slapped down speak for itself. One would hesitate just a second before making his bluff. Yet another would bluff a little over-decisively in a strong confident voice. There are as

*Continued on page 134*



# PET OF THE YEAR

Back in March last year when the redoubtable Miss Emma Stone debuted in Australian Penthouse we compared her to a light, rosy wine — one that would marry well with sunshine, fine company and breezy outdoor relaxation. The analogy seemed so apt. Emma is refreshing, full-bodied and delightfully palatable. Penthouse readers evidently thought so, too. Sales of the issue showing Emma pouting and regal on the cover and even more dazzling in the centre pages shot through the proverbial roof. It seemed everyone wanted to drink in this cheeky little drop and get stoned on Emma. When it came time to cast votes for the 1988 Penthouse Pet Of The Year, few had forgotten her dark attractions. Congratulations to all those who voted this exotic 19-year-old brunette number one. Your taste is impeccable. Emma will be great in '88. As the sexiest centrefold in Australia, Emma wins the rich array of prizes detailed in the following pages. Reacquaint yourself, too, with the amazing Emma Stone and see why this effervescent Sydney beachgirl blew the competition away. Now charge your glasses gentlemen, as 1988 Penthouse Pet Of The Year, beaujolais beauty Emma Stone has graduated to champagne. Cheers.

1988

The essence of motoring is fun and the locally-designed Porrera from Creative Cars in South Australia combines cheeky wolf-whistle good looks and fun with a capital "F". Not unlike the Pet Of The Year herself. The Porrera is an ingenious kit-converted VW that takes routine motoring into the realm of good times and glamor. The Porerra is saucy, racy and just made for looking at. Our Pet Of The Year receives a totally finished Porrera featuring extractors, twin exhausts, "quick-shift" gear-box, 15" wheels with directional radial tyres, totally new interior with high back front and rear seats, carpets and door trims, AM/FM cassette stereo, sports steering wheel, and lots more. Quality of materials, work-manship and fitting are fully guaranteed. Completely finished flirty Porreras are available from $13,995 at Creative Cars.

PET 88

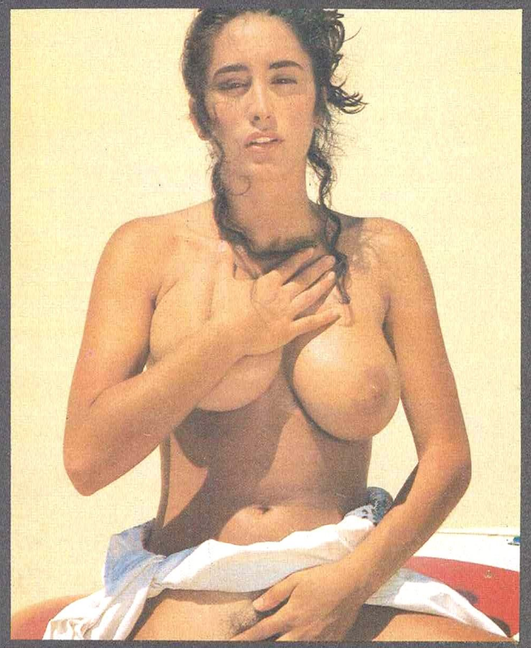
Our Pet Of The Year and a very fortunate friend will spend a relaxing week at Paradise Centre Luxury Apartments, right on the beach at Surfers Paradise. The Paradise Centre boasts two acres of landscaped gardens, pools, spas and two tennis courts, while the twin towers offer spacious and luxurious fully self-contained air-conditioned apartments. A perfect base for exploring the delights of the Gold Coast, with its miles of golden beaches and vast range of entertainments. Noted for her ability to rage on regardless, Emma is one girl who'll take full advantage of her holiday prize, which comes courtesy of East-West Airlines and is valued at $2500. For many years East-West have led the way in providing fun-packed holiday destinations. When it comes to frivolous fun, the ritzy Gold Coast has got it all. Bon voyage, Emma . . .

PET 88

Manzo Park Lane Diamonds, one of Australia's finest jewellery design teams, have handcrafted this beautiful *Penthouse* key exclusively for our Pet Of The Year. The key and chain, valued at $5750, are fashioned from solid 18-carat yellow gold and the key is set with a half-carat diamond of superb quality. Manzo Park Lane Diamonds, located under the Sydney Hilton, will also present each of the runners-up with an exclusive *Penthouse* key and chain in solid nine-carat gold, valued at $500.

A unique and exquisitely beautiful keepsake for our Pet Of The Year has also been handcrafted by Manzo Park Lane Diamonds. An 18-carat yellow gold bangle encrusted with 14 diamonds will team perfectly with Emma's traditional diamond-set *Penthouse* key and perfectly complement the unique and exquisite charms of the Pet Of The Year. The delicate bangle's diamonds, weighing in at just over half a carat, are set in a softened "V" sweetheart design. The bangle is valued at $2700.

What's the use of cracking the big time if you can't gloat about it over a bottle of bubbly? There's enough sparkling wine in this collection to keep Emma afloat throughout her reign as Pet Of The Year. Yellowglen, an Australian winemaker exclusively dedicated to the creation of classic sparkling wines a la methode champenoise, has provided Pet '88 with $4000 worth of its finest product — Brut Cremant, Brut Rose, Brut Non-Vintage and Cuvee Victoria Vintage 1984. All of these wines were created by Dominique Landragon, a native of Champagne whose intimate knowledge of the methode champenoise has allowed him to infuse Yellowglen sparkling wines with the magic of champagne. These are elegant, delicate, well-balanced wines which would soothe the most savage of wine critics. For Emma it's going to be party time all the time in 1988 . . .



Williams, Sydney's most elegant and sophisticated night spot, continues its close association with *Penthouse* by hosting, for the third successive year, the *Penthouse* Pet of the Year Presentation (last year's night was a smashing success) as well as presenting Pet '88 with a prestigious Williams Gold Card. The Gold Card entitles our Pet Of The Year to VIP status and first class service all the way, as well as a range of special benefits including free entry for herself and six guests. The Williams prize includes 20 nights free accommodation at the luxurious Boulevard Hotel and is valued at around $4000. Williams has every facility you'd expect of a nightclub that rivals the world's best, including a superb Supper Club. Australia's finest night spot warmly embraces Australia's finest centrefold.

PET 88

The girl voted the sexiest centrefold in Australia can be a star performer on the other side of the camera with the snappy Canon AF35ML. This compact camera does everything for the user but press the button — it's got auto-focus, auto-exposure, auto-film loading, auto film advance and power rewind. These innovative features, along with a built-in auto-flash, make the AF35ML not only easy to use, but fun to use as well. Emma's Canon is valued at $395.

Ray-Ban are unquestionably regarded as the world's finest sunglasses and, as Pet Of The Year, Emma Stone becomes the fashionable owner of the latest of Ray-Ban's top-of-the range styles — the Olympian and Clubmaster designs pictured here. Ray-Ban lenses are made of optical glass, scientifically formulated to provide full glare protection and to enhance vision. From Bausch & Lomb, the Ray-Bans shown here are valued at $260 and $187.

For the past 15 years, a Sydney company named Concept Audio has specialised in importing the very best hi-fi components from around the world, mixing and matching these "specialist" components to produce superb sonic performance. The hi-fi package assembled for our Pet Of The Year consists of a German-manufactured turntable, the Lenco L450, a heavily engineered semi-automatic belt-drive turntable on a base of solid plywood with black woodgrain finish, valued at $499; a pair of UK-manufactured Morduant-Short MS35Ti speakers with matching stands, featuring titanium dome tweeters for maximum performance and an internal protection device (so you can't blow them up, Emma), valued at $978; a US-manufactured David Hafler Company amplifying system consisting of two highly specialised components: the DH-100 pre-amp, valued at $698, and the DH-120 power amp, a $998 technical wonder pumping out 60 Watts per channel; and a state of-the-art FM tuner, the David Hafler DH-350, incorporating every conceivable feature and retailing at $1198. This extraordinary audio package — you won't find anything like it in your local department store — will be specially housed for our Pet '88 in a beautiful light pine cabinet valued at $400, bringing the total value of the hi-fi prize to $4781.

FICTION BY PETER CORRIS

# HIGH INTEGRITY

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL FARRELL

*On a routine fraud investigation Hardy finds there's murder in store*

George Marr was the credit comptroller at Partner Bros which, if it wasn't Sydney's biggest department store chain in 1987, was rapidly getting that way. To me, he looked absurdly young for his job, but that might have been because I was feeling a fraction too old for mine.

"Mr Hardy," Marr said, "have you got a Partner Card?"

"No. I've got a Medicare card and MasterCard. I was hoping to limit my card-holding to them."

Marr raised one fair eyebrow and looked younger still. "You don't approve of cards?"

"These days I might have a couple I don't even know about, the way things are going."

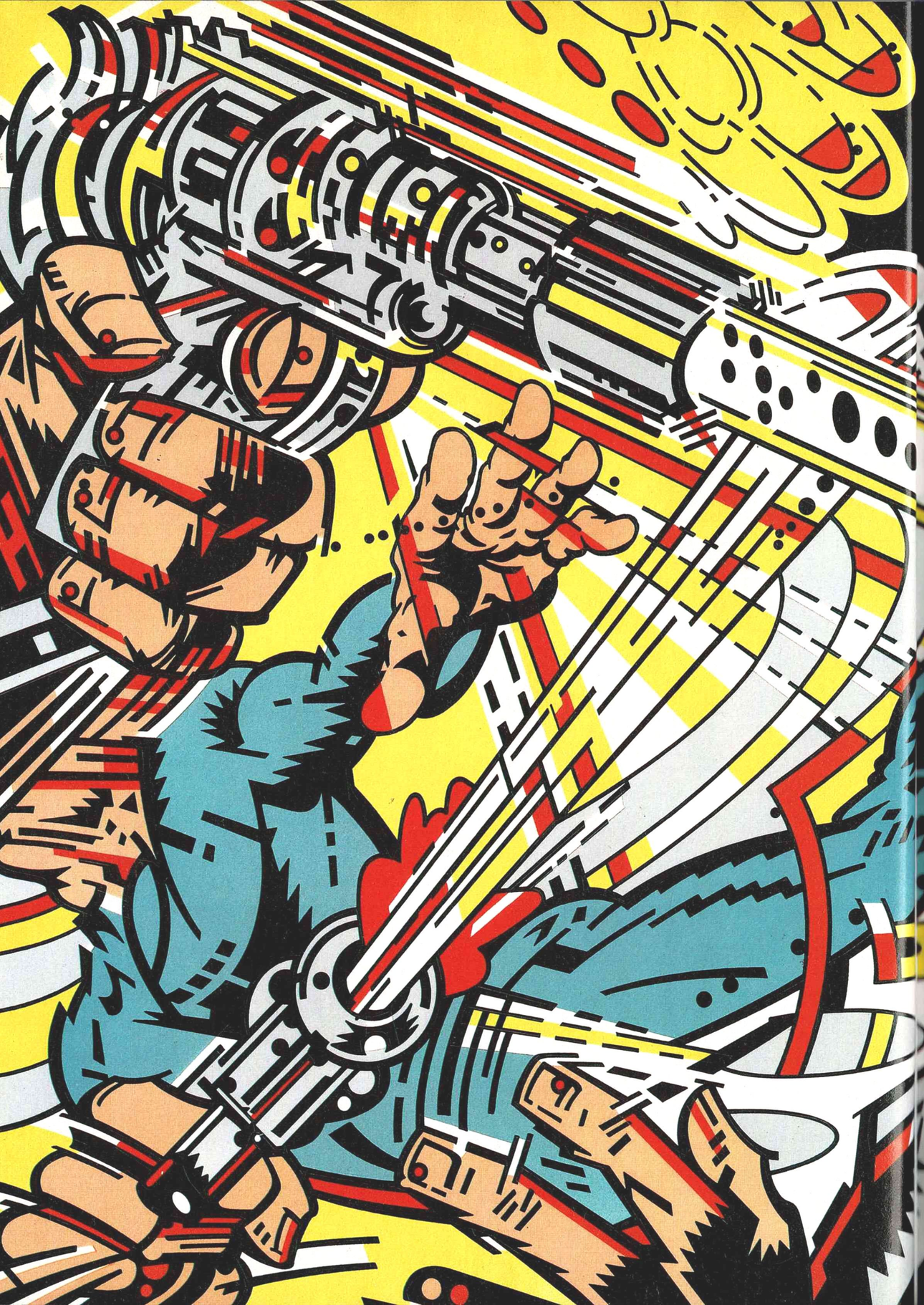
"Cards are the future."

"They're all right for poker."

He digested that while I looked around his office. It was neat, stocked with everything he'd need. His secretary was holding his calls and the boldly written entry in the appointments diary open on the desk in front of him showed that I had 20 minutes.

"Well," he said, "I suppose that attitude will help keep you objective."

"What *is* the objective, Mr Marr?"



# INTEGRITY

His expression showed that he didn't like jokes that early in the day; perhaps he didn't like them at all. "The Partner Card enables you to credit shop in any of our stores with a minimum of fuss. The system is completely computerised — high integrity, the most sophisticated data base and . . ."

"Hold it. You've lost me."

"It doesn't matter. There are more than 20,000 card-holders, state-wide."

"That's more than members of the Liberal Party. It sounds wonderful for your . . . merchandising. What's the problem?"

"The card is being forged. The system is being used fraudulently."

"Ah." I sat back in the comfortable seat and thought about what I'd seen on the way to Marr's office. I'd passed several million dollars worth of electronic junk on the way to a lift which had flashed by three floors crammed with "Home", "Fashion", "Style" and "Recreational" junk. Partners was organised in "Lifestyle Themes"; you set out to buy a box of matches and you ended up with a barbecue.

"It's serious," Marr said. "We've lost close to a hundred thousand dollars at last count."

"When did you notice it?"

"At a credit audit a week ago. It was plain to see. The stock balance and credit account ratios . . . but I wouldn't expect you to understand the technical details."

"You'd be right. We private detectives don't understand much. The whole of life is a voyage of discovery for us."

"Are you trying to be funny, Mr Hardy? I was told you were capable and close-mouthed, not that you were a humorist."

"I'm not trying hard. Give me the details you think I'll understand, Mr Marr, and I'll try to help you."

I'm computer-illiterate, but Marr filled me in as best he could. The phony cards had been used mostly in the electronic subsection of "Home" but also in some luxury "Fashion" sections and in "Out-of-doors", which had lost a prefabricated garage. A lot of liquor had been liberated too, but I couldn't work out whether it came from "Style" or "Recreation."

I scribbled notes while Marr talked. When he stopped I tried to show how sharp I was. "I can see how they could walk out with the booze and the VCRs, but not a garage."

"No, that was odd." He consulted a file on his desk. "The garage was delivered to an address where the home owner had no knowledge of it. The home owner didn't even shop in Partners." Marr said this as if it was a matter for deep regret.

"I'll need that address," I said. "Also all the names and addresses on the phony cards and details on the people who could have helped from the inside. You know it has to be something like that, don't you?"

He sighed. "Unhappily, yes. It's a terrible thing . . . Partners has the best employee record in the industry, bar none. Well, I've anticipated you." He slid a sheet of paper across the desk. About a dozen names were listed along with addresses and jobs: Electronics Manager; Credit 2IC; Sales & Stock (Liquor); Accounts etc. The names were in two columns, one headed hardware, the other software. I tapped the headings. "What's this?"

Marr's smile made him look schoolboyish. "Our little joke — the 'hardware' is selling staff, who interface with the customers; the 'software' is the computing staff, who . . ."

"Don't say it. All right, this is the address of the home owner, is it? And let me guess, this is your private phone number at the top? You've got an efficient secretary, Mr Marr."

"Top computing facilities."

"Yeah, well that could be your problem. In the old days you just looked and waited until you could slam the till on the hand in it."

"Times have changed. At first we hoped it was just someone manipulating the programs, but it became clear that false cards were involved. That made it a hands-on situation. That's why you're here."

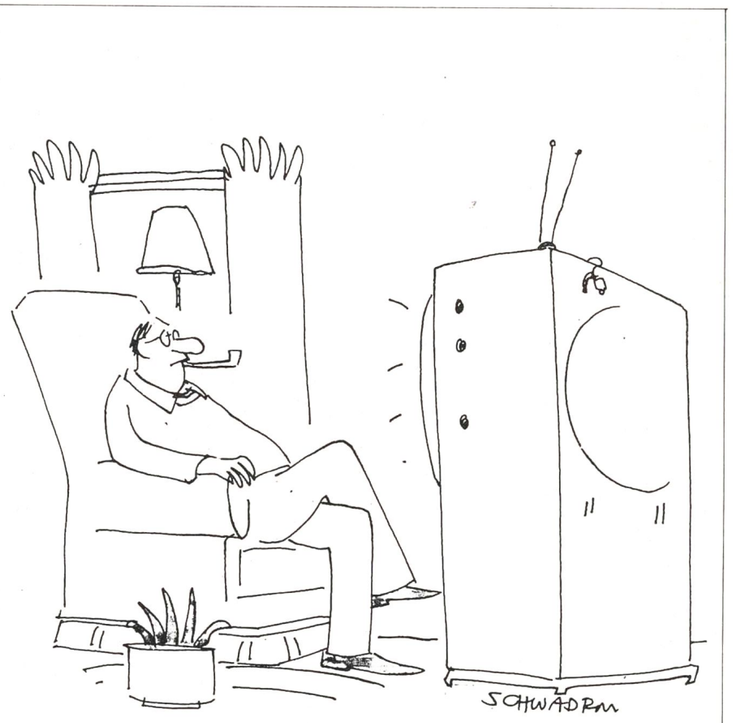
I couldn't have taken any more of that kind of language but my time was up anyway. Marr handed me over to Kelvin Lean, the internal security officer, who grudgingly took me on a tour so I could get a sly look at the "hardware." After that I went to the Personnel section where Lean showed me photographs of the others.

"This is a smooth operation," he said. "I'll be blunt, Hardy. I can't see why I can't handle it myself."

I didn't say anything. What Lean didn't know was that his name appeared on my list and it was entered under both headings.

My strategy was pretty simple — investigate the people on the list, looking for changes in the patterns of their lives. It makes sense — if you suddenly came into a fortune would you keep on buying your fish fingers at Franklins? The hell I would.

Over the next few days I plied my trade. I followed people home and watched them at night. I picked them up in the morning and went to work and lunch with them. I went to laundromats and the movies, McDonalds wine bars. I walked a lot, stood around a lot and didn't get much sleep. After a week and a bit I'd eliminated all but three of the suspects for various reasons — some too timid, others too family-oriented, some too lazy, some too sporting and so on. The weekend was tough: I watched Kent Hayward ("software") play golf at Royal Eastern; Colin McKemmish ("hardware") went to the races and the dogs but didn't bet much; Daphne Lewis went straight from her Accounts Department job at Partners into her role as freelance caterer. She worked non-stop through the weekend and looked more tired on Monday morning than she had on Friday night.




*"Parental discretion is advised for the following segment of '60 Minutes.' Andy Rooney is going to discuss sanitary napkins."*

The garage had been delivered to an elderly widow who lived in a flat in Bondi, three floors up. She found it very funny.

"Why didn't they send me something useful?" she said. "Like a waterbed. Tell 'em I wanna waterbed next time."

The break came when I was talking with Kelvin Lean in the Partners canteen the following week. Lean I'd eliminated early in the piece. He was obsessed with machismo and self-improvement — went horse-riding, pistol-shooting, took karate lessons, read Ayn Rand. If he'd caught himself being dishonest he'd have handcuffed himself and called the cops. Lean seemed better disposed towards me because I wasn't making progress. I remarked that Kent Hayward seemed like an indoor type — he was tall and thin with a manner something like an art gallery director, part aesthete, part party-goer — and wasn't much of a golfer despite the expensive equipment and membership of a club where the fees were steep.

"Golf?" Lean said. "That's new for Hayward."

"How do you know?"

Lean fidgeted and made a train with the sugar cubes. "Staff file," he mumbled.

"I saw them. They had work experience, references, financial stuff. That's all."

"Private/Staff."

"Jesus! Look, Kelvin, I was supposed to have access to everything. Do I have to talk to Marr again about this?"

"I don't even know what *this* is. That's my gripe."

"Okay. Maybe you'll be flattered. Marr kept you in the dark because you were a suspect." I explained the way of it to him while he turned his sugar cube train into Stonehenge. When I finished he cracked his knuckles.

"Maybe I can help."

"You can help by showing me these private files."

"Right."

We went to his office and Lean transformed himself from "hardware" to "software" by switching on his desk computer and dancing his fingers over the keyboard. In a couple of seconds Kent Hayward's private life was on screen. There was a lot of it. Hayward was divorced and paying maintenance and child support for three. According to the file he had no sporting interests.

"Look at this," Lean said. "He goes on a pricey holiday last September. First time ever."

Hayward had used the firm's holiday service to book himself into the Tropicana Hotel at Surfer's Paradise for six days. The holiday had upped his indebtedness to Partners Holiday Club but he seemed to be coping with the extra monthly instalments.

Lean smiled and the grooves in his overtrained, gaunt face deepened into ruts. "This is it. I can smell it."

I had to think quickly. The last thing I needed was Lean sneaking around cracking his knuckles and smelling things. I must have looked doubtful because he held up one hand placatingly while he punched keys with the other. "Don't worry. I won't interfere. I just wanted to be asked. You might give me a favorable citation in your report if it works out."

If you can't beat them, join them. "You've got it," I said.

The Private/Staff files revealed nothing of interest about the other suspects and Hayward firmed as favorite. My first move was to check on Hayward's golf partners. My lawyer of many years standing and suffering, Cy Sackville, was a member of the Royal Eastern. I called him.

"What kind of people do you play golf with at Royal Eastern?"

> I didn't believe Kelvin Lean had AIDS or thought he had it. And I didn't believe he committed suicide.

"Oh, judges, lawyers, doctors, stockbrokers, embezzlers, all kinds. Why?"

"I'd like to find out who a member by the name of Kent Hayward played with last weekend. Could you get the names?"

"Nothing easier. From the book."

"When?"

Cy supposed he could fit in nine holes the following morning to relax him for his afternoon in court. He proposed a drink in the club bar at noon.

By then I'd had too much sleep and too much of my own company.

"How'd you do?" I said.

"Forty-one — doubled bogeyed the eighth, bugger it. Here's what you want."

He handed me a slip of paper. The bar was almost empty but I kept my voice low. "Clyde Teasdale, Reginald Broderick, Montague Piper. That wouldn't be Monty Piper, would it?"

Sackville sipped Perrier. "Believe so. Any help?"

Monty Piper, if he wasn't actually Mr Big, was Mr Big Enough. If he'd been responsible for half the things that were alleged against him he'd never have had time to wash his socks. Gambling, pimping and drugs were his mainstays, but he probably financed some heavier stuff as well.

A trip to Surfer's would have been welcome but I couldn't justify it. I phoned Roger Wallace, who operates several detective agencies in the eastern states. When he had reached 50, he'd picked his Southport agency as the one that most needed his personal touch. I asked him to run a check on the guests in the Tropicana over the period of Hayward's stay. We exchanged pleasantries, agreed on terms and he phoned back towards evening.

"Subject didn't get much of the sun," Roger said. "Seems he spent most of his time in smoky rooms."

"Who with?"

"Hard to say, but it could easily have been Monty Piper."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. Monty was in the Honeymoon Suite at the Tropicana for some of the time. I'll send you a list of the other names if you like."

"Don't bother. Thanks, Roger."

I enlisted Lean's help and took a closer look at Hayward professionally and personally. He was manager in the section of the computer operation that despatched and made up accounts and upgraded the data base as required.

"Box seat," Lean said.

"What about for forging the cards?"

"That too. He'd know the codes, the cut-outs, everything. Of course, he'd have to know some physics and electronics to make much of it."

"He does," I said. "I've followed him to the library and into bookshops. He'd rather read electronics textbooks than Wilbur Smith."

"I'm a Ludlum man myself," Lean said. "So what next? You going to collar him?"

"There's no direct proof. If he's been careful all the way through he could show up clean."

"Yeah. I've been doing a little quiet snooping myself. Don't worry, not on the ground. Through the computer — there's something a bit funny about this fraud."

"Struck me they could've got away with a hell of a lot more if they'd wanted to," I said.

"There's that. But it looks as if all kinds of things have been tried out, all parts of the program."

"Don't follow."

"Goods sent to addresses, goods returned and exchanged, items queried, lots of checking of the data base. You'd have thought they'd run the phony cards through the easiest channels but it hasn't been like that at all. They've gone the tough route most times."

"As if they were checking that it all worked?"

"That's what it looks like. What d'you make of it?"

"All I can think of is that something big-

ger is on the way. Thanks Kelvin, you've been a big help."

"As I say, put it in the report."

They were the last words I ever heard from Kelvin Lean. A little later, after I'd done some more surveillance of Hayward without result, Marr telephoned to tell me that Lean had killed himself.

"It was a great shock. He was a good man, or so we thought."

"Me too. Why?"

"He left a note to say that he was afraid he had AIDS."

"Looked pretty healthy to me."

"Well, there it is. I suppose the autopsy will tell the story."

"How did he die?"

"He used a shotgun, I believe. Now, d'you think this could have any bearing on your investigation?"

"Don't know. Do you?"

"No fraudulent card use has been reported in the past week. What have you turned up so far?

"A suspect with no proof."

"Any connection with Lean?"

"I'll look into it."

"If there are no further losses . . ."

"Sure, you'll consider the case closed. Give me a few more days, Mr Marr."

I didn't believe Kelvin Lean had AIDS or thought he had. And I didn't believe he committed suicide. I phoned Detective Inspector Frank Parker of the Homicide branch and found the police weren't too convinced either.

"Difficult to say, Cliff. Typed note. Prints on the shotgun, but you know . . ."

"What do you think of the AIDS theory?"

"Not gay, no drugs and what was left of him would put you and me to shame for muscle tone. What's your interest?"

"Can't say. When will you get the autopsy report?"

"I can't say. Perhaps when you decide to co-operate."

Logic led to Hayward. As a working theory: Hayward has a lot to hide and nasty friends like Monty Porter. Exit Lean. Confronting Hayward seemed like my only option if Partners were going to pull the plug on me. Besides, killing Lean looked like an over-reaction to a fraud investigation, even a major one. Maybe I could panic Hayward.

He lived in Woollahra, in a big white building that looked as if it had once been a squatter's townhouse but was now four elegant flats. Elegant but old, or perhaps elegant because old. At 6pm I was parked on the other side of the road watching the expensive cars swirl around the streets, slip into the garages slotted in under the high-sitting houses or jostle for parking space under the plane-trees. Hayward had a garage for his Holden Calais. When he closed the roller door I was only a few metres away. When he put the key in the front door to the building I was by his side.

"Let's go inside, Mr Hayward. Let's talk."

"Who the hell are you?" He threw back his head, to toss long hair out of his eyes and to look through the bottom part of his bi-focal lenses. He had his suit coat over his arm, neatly folded, and he was wearing a bow-tie. This made me happier about heavying him. I gripped his elbow and bustled him through the door. He tried to prop but he had no experience in the physical side of life. I kept him moving up the stairs and to the door of his flat by keeping him off balance and increasing the pressure on his arm. He was saying things like "This is intolerable" but I wasn't listening.

We were in the passageway of his flat and I was doing fine when suddenly things went wrong. First, a man appeared out of nowhere; he moved smoothly, seeming to take all the time in the world, and he shot Hayward between the eyes. I felt Hayward sag away from me and collapse. I flattened myself against the wall and tried to reach for my .38, knowing all the time that I'd be much, much too slow.

The gunman knew it too; he sighted on my chest and gestured for me to drop my hand. I did it. At that range he couldn't miss.

"Well," he said, "what's this?"

Another man edged cautiously from a room off the passage. The gunman was medium-sized and wide with a bald head and an almost immobile face. The second man was younger, not out of his twenties. He had long dark hair and a slack, shocked expression on his face. He said, "Shoot him", so I liked him less than the other, who could've shot me but hadn't tried.

"This isn't the bargain basement, sport. I don't do it in job lots."

"Come on," the dark one said. "He seen everythink. You've gotta . . ."

"I don't have to do anything. Look at him. The man's carrying a gun. He could be a cop. Or he could be someone I can talk to."

"That's right," I croaked.

"Shit! You just want more money."

The gunman kept his pistol, which looked like a silenced .22, very steady. "That'd help," he said. "Let's get out of the hall. We can go and sit down and you can use the phone."

We went though to the big living room, which was dark because all the curtains had been drawn against the light and the heat. The gunman didn't seem to have any trouble seeing; he gestured for me to sit in a chair in the corner and for the other man to use the phone.

"Hey, don't give me orders. Just kill him."

"You don't have the clout to order a kill, friend."

The dark man picked up the phone and hit the buttons. He waited, began to speak and stopped. "Okay," he said. "Ten minutes, but tell him it's important." He read the phone number slowly and clearly and hung up. "We gotta wait."

The gunman smiled; until then his face had been so still I was surprised he could do it. "Why don't you make us a drink, Charley?" he said.

"Fuck you. And my name isn't Charley, it's . . ."

"Shut up, you bloody amateur. Charley'll do. Get us a drink, unless you'd rather hold the gun?"

My eyes had grown used to the gloom; it was a big room with a bay window and some low, unobtrusive furniture. The hi-fi looked good and new, as did the TV and VCR. The gunman sat three metres from me and out of the way of all distraction. He saw me judging distance and angles and shook his head. Charley came in with two drinks, whisky and ice.

"One for him, too."

"What the fuck for?"

"You're paining me, you know that? I didn't like having to bring you along in the first place and I'm liking it less. Just do as I say. It might help him to talk. By the way, sport. You might put the gun on the table here. Easy."

I took out the .38 and put it on the coffee table. I had to lean almost out of my chair to reach it. The gunman would have had to get up to take it but he didn't bother. He gestured for me to sit back. Charley returned with a solid scotch and I took a drink, thinking that the odds had shrunk from short to hopeless.

"Name?"

"Hardy."

"Cop?"

I shook my head. "Private. Partners hired me to look into the card business."

He nodded. "Anything to trade?"

I shook my head again. I was thinking about throwing the glass and risking a .22 in the body, but the precise way Hayward had been plugged deterred me.

"This is a big operation," Charley said. "The trump won't want any loose ends."

I jerked my thumb at the passage. "Is that what he was?"

"Yeah. He was leavin' tracks."

I drank some more scotch and sneered at him.

"Big operation my arse," I said. "Hitting a department store for a few thousand. Fake credit cards. That's not big, it's medium at best. I think our friend here better worry about getting his fee."

"He'll get it," Charley said. "This is really big. Three dead men."

"I make it two, Lean and Hayward."

"I was countin' you, arsehole."

"You talk too much," the gunman said contemptuously. He sipped his drink. "Why don't you just tell him all you know while you're at it?"

Charley threw his scotch straight down. "Why not? He's dead when the phone rings. You think the Partners stuff is small time? You're right. But it's a practice, you dumb arsehole, and it's not the only one."

Suddenly it all made sense — the thorough testing of the data base, the relatively small yield. "Practice for what?"

"I wouldn't," the gunman said. "I don't want to know."

"Screw you. For when they bring in the Australia Card. We're gonna be ready to crack it wide open. We'll get millions out of it before they know what's fuckin' happened to them." He smiled triumphantly.

"Who's we?" I asked.

The phone rang. I finished my drink and looked at the gunman, who put down his glass and indicated that I should do the same.

"Yeah," Charley said into the phone. "He's here." He listened and then extended the phone to the gunman. "Wants to talk to you."

The gunman got up in an easy fluid movement, kept the pistol on me and took the receiver. He listened, said "Understood", and handed the receiver to Charley.

> "He said to make it a double. Sorry." He shot Charley in the head.

"What'd he say?"

"He said to make it a double. Sorry." He shot Charley in the head. I moved like a 12-year-old, springing from the chair, hitting the floor in a diving roll and grabbing my .38 from the table all at once. I heard the .22 crack and I got one shot off that went into the ceiling, but by then I was almost behind a high-backed chair and the gunman was facing a heavier calibre gun and a more desperate man. He fired once at the chair but he was already on the retreat. He was quicker than me; by the time I was clear of the chair and had hurdled Charley's body, the passage was empty apart from the slumped body of Kent Hayward. The door was flapping open. A face appeared in the opening, a woman.

"Hey," she yelled.

I said, "Call the police." Then I looked at Hayward and the gun in my hand. I tried to look reassuring but she covered her face with her hands and shrank back. "No, don't bother," I said. "I'll do it myself."

The bodies brought Frank Parker, who listened quietly to what I had to say while a forensic man bustled around the room and the uniformed cops dealt with the ambulance, the other residents in the flats and sundry spectators. I gave Frank everything, including Monty Piper's name and his connection with Hayward. I told him what Charley had said about the practice run for the Australia Card, as close to word for word as I could recall it.

"They're starting early," he said.

"Who knows how far they've got with it in Canberra? There's talk of an election over it."

Frank looked disgusted. "I'm tired of electing people. You do it often enough and they get to think you like them."

'Think you'll be able to tie Porter in with this guy?" I pointed to the chalk on the chair which marked where Charley had died.

"What d'you reckon? Describe the killer for me."

"Thirty, maybe a bit more; bald head, maybe shaved; brown eyes, maybe contacts; five nine . . ."

"But maybe he had lifts in his shoes. Maybe his teeth were false. No, nothing'll tie up to anything else. Well, your clients'll be happy. You've given them Hayward. End of story."

"You might find out he owed Piper money."

Frank laughed. "Piper hasn't got any money. Not a cent. How he lives in a half-million dollar house when he's so poor beats me."

"Will you tell the Federal people about this?"

"I'll tell them. It'll take me a couple of days to write the reports. Then you know what'll happen? They'll issue a statement confirming the high integrity of the Australia Card."

I shrugged. "Who cares?"

Frank looked at me. "Not very public-spirited."

I wached the forensic guy put my .38 in a plastic bag and label it. I thought about the statements I was going to have to make and the forms I'd have to fill in to get it back. Bureaucracy. "I don't want a bloody Australia Card," I said. "When I want another card I ask the dealer."

They used the Australia Card as an excuse for the election, but they didn't say much about it in the campaign. After the election was won they started talking about it again.

I didn't meet anyone who wanted it. Poets wrote bad poems against it and millionaires threatened to march. Anti-card grafitti blossomed. I was glad when the thing got sunk over a technicality and had a celebratory drink with Frank Parker.

Frank raised his glass to me. "Bet you can't think of a worse idea."

I drank and thought. "What about time-charged telephone calls?"

"You did it," Frank said.

BY PETER McKAY

# THUNDER ROAD

## Bob Jane is gambling $30 million on us taking to stock car racing like rednecks to Budweiser

It started with gum-chewing howdy-doody hell-raisers running illegal moonshine through the hills of Tennessee and the Carolinas in their souped-up jalopies. Thunder Road. That was more than four decades ago. The wild driving and imaginative engineering skills required to outrun the revenue men developed into a religion for hundreds of thousands of southern Americans.

Below the Mason-Dixon, NASCAR racing is America's horsepower altar. The sight and sound of 40 V8s howling door-to-door at 7500 rpm and 200mph is one of motor sports' indelible experiences. Today NASCAR (National Association for Stock Car Automobile Racing, established 1948) draws more fans than any other section of motor racing. Last year the Presidential seal of respectability was placed on the sport. Revvin' Ronald Reagan, well-known God-fearer and weekend redneck, was on hand in the heart of Dixie when Kyle Petty won the World 600. And now this branch of the sport, as American as apple pie, is in the export business.

Thunderdome is the subtle appellation for Bob Jane's towering concrete and asphalt monument to self-indulgence over-shadowing the Calder Highway on the west side of Melbourne. It's a shattering $30 million investment in the future of NASCAR racing in this country. By any evaluation, it is a gamble of the first order.

Jane was smitten by American oval racing on a visit to the World 600 in Charlotte, North Carolina, back in 1966. The plan to do something similar here fermented for nearly two decades. The building of Thunderdome is a story in itself; the

MOTORING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WARWICK KENT/WHEELS MAGAZINE

# THUNDER

massive 1.8km D-shaped speedbowl with its angled 24-degree banking in the corners is an awesome sight and an engineering triumph.

Building the structure could have been the easy part. Jane is now confronting the twin tasks of selling the spectacle of NASCAR racing to the fans and the idea of competing to local drivers. There is a reluctance by Australian drivers to commit the big dollars to a type of racing that is still to prove itself in this neck of the woods.

Jane, though, has a reassuring confidence in the sport's ability to captivate Australian petrol heads. First impressions, as ever, are critical to NASCAR's speedy acceptance Down Under. Thunderdome's first year has to leave 'em flabbergasted, slack-jawed, and hollering for more.

Jane, 56, is nuggety, muscled and all body language. He cops no crap and peddles no line of sweet talk. His enthusiasm is infectious and there's a deep love of motor racing beneath that tough exterior. However, he emphasises that his heart does not rule his head.

Smooth he isn't. Jane possesses the finesse of one of the bulldozers that worked the mountains of earth at Thunderdome. When confronted by a problem, this self-made businessman has a ready if unsubtle solution: he pulls out his wallet. He is determined that nothing will stand in the way of his vision.

A racetrack needs race cars. As far back as 1985, Jane commissioned the construction of a number of NASCAR stockcars at a workshop at the Calder race complex. They're built up from components imported from the US, and costing has been adversely affected by the parlous state of the Oz buck. Cars have been made available to some of our name drivers, like Allan Grice and Jim Richards. Other machines — Ford Thunderbirds, Pontiacs, Chevy Monte Carlos — are for sale at a price not unadjacent to $110,000.

For a would-be Richard Petty or Cale Yarborough, finding 100 big ones is just the beginning. Running costs are in the order of $40,000 per race. "Yeah, and that's if you don't bend the car, and I reckon there's a big chance of that happening," says Brian Callaghan, one of many drivers cautiously contemplating a venture into NASCAR.

Not surprisingly, with a $300,000 to $400,000 budget to secure, there has not been a stampede by locals to leap into Jane's NASCAR cauldron. Most have been sitting on the fence unwilling to do any pioneering.

Jane's most effective selling ploy has been Thunderdome's "sampler" days, where prospective competitors have been invited to take a few laps in one of the track's house NASCAR racecars. About every driver who's sampled the track and machine has become an instant convert. Among the shot birds: touring car topliners Andrew Miedecke, Brad Jones, Garry Rogers.

Jane, insistent that the first show be a knockout, has always called for nothing less than a packed grid. His solution to the dearth of local cars and drivers was devastatingly simple though not exactly inexpensive. He signed up close to two dozen American good ol' boys and freighted in their cars and equipment. The Aussies are slowly coming around, although a car pool of 30-odd Aussies is required before Jane can tell most of his contracted American drivers to park their passports. Dick Johnson's long-time backer Ross Palmer shipped in two Ford T'Birds for the Queenslander, Sydney dirt-track supremo Garry Rush has a new Pontiac, and Wollongong speedway racer Terry Byers went shopping at Junior Johnson's toyworld and came home with a Chevy Monte Carlo.

News of Byers' new acquisition stirred imaginations in his home town to such an extent that someone produced a country-and-western ditty named "Southern Thunder." Released a couple of months ago, if it isn't a hit now, it'll never be.

Jane has a little more time to parley his American dream into an Aussie reality; the rest of 1988 should tell us whether he has broken through the barrier of cynicism.

## THE BELLY OF THE BEAST

A stockcar travels at 320km/h but goes nowhere in the technological race. It's a throwback. Wriggling through the window opening is like reversing into yesterday.

Where's the turbocharger or overhead cams, the multiple valves, the computerised engine management system, the fuel injection? Back to the Future, produced and directed by Bob Jane.

Southern Americans are comfortable with NASCAR. There's little chance of brain overload when accepting old-fashioned specifications like two-valves-per-cylinder and a Holley carb perched atop the thumping big 358 cube V8 engine carrying a Made In Detroit label. The stockcar race teams lean more to the homespun know-how of Smokey Yunick's Best Damn Garage in Town, just down the road apiece from Daytona International Speedway, than they do to hi-tech Dupont or Hercules.

Richard Petty, the closest thing to American royalty, reckons a Formula One car would score a shower of Coors and Budweiser empties if it ever ventured on to the asphalt at Talledega or Daytona or Charlotte. "That is, if the fans knew what they were lookin' at." For the denizens of Lost Creek, West Virginia, grand prix is an aberration practised by European eccentrics.

Certainly the orange Pontiac numbered seven, standing in wait on pit lane at Thunderdome, is a world distant from Gerhard Berger's Ferrari. It looks huge, feels elephantine. And *bizarre*. Steering wheel is XOS, unlike the small diameter Momos usually found in track racers. There's no side glass, just a net across the driver's window to keep the head and left arm inside in the event of a Big One. Seat has a kidney-hugging wrap-around — expressively called a rib-breaker — to prevent the G-forces pushing the driver sideways in the turns. Gears are used only whilst leaving and entering the pits.

Instructions are brief and simple: Do Not Turn Right.

Driving on to the Thunderdome banking has the relativity of an ant in a soup dish. The Pontiac, like all stockcars, has taller tyres fitted to the outside. In speedway-speak this is called "stagger." Driving along slowly on the flat, the car wants to veer to the left, like it is in chronic need of a wheel alignment. But once up on the banking, this stagger aids cornering.

Horsepower — about 600 — is, as the Rolls-Royce people like to say with no lack of understatement, adequate. The sound of the singing V8 is glorious. The good guys like Petty and Grice whip around the 1.8 kilometres in 27 to 28 seconds.

Not a problem. No gear shifting, no right turns. Except that the corners suddenly start to look like hairpin bends, and the concrete wall is always there to remind you . . .

Brakes . . . Lord help us. There are discs, and calipers and a pedal. Tokenism. To jump hard on the brake is to scarcely retard progress. It does little for the driver's confidence.

Six hundred horses can carry even a 3500 pounder down the straights with some rapidity. Like 240km/h. The turns are the problem. The fiercely raked left-handers at either end of the D make urgent calls on a driver's bravado. The banking allows cornering speeds far greater than on flat circuits. And, unlike regular road courses, the banked track offers no indication of when the car is approaching the limit of adhesion. One moment it's gripping; the next it's gyrating.

G-forces are evident. In the turns, the head seems to be attempting to concertina itself into the shoulders. The whole body feels like it's trying to tote one tonne on each shoulder. The backbone compresses, the helmet is leaden, the neck aches. It is uncomfortable and unnatural. At first. After 30 laps, a rhythm develops, the inner tension abates. Speed increases. Times come down. It almost becomes fun.

# LOOKING FOR THE TOP GUN OFF ROADER?

It's part mean machine, part dream machine. An off-road sports car, loaded with ultra high-tech features, that's tough enough to take you just about anywhere.

The automatic transmission model produced enthusiastic responses from Australia's most respected motoring writers, some of whom would never have dreamed of taking an "automatic" off-road.

"A leap forward in off-road technology . . . a complex and exciting machine."

"This technological blitz is tending to leave others gasping."

"A significant technological tour de force."

The cause of these superlatives is a transmission and transfer system controlled by an on-board computer. Computers also control the electronic fuel injection, the spark advance and the lock-up clutch, to give optimum power and performance on the road or off the road.

The computer even provides self-diagnosis and a fail-safe "limp home" manual mode in the event of computer failure.

Custom striping shown not standard.

There's an ECT button which instantly orders the computer from economy to power mode for fast getaways or difficult terrain. There's a fully adjustable cruise control for easier long distance driving, and the gun grip lever controls look like they were lifted from an F18 fighter.

The 4Runners are designed for comfort. Power steering, independent front suspension, a seven-way adjustable sports bucket driver's seat that has been compared favourably with the most expensive custom jobs, and a four-speaker stereo, electronic touch tune radio/cassette system like you wish you had in your living room.

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# TRY THE ONE IN FRONT

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TOYOTA
4RUNNER

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# INTERVIEW

*Continued from page 16*

Mercedes-Benz . . .

***Penthouse:*** What was it like behind the scenes when you and Joe Asimov debated on *60 Minutes*?

***Gore:*** Wonderful! I really enjoyed it. *60 Minutes* didn't screen the more controversial bits. One of them was our argument over the shooting down of that Korean airliner a few years ago. If it had been an official debate, I would have won. But God, we got into some violent verbal disagreements! I think I was as archetypical an example of capitalistic decadence as *60 Minutes* could dredge up at the last minute.

***Penthouse:*** How does an archetypical capitalist relax?

***Gore:*** I enjoy classical music . . . I read all kinds of novels and skip the sex bits. I love reading about other people's success, and I weep unashamedly when I do. I'm hopelessly sentimental. Whenever *Love Story* comes on TV my wife says, "Oh no, not again!" And I sit there and howl along with Ryan O'Neal as he watches his wife die of cancer. I mean, all this toughness and gruffness, it's all bullshit. I'm just, well, really I'm a pussycat. Just a bloody pussycat.

***Penthouse:*** Some of your enemies might not agree with "pussycat."

***Gore:*** Well, I don't back away from a fight, if you want to take me on. I'm going to keep going until you kill me, right? But if I beat you, I'm going to put out my hand and help you get up again. That's the pussycat.

***Penthouse:*** So Balmain boys *do* cry?

***Gore:*** Course! But you get this bloody macho image — always supposed to be tough — when the truth is you're not.

***Penthouse:*** Briefly, I'd like to canvass your views on a few diverse subjects. Firstly, the media.

***Gore:*** There's bare-knuckle journalism still in this country. Get in and belt the living shit out of them! I've found small-time journalists are most likely to be nasty. The local paper here will tip a semi-trailer load of shit on me. The Gold Coast paper will dump a utility load of shit. The state daily, maybe two buckets, and *The Age* or the *Sydney Morning Herald:* a tablespoon or two. I think that's in line with the standing of the journalists. The more insignificant they are, the nastier they are.

***Penthouse:*** The next subject is feminism.

***Gore:*** I like ladies and love women to be ladies. They make such an important contribution to the world.

***Penthouse:*** Would you object to women, say, in the role of priests?

***Gore:*** Not at all. In fact, I would have no objection to a husband and wife priest team! If ever I needed sexual advice, I'd feel a lot happier receiving it from someone who had a grounding in the subject.

***Penthouse:*** Next subject: Aborigines.

***Gore:*** I really think the non-white people of this world are still suffering as a result of the British Empire. I think the missionaries of the empire did more to destroy the fabric of God's society than anything else in history. The empire was a gigantic multiple rape. We took over places and thrust our ideas on people with no understanding of our ways. It's just so wrong.

***Penthouse:*** In that case, why not allocate one end of Sanctuary Cove as an Aboriginal community?

***Gore:*** But why should I introduce them to *my* lifestyle? Wouldn't I be better off buying 100 square miles of the country they know and love and allow them to live their lives their way? That's what I've been talking about, for God's sake! We made them wear clothes and stop eating rats, because that's what *we* wanted — not them.

***Penthouse:*** Eating *rats*?

***Gore:*** Right.

***Penthouse:*** You're saying the Aborigines should have their own version of Sanctuary Cove, their own "island of tranquility"?

> "I was once a bloody cockroach, pal. I never stole or hurt anybody — I was just a carbuncle on society, no value to any bastard."

***Gore:*** Yes. There's still enough of this country left for that.

***Penthouse:*** What do you feel when you look from that window and see what you've made from a swamp?

***Gore:*** Pride. I'm extraordinarily proud of Sanctuary Cove. Not an avaricious pride, but a pride in my heart. I truly enjoy looking from my window and seeing 2000 men working, and knowing there are 6000 men and women working beyond my vision directly because of what's happening here. I feel like I'm making a 200 percent Gallipoli contribution to this country. I love it! These people have been employed for four years doing something and being part of something that will be remembered forever.

***Penthouse:*** What do you mean by "Gallipoli" contribution?

***Gore:*** Well, like now, it was a time of great fighting. With all the troubles, I feel as though I've come through a military campaign. For 30 years or so, I've been a great admirer of General Patton. He knew that if you were in a fight, you had to be in it balls and all.

***Penthouse:*** As a fighter, have you used your fists?

***Gore:*** Oh yeah, sure.

***Penthouse:*** Do you still?

***Gore:*** Sure. But it would depend to what point I was driven. Before I'd fight these days, I'd think about how much it would hurt if he hit me. I'm certainly not the street brawler I have been.

***Penthouse:*** Were you good at it?

***Gore:*** No, but I won a lot . . . You have to be determined. If you take someone on, your life is on the line. Not literally, but in the sense that you have to live with the outcome. It's always been terribly important for me to win. But I've never kicked anyone in a fight; there's no need to be vindictive. Once they're beaten, help them up.

***Penthouse:*** What were you like as a young man?

***Gore:*** Pretty naive. A good example of that is — well, at one stage in my life I felt I had a debt to repay to the Salvation Army, who'd been very good to me. There was a down time in my life; I was on the streets and pretty well lost. I was 24 and I'd lost the will to win. I'd lost respect for myself too, boozed too much and fought too much and it all became a downhill slide. I was a bloody cockroach, pal, of the worst kind . . .

***Penthouse:*** *You* were a cockroach?

***Gore:*** I never stole, or hurt anybody — I was just a bloody carbuncle on society, not much value to any bastard. But the Salvos helped me, and later — when things were better — I helped them by driving an old Kombi van, delivering soup to the deroes around Central Station and the Haymarket. One night I had an old Salvo major with me, and the most gorgeous bird — a Salvo girl in uniform. She sat in the middle and the Kombi had a floor change and it was all just wonderful. There was a lot of exaggerated gear-changing that night; despite my debt to God and society, I was preoccupied by how I was going to get on with this bird. We pulled up behind the markets and there was this old dero in a doorway who'd crapped himself and wet his pants. Then we realised he'd vomited and was choking on it. The magnificent girl ran over — the vision of my fantasies — knelt in the gutter, wiped away as much of the puke as she could with her hand, pinched his nose, put her mouth over his and started to try and make him live.

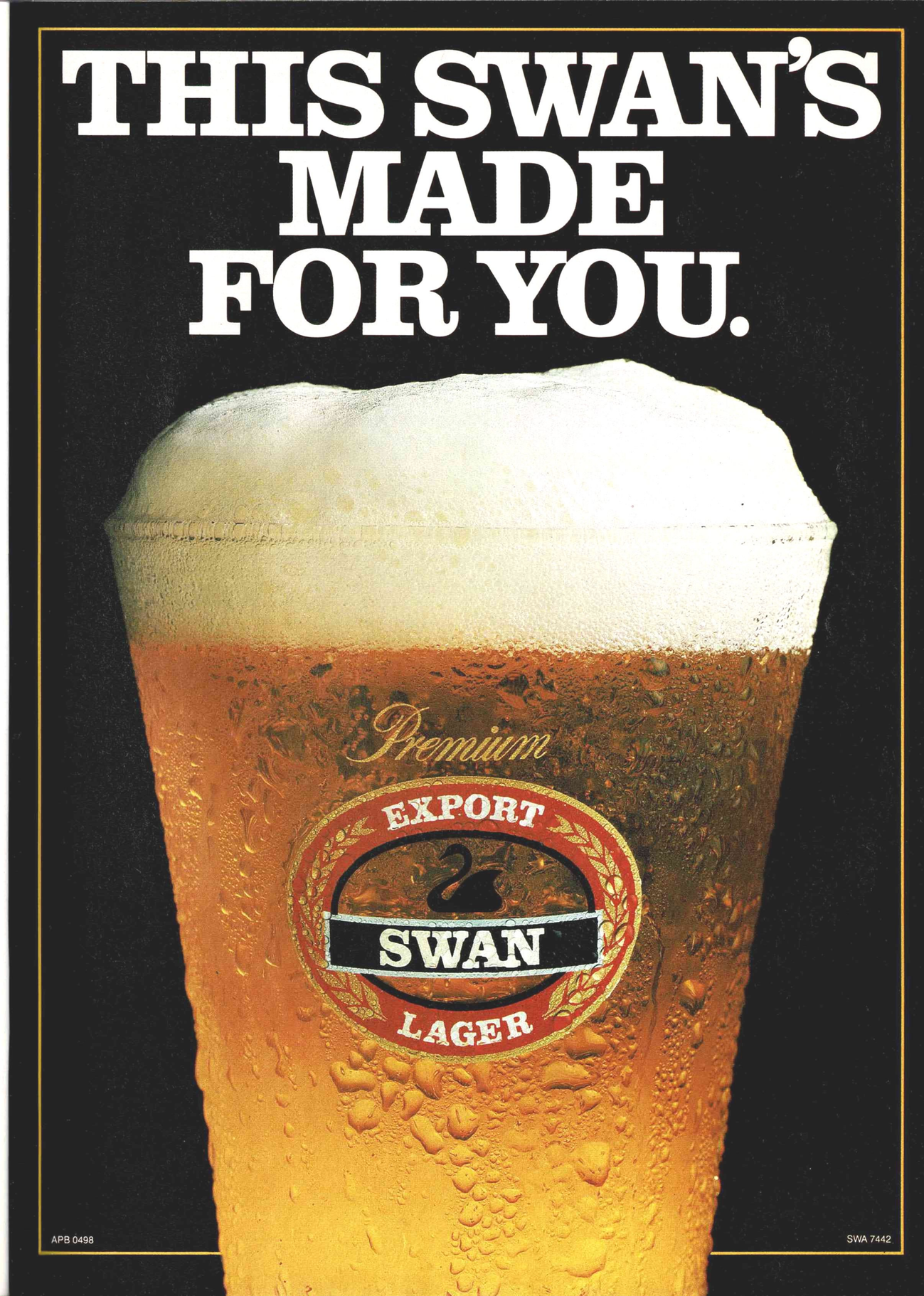
***Penthouse:*** What happened?

***Gore:*** (tearfully) Well, I don't know that I could have loved anybody more at that moment. All the lust just went out of me. She worked for a while, and then he died. When she got back in the Kombi, I wanted to kiss her even more. It was just this incredible love for another human being. I haven't talked about this . . . I don't even know if I've told my wife that story.

***Penthouse:*** Do you still contribute to the Salvos?

***Gore:*** Yeah . . . Well, I buy a *War Cry* whenever I see a copy. ○



# BOSS

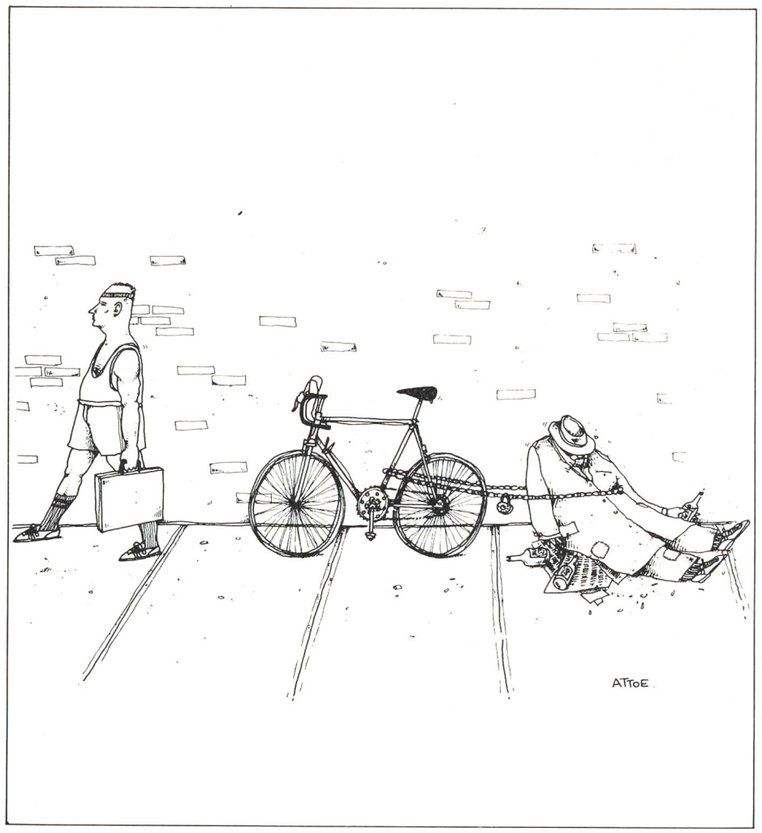
*Continued from page 60*

of the organisation, Ernie had insisted that Bluey "start at the bottom", as it were, on 25,000 a year.

The other executives of the union all had a voice but not a say. Not only did Ernie have a casting vote but he also had a veto. So no matter what, his decision was the decision of the union.

Ernie, naturally, was the darling of the Greenies. On one occasion when there was an accidental oil spill in Port Phillip Bay, he flew south to consult his brothers and after a short conference called them out for three months. As a result of this particular action, two shipping lines went to the wall and the Japanese went elsewhere for their future supplies of magnesium. The Victorian members, who subsequently lost three months wages, all managed to struggle through with a small subsidy from union funds and a compulsory contribution from the pay packets of their interstate brothers who were still active. That year, Ernie voted himself a $10,000-a-year pay rise. The Greenies nominated Ernie for Australian of the Year.

By the time Ernie was 50 he had accumulated almost five million dollars in assets, his salary having contributed just one-tenth of this. Bribes and kick-backs from vitally interested parties accounted for the majority of his accumulated wealth, whilst fund-dipping made up the balance. Naturally, he could never display this wealth and always turned up at the docks in a T-shirt, ill-fitting slacks and a pair of loafers. But when overseas, which was usually three or four times a year, he preferred a yachting jacket, spotted cravat, velvet pants and alligator brogues. His real estate holdings included a small ranch in the San Fernando Valley, a ski lodge in Aspen with accommodation for eight, and a bar-and-grill somewhere on the Costa Brava. In his safety deposit box in a bank in Geneva he had bullion in the form of a dozen gold bars, the value of which fluctuated wildly with the fate of the American dollar.




Spreadeagled in his mind were thoughts of Marxist martyrdom, capital growth on his real estate holdings and the best way to dispose of Gloria without being arrested. Mixed up with these emotions was a growing fear for his swelling liver and an inability to sleep more than four hours a night without waking up sweaty-paranoid. But a day at the office, with his power-base established, and a morning mail full of cheques was all he needed to supplant any misgivings he might have about the future. He was a king. Ernie was a king. And the rest of the bastards could go eat shit and die.

The Annual Waterside Workers' Picnic was Ernie's favorite day of the year. It had no set date, being rather like a moveable feast, decreed arbitrarily by Ernie when the port was jammed with ships, so that after an idle day, all his workers could pick up the slack with lashings of overtime for the rest of the week. The uniform was blue singlet and white football shorts. Footwear was optional. Ernie didn't entrust the logistics for the picnic to any of his off-siders and attended to the catering himself. Twenty 18-gallon kegs for his boys and a few flagons of red for the girls. Oysters and T-bones comprised the menu, while each female in attendance was required to bring a plate of either salad or coleslaw. While the men hovered around the kegs swapping stories, the women looked after the kids and cooked the steaks. Late in the afternoon, the highlight of the day was the tug-o-war. Ernie's team of "executives" all weighed well over 18 stone and had never been beaten by the "docksiders", who always went along with the charade just to keep in Ernie's good books. On the usual instruction, the executives kept the fluttering piece of linen hovering over the start line with neither team apparently able to gain the advantage whilst Ernie, the anchor man, had a few beers discussing urgent business with a couple of onlookers. As if by pre-arranged signal, his team would look towards him with strained expressions, imploring him to come to their aid, whereupon Ernie would put down his glass, excuse himself and walk over to take the end of the rope and, with one mighty tug, pull his team to victory. This to Ernie, and anyone else who may have thought about it, was symbolic of the way he always settled disputes. At about six, the women and children were dispatched on the buses and the men settled down to some serious drinking and the ritualistic game of two-up under the old Moreton Bay figs. It certainly was *the* day of the year.

Each Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon Ernie played golf with seven mates from the executive at a nearby public course. All the others knew that Ernie cheated, whether it be by improving his lie, kicking out of the rough or just manipulating his score on the card. But no-one ever complained because the money they lost was always magnanimously placed on the bar by Ernie "to be drunk out." They would all laugh, pat him on the back and then proceed to get pissed. Whatever was left over was played through the pokies on the way out. Nobody really lost at all.

On his 52nd birthday, Ernie invited a dozen or so mates over to his modest brick-veneer in Marrickville for a backyard barbecue. He accidentally swallowed a small oyster-shell and choked to death before their eyes without ever having a chance to tell his wife the serial number of his safety deposit box or the whereabouts of the title deeds to his various overseas properties. His estate was sworn for Probate at less than $100,000.

Ernie Lance was one of the real heroes of the waterfront. Just ask his mates.

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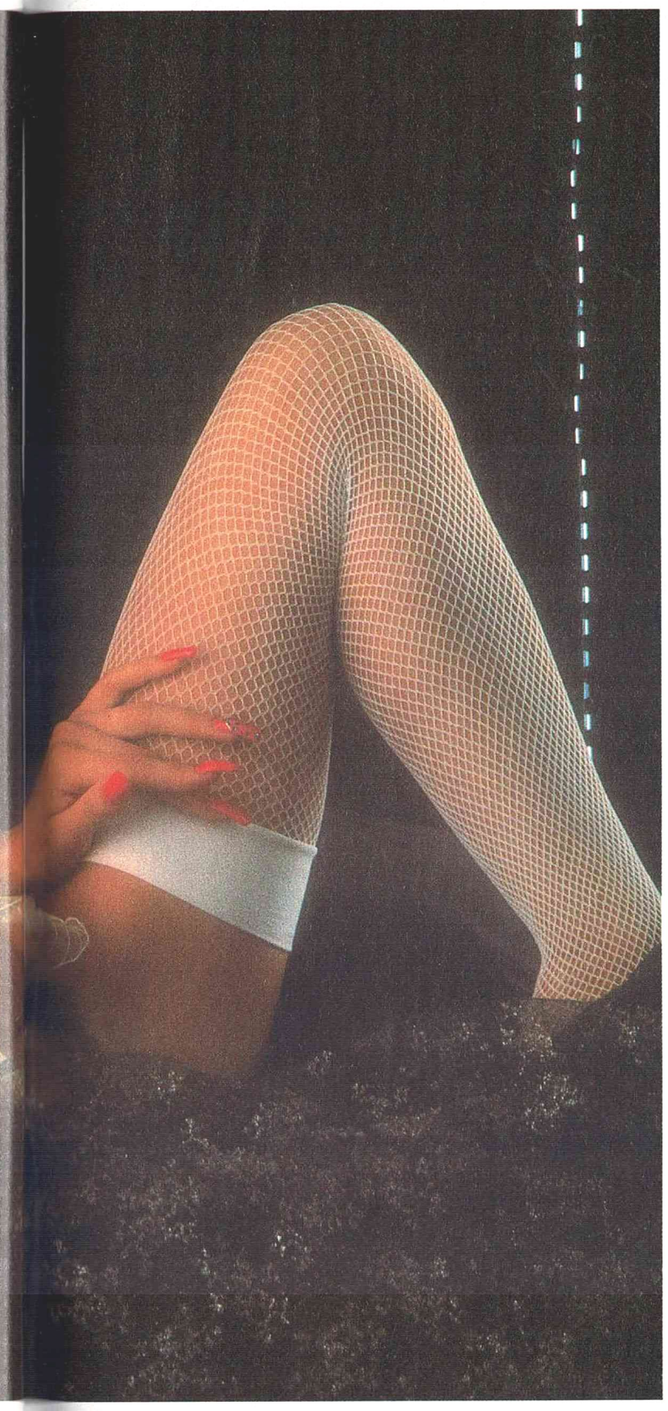
# TOO NICE TO TALK TO...

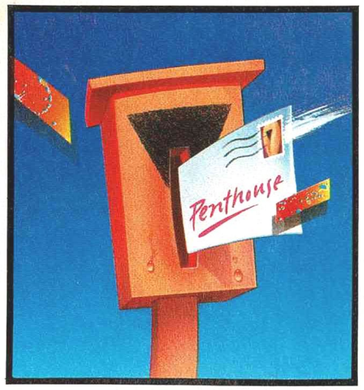
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

**Andrea Nabors redefines good manners. She always says her pleases and thankyous. She even says she's the kind to help old ladies across the street. If a man approaches her and starts letting loose his rehearsed list of 101 Guaranteed Pick-up Lines, she'll even hear him out. Andrea has a high tolerance . . .**

"I've actually been told that I'm too nice for my own good, even too nice to talk to," says Andrea. "I find this hard to take — one of the few things in life I find hard to take. It's just that I believe that if you can't say something nice . . ."



**So do nice girls always come last? "Not if I've picked myself the right kind of man," teases Andrea. "There's a proper time to be selfish — and that's in bed. On that score, it's nice *guys* who finish last."**




# FORUM

*Continued from page 16*

night. The next day, I placed third in the competition. All I could think about was sex.

To this day, one year after my first shaving, I still like to go bald. I usually wait about a month, so some hair can grow. Sometimes I shave myself, and it's at those times that Carla says she knows that I've masturbated. The feeling of shaving and being shaved is fantastic. Now that I have experienced genital shaving, Carla has even let me shave her pussy. My advice for couples with a good but boring sex life: shave your pubes! — *Name and address withheld*

### Jam session

I'd like to relate an experience my two roommates and I had last week. All three of us are still trying to catch our breath from the eventful evening I am about to tell you about. Steve, Malcolm, and I are musicians. Having just finished a jazz-band rehearsal late on Thursday afternoon, we were packing up our instruments when Steve noticed a couple of dancers rehearsing in a nearby studio. Always being the types to know a good show when we see one, we went over to appreciate their art. It was not uncommon for musicians to be seen hanging around dance studios, so the two girls didn't really seem to notice our presence.

I noticed that Malcolm and Steve were just as much in awe of these two beauties as I was. Both girls were blonde and very slender, with long legs and perky breasts. The slightly taller one was wearing pink tights and a black leotard. The other girl was wearing sweat pants and a short tight tank top that bounced enjoyably as she leaped around. Needless to say, both girls were in excellent condition and had flat stomachs and tight buns.

As they finished their routine, the taller one noticed us in the doorway. Malcolm, who is always the most adventurous of us, said, "Excellent routine, ladies. Perhaps you'd like some musical accompaniment some time?"

"You're a guitarist, aren't you?" asked the tall one, wiping the sweat from her brow, obviously having noticed him before. "I'm Sheryl, and this is Cindy," she added before Malcolm could reply. The conversation revolved round music and the arts, and I'm sure the other guys had difficulty keeping their eyes off Sheryl's wet chest. Steve took the plunge by inviting the two over to our house for a couple of drinks. I felt my cock stirring as Cindy accepted the invitation.

Steve, Malcolm and I waited impatiently in silence as the girls changed, and soon we had loaded up the car and were heading the short distance home. In the car, Malcolm and Sheryl were in the front, and Cindy was nestled comfortably between Steve and myself in the back.

Once home, Steve fixed drinks. I found myself happily enough on the love seat with my arm around Cindy, facing Sheryl and Malcolm on the couch. We did a few of the things that musos generally do to relax, which soon had us laughing and chatting like old school chums.

"What instrument do you play?" Cindy asked me. But before I could tell her that I play bass, Steve interjected, "Hopefully someone else will play his instrument tonight!" The ice was broken.

I pulled Cindy's mouth to mine, and we were engaged in a passionate kiss. Her hand wandered to the bulge in my jeans, and she began massaging my crotch. I reached out for her small but firm breasts, but she was already kissing her way down my chest toward finer treasures. I watched in disbelief as she undid my jeans right there in front of my two best friends. I half expected the others to be staring at us, but when I looked up, I saw Sheryl straddling Malcolm's legs with her skirt bunched up around her waist — she wasn't wearing any panties! But where was Steve?

He was behind Cindy, rubbing her pussy through her tight jeans. I watched in ecstasy as she pulled my cock out from my unbuttoned fly and wrapped one hand around it. She began pumping with one hand and licked the head with her tongue. Her other hand pulled back the foreskin, and her red lips encircled the large swollen purple helmet.

By now, Malcolm and Sheryl were lying back on the couch, and were having a feast. I watched as she held his head of hair in her hands and pushed her pelvis against his face. The combination of seeing two people in such ecstasy and the sensation of Cindy's head bobbing in my lap began to make me feel dizzy. I knew I was going to come soon, but I wanted it to last much longer. It took all of my concentration to push Cindy's head back and pull out of her mouth.

This gave Steve the time he needed to pull Cindy's sweater off, letting her boobs dangle free ( she wasn't wearing a bra). I stood up and ripped my clothes off as Cindy unbuttoned her jeans, leaving only her drenched panties on. We engaged in another long passionate kiss, and I felt my cock getting squeezed against her tummy. Steve and I then pulled the love seat down into a futon and Cindy lay back on it.

"I want you," she breathed and I lay down on top of her, my cock pushing her panties into her slit. She reached down and pulled the crotch of her panties to one side. "Eat me," she pleaded. I knew she was mine, and wanting to withhold my own orgasm, I readily obliged. I slid down her legs until I was level with the object of my desire.

I pulled her panties back up and began rubbing her through the fabric. She moaned and squirmed in pleasure. I looked up to see her guiding Steve's hand to her soft tits. After a few minutes of intense oral sex, Cindy was bucking against my face. Steve had, during this time, shoved his cock into her mouth and was pumping for all he was worth. Cindy was very wet, and I rubbed her clit betwen my fingers while I plunged my tongue deep within her pussy. At this time, I noticed that Sheryl was literally screaming from the other side of the room.

"Stick it up inside me! Hard, Malcolm! Fuck my cunt!"

Cindy was bucking furiously in orgasmic delight, and Steve was grunting as he let it go in her mouth. Now it was my turn! I let Cindy recover for a bit while Steve fell asleep next to the futon. I turned and watched Malcolm ramming his rod into Sheryl's hole. She was still on top of him, facing away, so I got a perfect view of him thrusting deep into her love box. She was bounding up and down, yelling, "Oh Malcolm! Fuck me hard! Stick it up me! Oh, honey! Inside, baby! Deeper! *Deeper! Fuck me!*"

Malcolm grabbed Sheryl's waist and held her tight as he shot his hot come up inside her. He arched his back and brought the two of them off the couch, yelling in ecstasy.

Now I turned back to Cindy, who was just recovering from her intense orgasm. Steve's come was dribbling out of her mouth, and she wiped it off with the back of her arm. She sat up and noticed my own massive erection. "Ooh, baby," she said, "all that and you're still hard and horny!" I asked her to get down on all fours and she eagerly did so. I got behind her on my knees and rubbed the top of my shaft on the wet fur between her legs. She told me she was ready, and I slowly slid the head of my dick inside her warm, damp hole. It was a tight fit and she let out a small moan, but I took it easy and soon she had me to the hilt.

I pulled out slowly and pushed in again, increasing the tempo gradually *(accellerando poco à poco).* She would push back on me as I pushed in and started feeling me sliding in and out with one of her hands. She traced a fingernail along the bottom of my shaft and tickled my balls. I noticed her lovely dancer's legs were curling up behind me, and her ankles brushed my bum. The rhythm was increasing, and I found that she seemed to like me to push up as well. With her arse high in the air, I began to pump furiously. "Talk to me like Sheryl," I gasped. I could barely speak, but I wanted that extra stimulus.

"Do it, baby!" she begged. "I want it all!" I fucked her hard for all I was worth. "Aah, yes! *Yes! Come inside me, baby!*" I did.

Cindy banged against me like an animal while I pumped blob after blob deep inside her. I shuddered in an utterly intense orgasm. I collapsed backward and fell out of her.

When I woke up, the girls had gone, and Steve and Malcolm were leaving. "Hurry up, shithead!" Steven called. "There's some dancers waiting after practice and they're bringing a friend!" But that's another story. —*Name and address withheld*

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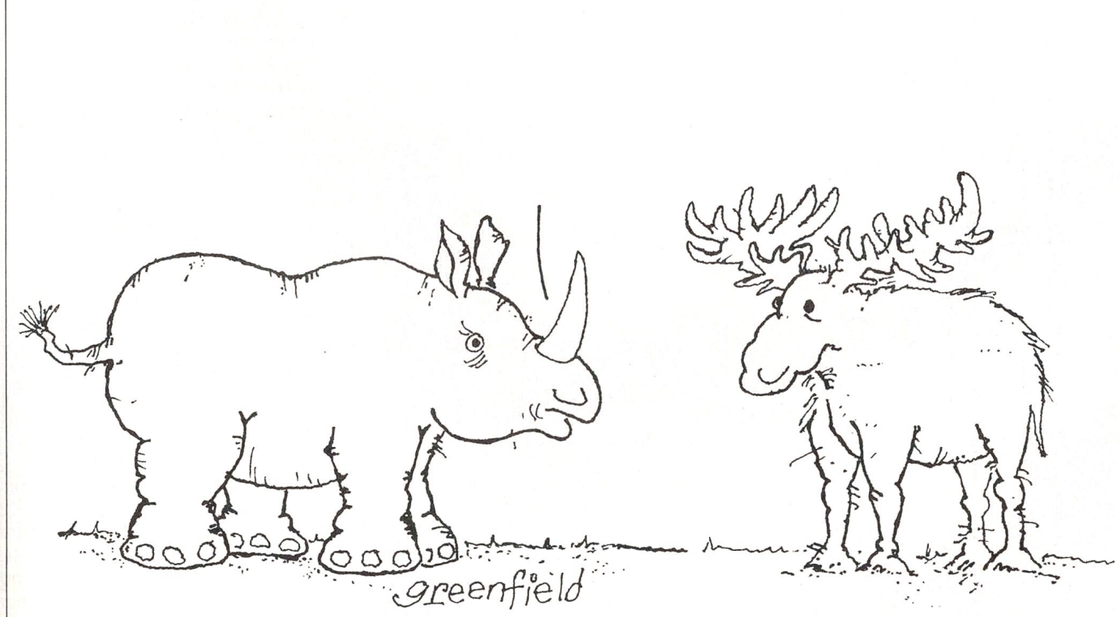
*"Suicide?! You'll get 20 years for this!"*




*"With your looks and my intelligence our offspring are bound to be an endangered species."*

# FORUM

Picture perfect

Last week I was browsing through a lingerie shop when a man struck up a conversation. He was in his mid-thirties, well dressed and rather handsome. After a few minutes he asked me to join him for a cup of coffee. I had some time on my hands, and I was enjoying his attention, so I agreed.

During the conversation I told him I was married, but that didn't seem to make any difference. He told me he liked my figure and would like to see more of it. I was seriously considering letting him pick me up. Jim told me what he would like to do was to buy me some sexy garments, then go home with me and watch me parade around the house wearing them.

I asked just what he had in mind. Jim said he wanted to see me wearing just a garter belt, stockings, brassiere and panties. He promised he wouldn't try to touch me, unless I decided I wanted him to. The idea sounded exciting to me.

We went back to the shop. He wanted to make the selections. He picked out a black garter belt with black silk stockings, white bikini panties and a black lace brassiere that was almost non-existent. That was topped off with a pair of white spike heels. While we were going through the checkout I asked Jim if he did this sort of thing often. He laughed and told me this was the first time he had found a woman willing to go along with him.

We got home before noon. Jim waited in the living room while I changed. I glanced into the mirror. For all purposes I might as well have been naked, but the view was more erotic. I was nervous about going out of the bedroom like that. The first glance he gave me made it worth it. He asked me to parade before him. True to his word he didn't try to touch me, but he didn't try to hide the very large bulge in his pants either.

It really turned me on to show off in front of a man I had just met, and to know that he obviously wanted me. My nipples were standing out long and hard over the top of my brassiere; I could feel my stomach drawing into a tight knot of desire. After a few minutes Jim asked if I would mind if he took a few pictures of me doing things around the house. By then I was so hot I wouldn't have been able to say no to any suggestion.

Jim told me he had a camera in the car, and he wanted the first picture to be of me answering the door. It was a little risky, but that only made it more exciting. He left the house and closed the door. A minute later he knocked on the door, then stepped back to take a couple of pictures when I opened the door.

Jim took a few pictures of me in the kitchen fixing us something to eat. After the meal he took a few shots of me in the bedroom doing my hair and putting on make-up. By then I was so hot I desperately needed to be fucked. I couldn't take my eyes off the bulge in his pants. I told Jim I didn't think it was fair for him to be fully dressed and me almost naked. He unzipped his pants and took out the most gorgeous cock I had ever imagined. It looked to be at least ten inches long and as thick as my wrist.

I started to peel my panties off but he stopped me. I told him he could have me. Jim said he wanted me, but not yet. He wanted to know if I ever played with myself. I do, frequently. We started talking about sex, and soon I was telling him all the things I wanted him to do to me. I couldn't make up my mind whether I wanted his cock in my mouth or pussy the most.

I was sitting on the couch with Jim sitting across the room. I took a tit in each hand and fingered my nipples. He went on taking pictures and had me caress my legs. Next Jim asked me to slip my hand under my panties, but not to take them off. Soon I was laying back on the couch feeling myself up, but I couldn't bring myself off.

Then Jim told me he would like to have pictures of his cock in my mouth. I offered to suck him off then and there. Instead he asked if he could bring a friend along to take pictures for him. He told me he wasn't going to screw me then, but would call me the next morning. If I still wanted to go through with it he would bring his friend over and they would take turns on me.

He left me that afternoon so hot I was ready to scream. I tried everything I could think of to bring myself off but I couldn't make it. My husband got home late, very tired; and he didn't even touch me that night. Jim called around 9 the next morning. He told me he really had a load for me, and he wanted me to take that first load all over my face. I asked him to come over right away, and to bring his friend.

I dressed as I had the previous day, but this time I knew I would get fucked. About an hour later there was a knock at the door. When I answered it I found Jim standing there with his friend, a beautiful young woman! He introduced me to Gail, his wife. They stepped into the house and Jim took her dress off. She wore the same undergarments as me.

Gail took me into her arms and started French kissing me. I've never made it with a woman before. I found her kisses and her tongue darting into my mouth exciting, but it wasn't what I wanted. Jim had set the camera up on a tripod and had taken a couple of pictures when I pulled away from Gail. I told him I would try it with his wife, or do anything they wanted, if he would fuck me, or just put his cock in my pussy long enough to let me come.

Gail drew me back on the couch until I was laying back in her arms. I raised and let her slip my panties off while Jim took pictures. She eased my legs apart and he kneeled between my legs. The camera had a self-winder and a remote release that Gail took over. She took a picture just as her husband's cock touched my pussy, then more as he slid into me. He shoved it all the way in me and I started coming like I had never made it before.

Jim just held his cock all the way in me until my orgasm was over. He was in me so deep it hurt, but I loved it! Gail was gently caressing my tits and running her hands over my heaving stomach. He slipped his

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cock out of me and had me put my panties on again. He'd come that time but he told me he would give me a much better load after watching Gail and I make out with each other.

Gail and I sat together kissing while she fondled my tits and legs. It was completely different from being played with by a man. Her caresses were so very gentle and tender, she knew exactly when and where to touch. Before long I was as hot for Gail as I had been for Jim. I loved having her suck my tits and feel me up, but when she went down on me, I thought I would go out of my mind!

After she brought me off Gail began stroking her nipple over my clitoris. The next thing I knew she had her tit up my cunt and was fucking me with it. Jim came over and thrust his cock into my mouth. Gail brought me off, or was it from sucking Jim's cock? Anyway, she took over the camera and took a series of pictures of me giving her husband a blow job that didn't end until he was coming all over my face, and he really gave me a heavy load.

We moved to the bedroom. I ate Gail while Jim was recovering. When he was ready he lay back and let me top ride him. I fucked myself on his cock until I was coming, then he rolled over on top of me and really gave it to me.

Gail and Jim took turns on me for most of the day. I couldn't say which I enjoyed the most. I am very pleased to say it was just the start of what I am sure will be a lasting relationship. —*Ann H., Sydney, NSW*

### Post office box

I've been reading and enjoying Forum for years, hoping that my chance would come for me to tell you a story. I even went so far as to seek an occupation that would increase the likelihood of my having a Forum encounter. Figuring that no-one gets more experiences than a postie, I applied and got a job. After nearly one year of sleet, snow, and rain, things were looking fairly grim. While I did get my share of dropped towels and bathrobes slipping open, I didn't have a real Forum experience until yesterday.

She was the sexiest brunette I have ever laid eyes on (or laid, for that matter)! After delivering several small packages I figured the latest one would be my passport into more than just her front door. She opened the door and invited me in to "take a load off," then asked me if I wanted a drink or "something." Something was exactly what I wanted. As she took the package, she noticed the huge bulge that was growing in my pants and told me that she would be right back. Seconds seemed like hours, until she finally returned wearing the sexiest little negligee. She unzipped my pants and my meat axe sprang out at her. She took hold of my tool and began to lick it with a vengeance. She took my massive love muscle down her throat till her lips were touching my balls. I knew I couldn't stand much more, and before long I found myself exploding blast after blast of come down her gullet. My tongue was anxious to lick her luscious love box, and sensing this, she lay down on the couch. She slipped open her negligee, revealing two voluptuous tits. My tongue danced over her erect nipples, then made its way down the length of her entire body, stopping at her beautiful hairy cunt. First I teased her clit, then crammed my tongue into her fur-fringed fun hole. She filled the room with moans of pleasure, and I took her through several orgasms before my bobbing cock begged for more action. I drove my spear deep into her pink nest while her tight cunt muscle milked me dry.

She was just what I had hoped for, and as I began to put my clothes back on, she asked me if I would stop by again with more special deliveries. — *Name and address withheld*

### Mother knows best

My girlfriend and I are both 21 years old. I am employed with a construction company, and she attends uni over 250 kms away from our home town. Recently, I was introduced to her mother. We seemed to get along very well, and that being the case, I didn't hesitate to visit her while my girlfriend Jean was away. Gloria always welcomed my company; she was extremely cool for a woman twice my age. Since her husband spends a lot of time watching TV, she would often go out at night with her girlfriends to some of the local clubs.

During one of my visits, she suggested that my friends and I join her the following weekend. As it turns out, I was in the neighborhood of the club and decided to walk inside. "What am I doing here?" I kept asking myself. Forty-five minutes and a few beers later, in walked my answer — Gloria, wearing a black tuxedo jacket and red tights. She looked really hot, and as soon as she spotted me, she greeted me with a big hug and a kiss. We proceeded to the dance floor hand in hand for a slow song. Realising that I was dancing with Jean's mother did not stop me from getting a raging hard-on. She asked me if I had ever taken Jean to bed, and I told her I'd rather not answer that question. With that, she asked me if I would like to take my girlfriend's mother to bed. I could tell that she was not kidding, so rather than insult her, I gladly obliged.

We ducked out to the parking lot, got into the car, and headed for one of the darker corners. As soon as I got the car in park, Gloria leaned over and pushed my seat into a reclining position. Before I knew it, I was naked, and she was kissing, licking, and sucking her way from my lips to the tip of my purple-headed love warrior. She started licking its base, and proceeded up the length of my shaft. I loved the way the helmet looked bobbing in and out of her mouth. Massaging my balls, she crawled on top of me and mounted my rocket. She kissed her way back up my torso, and when she reached my mouth,


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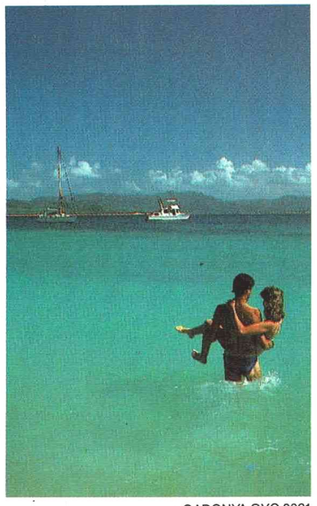

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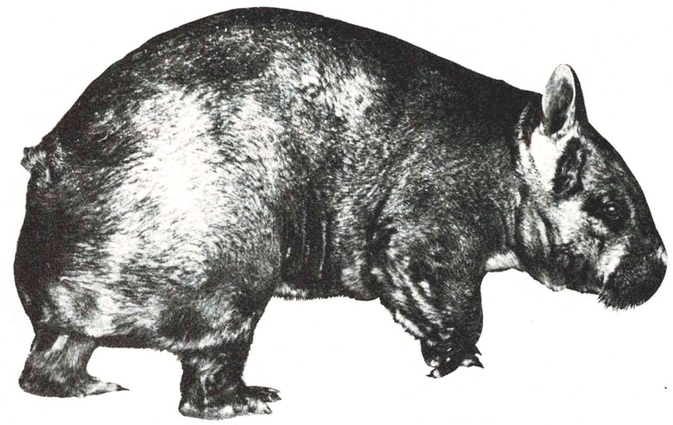
# This is the hairy-nosed wombat.



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# FORUM

she tickled my tonsils with her tongue. I let out a moan as I entered the same passage Jean had exited 21 years before. I grabbed her buttocks and began to thrust home. Breathing heavily, I tried to hold out as long as possible, but I soon lost control and exploded inside of her. Collapsed and exhausted, she whispered that she wanted me to be her lover. I told her that as much as I'd like to, it was out of the question. Besides, what would I say to Jean when she came home for the holidays? We parted, agreeing that this would be the last time we would ever do this. No guilt and no confessions! —*Name and address withheld*

Orientation week

I arrived at the party at about ten o'clock. I immediately filled my beer mug and went in search of females. I'm used to parties where guys outnumber girls by a ratio of two to one, and you have to fight for a piece of arse. This party was totally different — there were plenty of females, and they were all hot. After checking out the scene, I decided to concentrate on Sara, a voluptuous blonde about five and a half feet tall, with about 36-inch tits. She was dressed in a denim microskirt that left almost nothing to the imagination. On top of that she wore a very clinging white blouse. After the usual eye contact, flirting, and small talk, we knew that we both wanted each other. I suggested that we go back to my room to continue our conversation.

Once we arrived I offered her a drink. While I was bending over the refrigerator, Sara came up behind me and started massaging my arse. I straightened up, turned around and drove my tongue into her waiting mouth. After a very long and passionate French kiss, we moved the action over to the couch. While our tongues were locked together, my hands found their way into her blouse and on to her soft braless breasts. Sara's hands were not idle, either, as she nervously unbuttoned my dacks. She gasped when my cock sprang to attention. Sara sank to her knees and started to lick my dick like a lollipop. Amazingly, she was able to engulf my seven inches right down to my balls. I could feel the come starting to rise, and I pulled out of her mouth just as I shot stream after stream of jism on Sara's face, hair and tits. She hungrily cleaned my cock with her tongue.

Wanting to return the favor, I picked her up and placed her on the couch. I took Sara's skirt off and found a G-string underneath. Pushing it aside, I revealed a neatly trimmed blonde bush teeming with beads of love nectar. I quickly lowered my head and started to partake of her exquisite love potion.

Sara was moaning and thrashing about so much that it was getting hard to keep my mouth on her. I replaced my tongue with my fingers as I slowly rimmed her opening and inserted two fingers into her cunt. Then I began rubbing circles around her clit with my thumb. Sara could hardly contain herself; it was all I could do to keep her from falling off the couch. After just a few minutes of this treatment, Sara's moans turned into a scream.

After she had recovered, Sara said that she had just had the best orgasm she'd ever had. I replied that there would be more to come as I rose up and mounted my little love goddess. Sara's cunt was smooth as silk as I buried myself up to the hilt in her hair pie. As we rolled off the couch and on to the floor, I rolled Sara over and started to slam her doggie style while I reached up and fondled her erect nipples. I knew that I would not last long, so I increased my tempo. Just as I let my second load fly into Sara's pussy, she again went into convulsions and had another earth-shattering orgasm. The rest of the night was spent fucking and sucking in every position possible. —*Name and address withheld*


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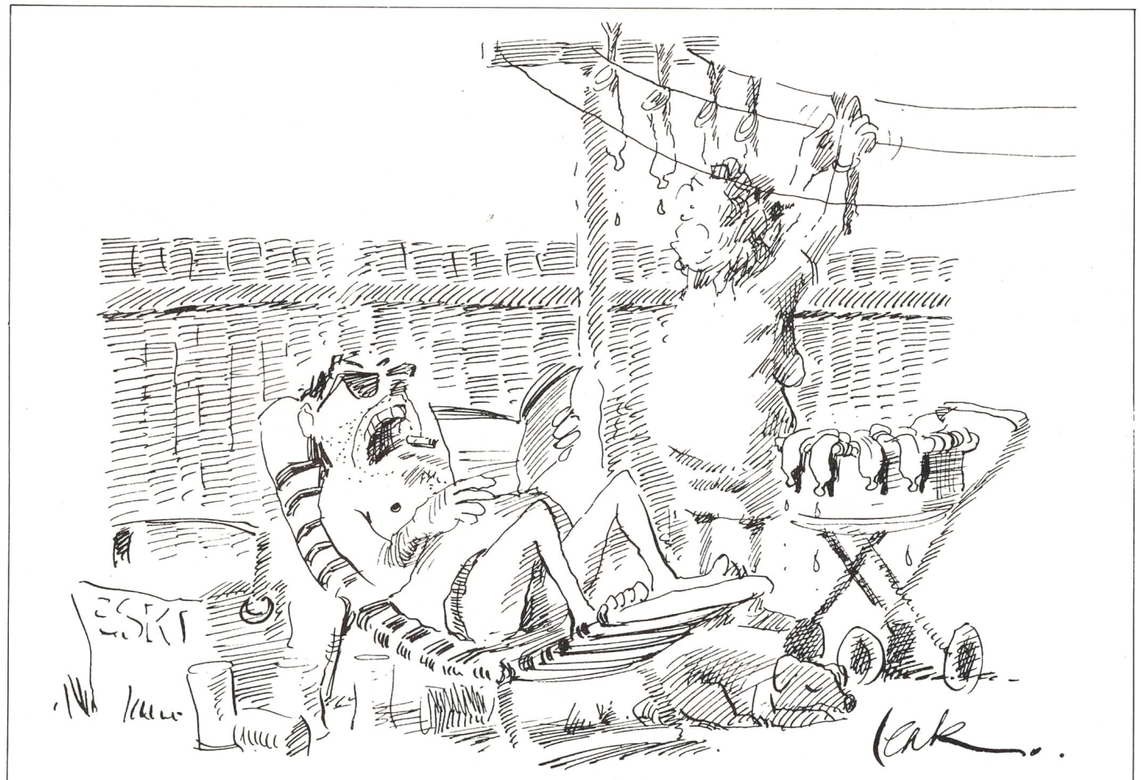
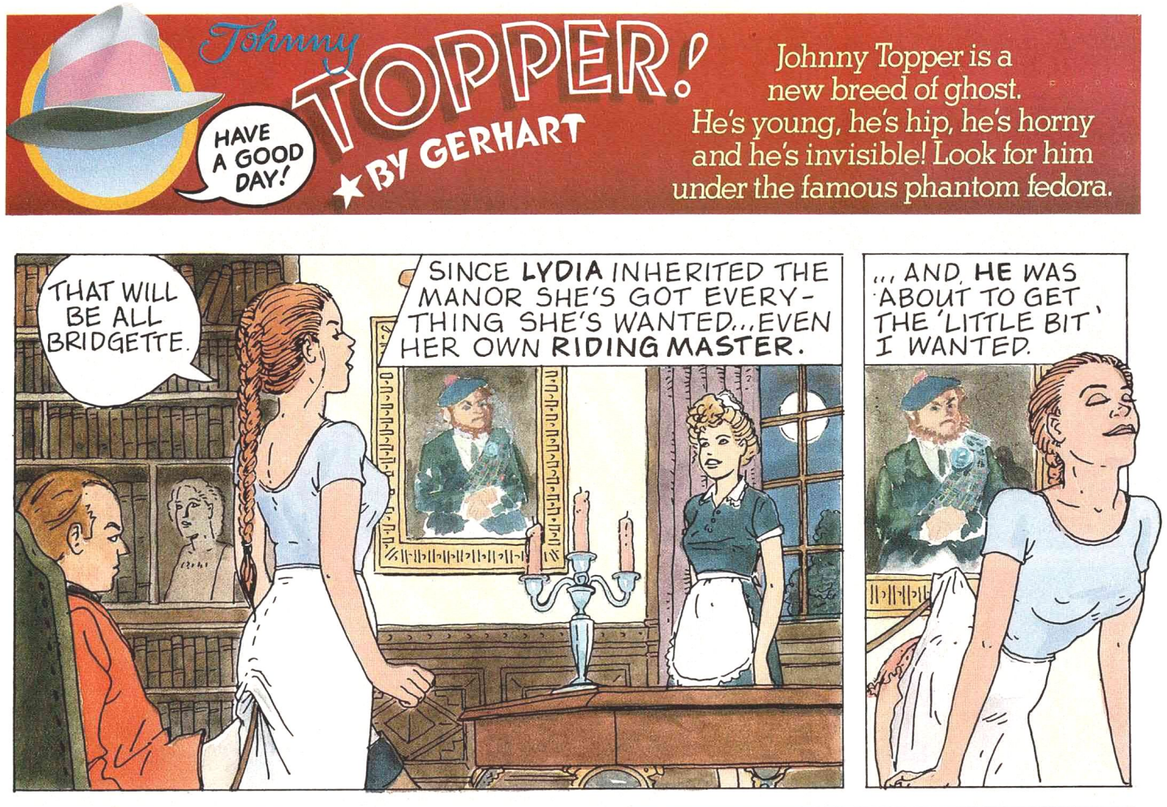


*"Sex education in schools?! Bah! Thank God we don't have that sort of thing up here in Queensland!"*

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,,, AND HE WAS ABOUT TO GET THE 'LITTLE BIT' I WANTED.
LYDIA LIKED A STRICT MASTER,, IT REMINDED HER OF HER GREAT UNCLE, 'THE LAIRD': — BUT I HAD,,
..AN INGENIOUS PLAN! IT REQUIRED THE UNWITTING HELP OF THAT WICKED BAGETTE..
BRIDGETTE!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE!!
I AM THE GHOST OF THE LAIRD OF THIS MANOR.
SIR DUNCAN?!
RAISE YOUR SKIRTS LASS AND WELCOME..
..YOUR MASTER HOME.
THUMP!

WHAT'S A SCOTTISH MANOR WITHOUT 'THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT'?..

THUMP THUMP THUMP

CREAK!

SPYING?!

BUT IT'S... IT'S A...A.. GHOST! THE GHOST OF..

STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

NOW TURN AROUND AND TAKE YOUR PUNISHMENT LIKE A MA.. ..LIKE A MAID!

WACK!

MY PLAN WAS WORKING PERFECTLY.

NOW JUST A WEE BIT LOUDER..THAT SHOULD DO IT.

WACK!



JEREMY? WHAT'S THAT NOISE?... OH.

MA'AM IT WAS THE GHOST OF SIR..

STAY WHERE YOU ARE.

LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE JEREMY.. THE POOR GIRL'S SKIN...

...IS SO SOFT... AND WHITE AND..(SIGH).. WARM TO THE TOUCH... AND

LYDIA! MY BONNY WEE LASS.

GREAT UNCLE DUNC!?!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

HUU!? HMM.MMMM I KNEW YOU ALWAYS..HMMM LOVED ME.

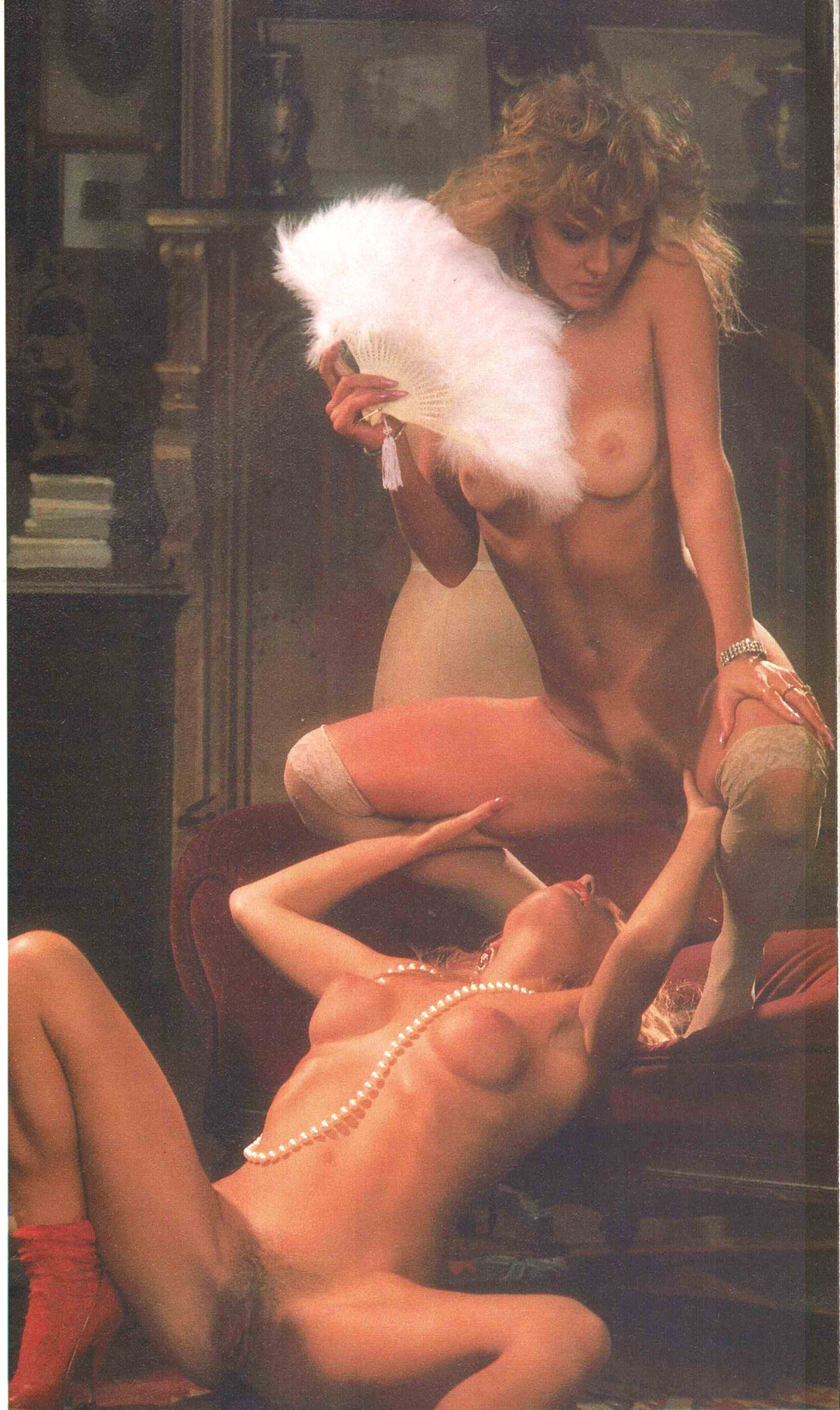
WHAT'S A SCOTTISH MANOR WITHOUT THINGS THAT GO HUMP IN THE NIGHT?

# DOWN TOOLS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN DAVID

**Behind the scenes of the high fashion world toils an army of workers — like Cheryl and Chelsea. Manfully they work long hours into the night, bemoaning the pitiful wages — and bemoaning the shortage of men in the industry who take an interest in *them* rather than their hair or makeup . . . Late one night they were talking and realised they hated everything about clothes. Something clicked . . .**

The girls downed tools, much to each other's delight, and left their resistance in tatters — threadbare. "Does this make us lesbians?" gasped Cheryl. "After a fashion, I suppose," came the muffled reply.



# CARD SHARP

*Continued from page 84*

many different giveaways to a bluff as there are people.

Successful bluffing involves a few simple precautions. Firstly, don't let others see your style — and don't be so consistent that they can predict your play. The nearest I got to committing actual physical violence at a poker game was in manilla when another player was watching the game. I had a flush and started to place a large bet. The other player hissed advice to me. "Don't bet that much," he said to the intense interest of the other players. "They won't stay in — halve it." Without a word every other player on the table folded. Then my would-be benefactor turned my cards over so they could see my nice flush. Now that was the first time I had bet in that particular school and the others had their money out ready to pay to see what the little lady had. My bigmouth friend reduced the pot by several hundred dollars as well as telling them for free what I was prepared to bet big on.

If you want to win consistently, resist the temptation to show the others your marvellous hand and only show a bluffing hand if no-one has caught you on a bluff before and you've already won the pot.

Many players are aware that their faces give them away when they're holding winning cards. So they try to develop a wooden stillness. The problem is they don't remember the "poker face" unless they are ready to go for the pot. I've played with normally animated people who fail utterly to realise that they are giving the game away when they suddenly start resembling Easter Island statues.

The best bet for a bluffer is to find out what you do when you have a winning hand. Now, don't try to suppress that; rather, work on doing it *all the time*, including when you are bluffing. It's easier to put an expression on your face than wipe one off without anyone noticing it. Check your cards occasionally when you know you've got a real winner. Jiggle your chips when you don't intend to bet. Put your hand up to your mouth when you are betting on a royal flush. Hesitate a second before raising on a full house.

Remember that poker players range greatly in skill, and it's easier to bluff out a good player than a mug — especially in stud games. There is a particular type of mug player who bets on his own hand only, and never notices what other people have. It's no good pretending that the four hearts showing on your hand are accompanied by another if the other guy isn't looking. Likewise, it's pointless to try a bluff before the end of the game with a mad gambler who habitually bets just in case the last card is the one he wants. I have seen professionals losing consistently because they failed to realise just how bad the opposition was. Check the style of your opponents before your bluff, and be prepared to adapt.

In stud, if your hand looks good bet big early. You'll discourage the others. Generally, forget the big bluff at the end; people won't fold unless they have lousy hands too. I remember playing with a guy who was so bad at poker he still thought, a year after he started playing, that a full house was three diamonds and two hearts. His mistake about bluffing, however, wasn't nearly as rare as it should be. He used to confuse seeing someone else's big bet with bluffing. He'd even see the last bet in a stud game when he knew he couldn't beat the hand showing on the table. Now, while few players would make that mistake, many think they'll rattle the opposition by seeing their early bets in the game. This is quite pointless unless your final bet is big enough to convince your opponent — and

> Some players stay in because they don't know what a lousy hand a pair of fours is

half the time he'll have a hand worth playing on anyway.

Draw can involve the same problems. I usually draw two cards because I have three of a kind. After demonstrating this a few times in a big draw game, I bluffed, kept a reasonable pair and a spare card. I then bluffed again after the draw. A mug punter caught me out — he failed to notice my two-card buy because he was so excited about his pair of kings. Some players stay in because they don't know what a lousy hand a pair of fours is. If you are playing with real mug punters, I guess the only thing to do is to wait until you have scared them thoroughly first with a few red hot hands.

## CHEATING

I have seen cheating both in tournaments and in regular poker games. Sometimes (but rarely) it has been through a light-fingered dealer who can select the cards he wants to give people. Really, though, this is a low risk. The riverboat gamblers and Bat Mastersons who can deal unnoticeably from anywhere in the pack may still exist, but I suspect pickings are richer outside Australia. Still, it doesn't hurt to be nice to the dealer in a casino and friendly to other players in a private game.

The most common form of cheating I have seen involves team play. In one private draw game I couldn't work out why I was steadily losing. People seemed to know my hands better than I did. After losing my stake, however, I watched a few deals and caught glimpses of some hands. There were two married couples at the table: a nice homely foursome. I watched a husband fold on a pat hand full on aces so his wife could win on a straight. I listened to the bets. When one of the foursome used a certain wording, the others would fold. A different wording and they would raise. They were telling each other what was in their hands and that helped them work out what the other two players were holding.

In tournament play a less complicated form of cheating was used. The casino was powerless to stop it and as far as I could see it would work just as well in an ordinary game as in a tournament. Several players would get together and agree to pool the prizes they won between them. When they got to the finals and were all playing on one table, they simply protected each other's wins and encouraged the player with the most chance for first place. I saw this happen during the stud games and watched the sharing out of the money afterwards.

The players made sure they didn't lose to anyone who wasn't in the team by automatically folding if no other member of the team looked as if he had a potentially winning hand. If a team member had a good hand they would raise to scare out the opposition. If he had an obvious winner they would fold and let him clean the others out. Now this may not seem really devastating, but if you are actually playing against three or four players instead of one, believe me, you have less chance of a win.

Here's an example. In one game of stud, against an unobservant player, one member of a particular team had an unpromising hand. The other had a flush on his first five cards. The guy with the unpromising hand showed a pair so he led the betting and kept it high. The non-team member had a better pair (concealed), so he stayed in. The flush holder quietly followed the betting, not giving away his flush with raises, until the end of the game — when he raised the limit. His team-mate folded and the third player realised he'd been suckered. If you think you're playing against a team, fold and go home.

Making a living out of poker is like any other profession — boring most of the time. There are golden moments and heady wins, of course, but the discipline of winning means excluding yourself from much of the "action." It is, however, possible to enjoy poker recreationally, win consistently, and keep your inevitable losses to a minimum by using just a little skill and cunning.

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# LOOSE ENDS

## THE PRESSURES OF OFFICE

Illustration by Julia Edworthy

They're probably still talking about me in the tearoom now. You could fry eggs on my ears. They're crowded in there jiggling Liptons in little plastic cups, rooting through the bickie tin for a Vo-Vo or a gingernut and calling me tight and bitter and not a very nice person at all. "That jumped-up chit of a hussy," they're saying, "has no *company spirit!*"

Damn it all, the old girls are spot on, though I'm not a little ashamed of my actions. But I was mad as hell, see, and I wasn't going to take it any more. So I let the old dame have it — a savage verbal belt to the corseted mid-section. She didn't know what hit her — hadn't been so surprised and offended since that dirty Yankee sailor goosed her on a tram on VJ Day.

Ugly it was. I was sitting here at my desk, lost in some piece of piffle, when the biddy fronted. I saw the hand first — a liver-spotted job rattling a large yellow envelope directly beneath my nose. The other talon thrust a greeting card at me and words came down: "Percy Schmuck. Retiring. Thirty years."

Now, if I had been my normal, inanely nice and happy-go-lucky self, I would have gaily flung a couple of dollar coins into that envelope and dutifully inscribed that card with a flourish. But I didn't know Percy, see, and something that had been building up for a long while burst within me. The previous day I hadn't known Freddy Fucknuckle either, though I'd happily contributed a fiver ("Because everyone's giving $5") and marked a card with my heartfelt best wishes for his imminent nuptials. Cheryl Codswollop had been a new one on me the day before that, but had that stopped me from forking over a couple of dubloons to a similar lady with a similar yellow envelope and writing "All the best on your 23rd, Chezza"? When Doris Bumstead, whoever she may be, chalked up 15 years with the company, who was it fed a hungry envelope and congratulated her on a sterling effort? Percy Schmuck may be one of nature's gentlemen, but in the metaphorical manner of speaking he was the straw that barked up the wrong camel.

I didn't purple as that umpteenth envelope was jingled aggressively beneath my hooter but colleagues tell me I mauved. "Percy *who?*" I glared at the jingler. She muttered and looked flustered, signalling that she too wouldn't know Percy Schmuck if he was up her sideways in a clown suit.

"Frankly, my dear," I blurted, "I wouldn't know Percy Schmuck from a bar of shit and I see flimsy point in coughing up cash for some old fart I've never met."

"B-b-but there'll be spongecake," she whimpered.

"Stuff the spongecake," I snarled. "Stuff your collection. Stuff Percy Schmuck and stuff his card. Can't you see I'm busy? So . . . so . . . so . . . STUFF OFF!" Plainly losing it, I began shuffling stationery around, frantically pretending I was working. I sneaked a peek up to catch her large retreating form, bustling off to gather cronies for a tea urn summit about the rude bitch with no regard for the company "family."

Perhaps if you work in a small section of a medium-to-large corporation you'll know what I'm on about. Maybe you'll even sympathise with my outburst, damnably rude as it was. As I sit here regretfully I find sole solace in the fact that I don't work for some giant public service department. If a medium-sized company with a medium-sized quota of employees racking up births, birthdays, deaths, marriages and sundry of life's milestones can render me a bad-tempered gibbering maniac, how'd I be pushing a pen at some place like, say, Australia Post? They'd be prising a smoking semi-automatic out of my cold fingers as they scraped me off the pavement . . .

My thoughts are clearing now and I realise, Canute-like, that there'll be no stemming the tide of women — young and old, but always women — who cross my threshold demanding of me cash and false sentiments for blighters unknown. A plan is slowly forming, a plan to play the game and fling my pieces of eight into those envelopes. I'll sign that production line of mawkish greeting cards, but I'll just go a little easier on the insincere sincerity.

I think that henceforth for birthdays I shall write: "*Many happy returns on your birthday,/ May nothing your day mar,/But while you're a year older, I'm none the wiser,/As to who the hell you are.*" For engagements I'm thinking along the lines of: "*I hear tell of your engagement,/So best wishes and all that stuff./I would have said it was a pleasant surprise,/But I heard you were up the duff.*"

And weddings: "*I might have wished you joy for the future,/ And for you both prosperity and luck./But you don't know me and I don't know you,/So who gives a flying fuck?*" The happy event of childbirth: "*So to you the pitter patter/Of tiny woollen booties./ No-one here can recall your face,/But they say your tits were beauties.*" Whaddaya reckon?

I think I'm on the right track but I still feel bad about Percy Schmuck. I'm gathering the guts to seek out that woman I was rude to, if I could only remember her name. Yeah, I'll eat humble pie (and spongecake). And for showing me the error of my ways, and for his 30 faithful years working for the man, old Schmuckie deserves more than a two-spot. I'll sling him a tenner and on his card I'll write something really, really special. I'm still workshopping it, but what do you think of this one? "*They said you'd never make it — AND YOU DIDN'T.*" Cruel, I know, but pointed, Percy. — *C.J. Mackay*

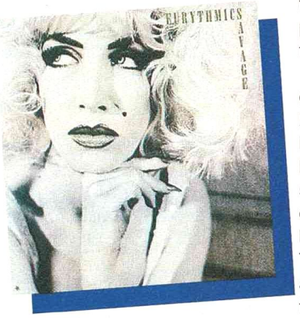
# SOUNDS

The Band came to prominence as the unit that helped Bob Dylan plug in, turn up and alienate many of his diehard folk followers. They soon became an obviously strong entity on their own through albums like *Music From Big Pink*, epitomising much of the alternate American dream of the Sixties. And they welded elements of folk and country into their own unique rock hybrid.

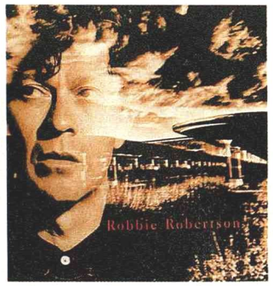
Band guitarist **Robbie Robertson** has now fallen in with some new inspirational company for his solo re-emergence *Robbie Robertson* (Geffen). Mainstays of last year's Amnesty International roadshow, Peter Gabriel and U2, make their presence strongly felt as has co-producer of U2's *Unforgettable Fire*, Daniel Lanois. Gabriel guests on some backup vocals and keyboards while his current rhythm section gives Robertson the benefit of their distinctive feel on most tracks. The entire U2 are also content to be his backing band on two tracks, having co-written "Sweet Fire Of Love." Their other collaboration, "Testimony", gets led from the more traditional U2 path by the Gil Evans horns (heard on Sting's latest).

Robertson has chosen well with these collaborators as they help bring out the spiritual, uplifting nature of his writing. Robertson has achieved an epic feel in some of these tracks. His voice has a gruff, lived-in quality and he even indulges in some Tom Waitsian lowlife narrative in "Somewhere Down The Crazy River." When he wants to soar, Bono's tonsils come in handy ("Sweet Fire Of Love"). Robertson sings of modern cowboys like the Vietnam vet who survived "Hell's Half Acre" ("She said you've changed/You're not the same/Clouds of napalm and the opium/The damage was already done." Also, the street hood shot where he ran: "Sonny Got Caught In The Moonlight (No questions asked, he's just a kid from the street)." In championing these common man victims of higher social forces he adopts the slightly evangelical tone that Bruce Springsteen invokes, but without the bravado. A truly great American album.

**Philip Glass** has tried his hand at many different vehicles for his own unique ostinato-based writing style. Most records are with his thundering loud synthesiser ensemble heard here on the festival circuit two years ago. He's also worked on songs with Laurie Anderson and Paul Simon, produced soundtracks for such favorite cult films as *Koyaanisqatsi*, and penned three operas celebrating Einstein, Gandhi and finally the predictably shortlived radical Egyptian pharoah of 3000 years ago *Akhnaten* (CBS). Scored for chorus, orchestra and pontificating narrator, this last three-album opus is for those prepared to extend their listening habits beyond the three-minute ditty or the sanitised theatrics of supposed rock musical writers like Andrew Lloyd Webber. Glass delivers an evocative tapestry that starts with rippling orchestral heraldy; then drums and massed chorus pound just the esoteric side of the back beat. Glass shows himself as a powerful and direct writer (if fairly predictable by the third album) with none of the conditioned niceties of "classical" writers.

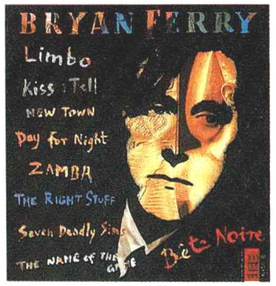


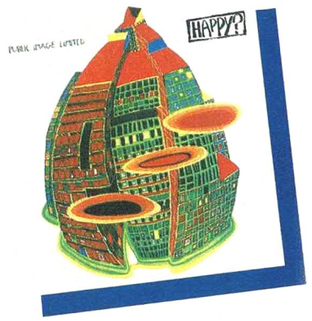

The world would have been denied some winning music if we had been spared the powerful chemistry of Annie Lennox and Dave Stewart in their collective guise as the **Eurythmics**. Their latest, *Savage* (RCA), was recorded hot on the heels of their *Revenge* world tour and is very much like their old days — Dave, Annie and a tame programmer. The songs have a comfortable familiarity and they run the stylistic gamut of the duo's past successes. True, they're taking more liberty with the melody lines, often using words more as textures than pop slogans. It's hard to imagine the Eurythmics not being a pleasure to listen to but a big disappointment for this selfish fan is the suspicion of mere competence — no matter how much fun they claim to have been having.




## THE BOY FROM THE BAND

**Clockwise from the top: Robbie Robertson goes solo, with help from Peter Gabriel and U2; Musical paté from Bryan Ferry; Public Image Ltd tight and powerful; Eurythmics comfortably familiar.**




**Public Image Ltd** finally ask if we're *Happy?* (Virgin) in the style of Zippy the Pinhead's constant querulous need of an update, "Am I having a good time yet?" John Lydon thrives on the concept that "Hard times, were they ever any better? Maybe never." Even annual holidays are a problem: "The dinner gave me the splatty botty." This disc sees the current band left to its own devices away from the influence of the star-studded guest list of the previous *Album*. The band play tight and powerful.

**Bryan Ferry** has had his share of innovative and successful albums. With *Bête Noire* (Virgin), however, he seems to have sung himself into a stylish corner of slow tempos with a dash of percussion and, in this instance, hints of ancient cabaret violins. This is musical paté — smooth and expensive with a presumption of sophistication. Useful hint: if this record feels to you like a drawn out story with a dangerously familiar punchline, turn up your record player's speed (I did).

More smooth pop from **Aztec Camera** comes in a package of *Love* (WEA). Chief cameraman and lone focus puller Roddy Fame has put himself in the company of ace yankee studio players and programmers but never loses the simplicity of his arrangements.

Dubliners **Clannad** have gone to a similar source for *Sirius* (RCA). The overall sound is slicker than their debut *Macalla* but doesn't top the haunting beauty of that disc. — *Jeremy Cook*



# FILM

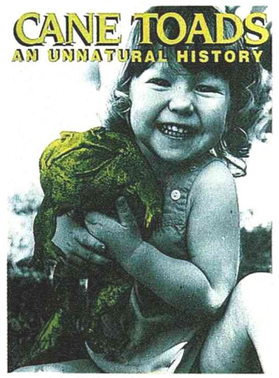
Ugly as sin and randier than rabbits, they came, they spawned, they conquered. They're still at it, the bounders — coming, spawning, conquering. Despatches from the front report that their total conquest of Northern Australia is but a hop, skip and a jump away.

As with the best of commandos, these invaders are adept at living off the land. Eat anything, they will — rats, mice, rare local fauna, ping pong balls — anything! Raping, pillaging, brainwashing the locals, they'll stop at nothing. The sex bit's their speciality. Root? They're the horniest buggers in the Western World! Lordy, they'll even screw their own dead! Pictures to prove it, and there's no shortage of their corpses lying around. Highway One up FNQ way is a stinking ribbon of their fallen. Bit of a worry, though, when you think that a convoy of every Mack truck that's ever rolled off the assembly line would make scarcely a dent in the burgeoning ranks of *bufo marinus* — the Queensland cane toad.

Learn all about the charge of the wart brigade in Film Australia's delightful doco **Cane Toads: An Unnatural History.** Writer/director Mark Lewis traces the cause and effect of *bufo marinus* since a handful of the Hawaiian blighters were loosed in the Gordonvale sugar cane fields in 1935 in a bid to combat the pesky greyback cane beetle. We already know that like that other introduced species, the New Zealander, the cane toad didn't work. From that starting point Lewis takes us on a quirky journey into the love/hate relationship Banana Benders have developed with the creature that has become their symbol. His interviews with representatives of the pro- and anti-toad lobbies make this a film as much a profile of the Queensland mentality as it is a study of the menace of the proliferating toad.

Be astounded by the alarming sexual proclivities of the cane toad! Boggle at the beautiful cane toad leather-bound volume presented to Chuck and Di on the occasion of their sacred union! The deranging effect of smoking cane toad joints and drinking toad tea will be graphically brought home to you when you meet a real life fucked-up Mullumbimby toad-abuser! This one's got the lot — sex, drugs and, yes, rock 'n' roll. Original music is by Martin Armiger and the film's theme "Cane Toad Blues" comes courtesy of Tim Finn.

*Cane Toads: An Unnatural History* has been entered in a bundle of Aussie film festivals this year and it deserves honors for its revelations, its gentle humor and its very *Australianness*. It's funny, frightfully so. A ribbiting experience.




## SEX 'N' FROGS 'N' ROCK 'N' ROLL

More sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll rumble this way in **Less Than Zero**, a flick about the high jinks and low dealings of the kids of the LA super-rich. A pretty cast (Andrew McCarthy, Jami Gertz and Robert Downey Jr in the lead roles) and glitzy styling fit this one nicely into the glam-teen mould.

A pseudo-message film, it purports to examine the problems faced by the progeny of the rich and famous — lack of ambition and drive, parental overshadowing, the search for love, self-absorption, drug dependence, etc, etc. Party till your nose bleeds or until one of your mates drops dead so you can see the error of your ways. Audiences are supposed to sympathise with their plight; I found myself wishing that they'd all go away, smoke crack and die. Directed by Marek Kanievska, screenplay by Harley Peyton from the novel by Brett Easton Ellis.

Barbara Streisand makes an overt lunge at the Best Actress Oscar in her latest vehicle **Nuts**. She produces and stars in this stagey courtroom drama about a problematic call-girl who fights for her right to a fair trial for the manslaughter of a psychopathic john. As foul-mouthed Claudia Draper, Streisand gets to dust off every crazy woman's trick in the Stanislavsky book as she battles her parents' decision to slot her safely and quietly away in a loony bin. It is a strong, if self-conscious, performance that is supported by the proverbial star-studded cast — Richard Dreyfuss, Maureen Stapleton, Karl Malden, Eli Wallach among them. Based on the play by Tom Topor and directed by Martin Ritt. Unfortunately, from this point of view La Streisand is more *Funny Girl* than funny farm.

Casting Cher and Nicholas Cage as New York Italians in love sounds like a recipe for something that would smell higher than parmesan on puke. But *mama mia*, the recipe works a treat in **Moonstruck** (directed by Norman Jewison, screenplay by John Patrick Shanley). Right from its opening credits over which the lazy vocal cords of Dino Martino croon, "When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie, that's *amore*" this film does for Eyeties what Woody did for the Jewish. It's a festive celebration of life and love Italian-style. It's guaranteed to have you dancing out of the cinema with a song on your lips and a raging appetite for chianti and pasta in your belly. *Molto* recommended. — *C.J. Mackay*

**From the top: The ugliest bounders north of the border star in Film Australia's Cane Toads: An Unnatural History; Nick Cage and Cher make love Italian-style in Moonstruck; Streisand shoots for an Oscar in Nuts.**

## STAR WATCH

Charles Aznavour, Julio Iglesias, Joan Collins and Zsa Zsa Gabor wear them — but don't let that put you off. There's no reason for you not to be tempted by the Luna D'oro, a majestic gold timepiece from Chopard of Geneve. That's 24-carat gold. If you can carry that sort of weight around, then you deserve the ultimate in style.

## COMPUTER DREAMING

Not too late to latch on to a stunning 1988 calendar featuring the very latest in computer graphics, an example of which is shown here. Both are 100 percent computer-generated and are what the boffins in the world's top graphics labs spend their time dreaming up. There's a choice of two, the Mac Daydreams (all Apple) or Digital Daydreams (more the IBM feel). Available from a top outfit, Image Products out of Pressed Image, they're $19.95. You must ring them on (02) 969 8385.

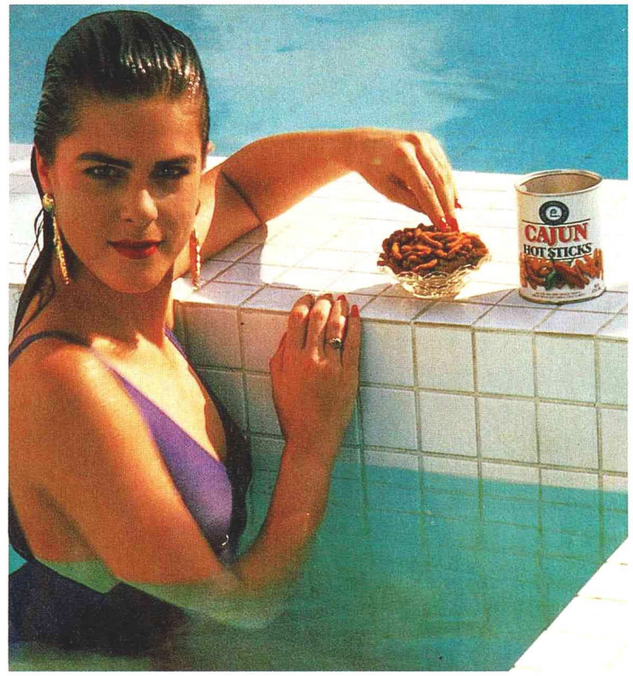
## BLACK MAGIC

**The hottest thing on the water! The Black Magic is the ultimate kneeboard from O'Brien. It features retractable fins which are adjusted by a lever in front of the rider. Wings, bevels and swallowtail allow tight turns and high jumps. Deep knee wells offer increased comfort and control. The hotshot pictured is Steve Merrit. You'll find them at good watersport stores.**



## COME TO THE CRUNCH

**Making a fine showing in the stakes for the perfect something to nibble on while you're having a drink is spicy newcomer Cajun Hot Sticks by Lawry's out of Louisiana Inspiration. These are grown-up twiglets flavored with three kinds of peppers for the macho eyewatering factor and a zesty blend of spices that complement a sesame base. They come in tastily handy when there's sport on the box and beer in the fridge. Sweeter stablemate Honey Roasted Sesame Sticks are made from sesame and wheat sweetened, but not too sweetened, with honey to create a distinctive crunch treat. Cajun Hot Sticks and Honey Roasted Sesame Sticks are from Lawry's Special Edition Range and are packed in a ring-pull can with a resealable plastic lid. They're priced at around $2.70.**



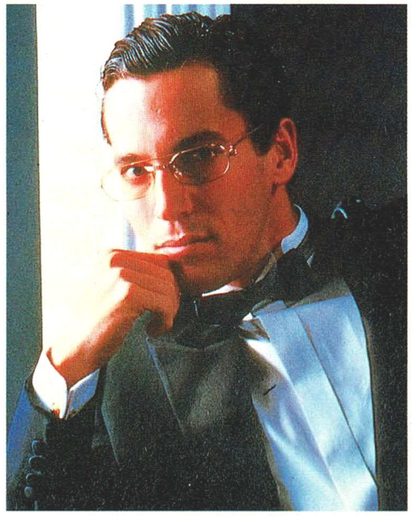
## REEL GRAPHITE

**This baby's new from Daiwa for '88 — the Sealine Lever Drag reel for lightweight trolling and casting. It's the lever drag number with all the options. It has two pre-set drag positions, the optional long stroke providing a full 100 fine mid-range adjustments for maximum fish-stopping power.**

## AND THE WINNERS ARE . . .

The two lucky entrants in the November *Penthouse* Gordon's Gin Competition were Rita Bedetti of Esperance in West Australia and Ken Birkbeck of Miami in Queensland. Ms Bedetti and Mr Birkbeck won Gordon's Gin Entertainment Collections which include imported dry martini and highball glasses etched with the Gordon's logo, a 750ml cocktail shaker, ice bucket, serving tray and a bridge set encased in a gold stamped black leather folder. Prices of individual items in the prizes ranged from $25 to $45.

The winner of the two tickets to the Bicentennial Test given away in December *Australian Penthouse* was Mr Roger Campbell of Eastwood in NSW. Runners-up who received a gift pack of Yardley Classic Gold Men's toiletries were: N. Wickman, Auburn, NSW; G.A. Brown, Windsor, Vic; Marietta Lochhead, Mt Isa, Qld; M. Kubacki, Lakemba, NSW; K. Martin, Port Adelaide, SA; G. Nolan, Bangor, NSW; J. Power, Benowa, Qld; D. Brown, Eastwood, NSW; C. Seeto, Burwood, NSW; G. O'Connell, Burra, NSW.



# ALL CLASS GLASS

This year the unique and distinctive Cartier range of eyeglasses has been extended to include the Half-moon. These bi-focals for the long-sighted man of style are made of a nickel-based alloy that's coated with anti-corrosive palladium and plated with 22-carat gold. Available in a choice of finishes — the "Louis Cartier" three-gold godrons, the distinctive "Santos" brushed steel with gold screws and the Cartier burgundy lacquer. Beware of imitations. Cartier glasses are engraved with a serial number for authenticity and guarantee and true Cartier lenses will show a "Double C" when you fog them. Price range is $750-$950 at the Cartier Boutiques in Sydney and Melbourne.

# KAI-TAK

**Just when you were about to give up on "alternative" medicine along comes a little device that actually does the things it claims to do. Kai-Tak relieves insomnia, headaches, nervous tension, depression, motion sickness, withdrawal symptoms and much more. It's a painless form of ear acupuncture developed over the past decade by French physician Dr Paul Nogier, combining the principles of acupressure (continuous pressure on acupuncture points) with the use of an extremely powerful magnet which magnifies the benefits. It produces no side-effects whatsoever. Kai-Tak is in no way related to other New Age pseudo-sciences. In fact, magnetic field therapy is one of the cutting edges of modern medical science. Harnessed with the ancient art of acupuncture it produces extraordinarily effective results. All the rage in Europe for the past couple of years, Kai-Tak is now available in Australia. $60 buys two ear clips and an instruction booklet. Write to Bonalis Pty Ltd, PO Box 393, Edgecliff 2027 NSW or phone (02) 328 7473.**

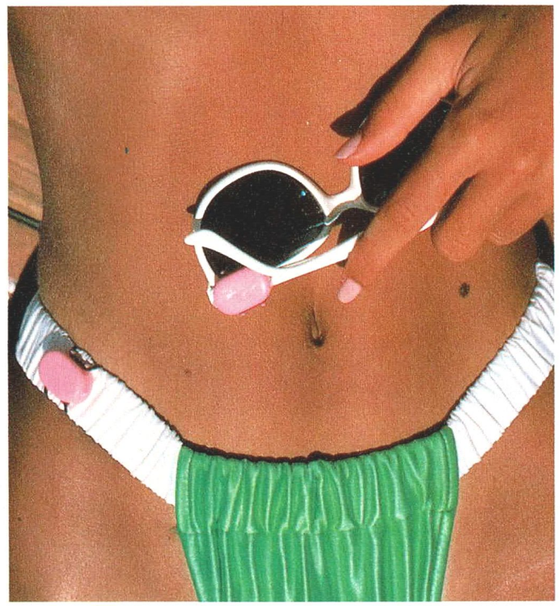
## THE GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

Talk about bloody sophisticated fun! Play these games with your mates and you'll have 'em coming back time and time again for more. Pass Out is your actual adult board game wherein all participants are required to get extremely pissed and do silly things. A guaranteed ice breaker that sells for $24.95 at games shops and department stores. Booze not included. The publicity blurb for Sip 'N' Go nakedly informs us that this adult game is guaranteed to turn even the most boring bash into "an outrageous, promiscuous party!" Basically it requires players to get extremely pissed and do silly things with their clothes off. Same price. Same availability. You supply the booze and the players with nice tits. From Paul Lamond Games.



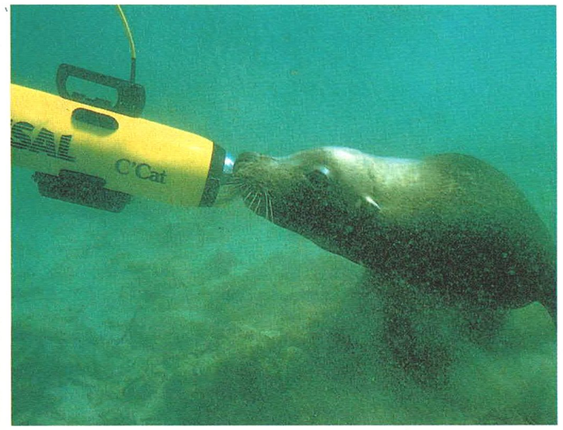
# FILL 'ER UP

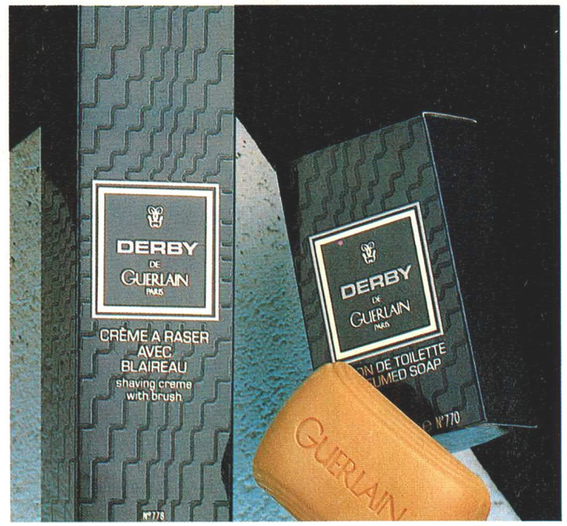
You can carry just about anything in a Zebug. Anything, that is, as long as it's about the size of your fingernail. The zappy Zebug is a watertight container the size of a large jelly bean that can be attached to your watch band, ski pole, sunglasses arm or your swimming costume. It's up to you what you want to put in your Zebug. When a bunch of the brightly colored little blighters lobbed into this office they were snaffled up quicksmart by someone who had this friend who had this friend who would find them dandy for keeping his stash handy. *Penthouse*, by the way, does not condone the use of drugs in any way, shape or form. But the use of Zebugs is a different matter. The importers tell us they're great for keeping globs of suncream in or for those who have to take pills (or just *like* taking pills.) Zebugs sell for $1.99 at surf shops and chemists.



## SEAL OF APPROVAL

**This baby might ring a bell with regular readers, but it ain't everyday we get great shots like this one sent to us, so we figured it was worth another look. This is an underwater closed-circuit, remote-controlled TV system. It's top-notch gear developed by USAL of Fremantle. It amounts to a mini sub with video camera in the nose. The seal turned up to the machine's final trials off the WA coast and gave it the flipper up. USAL are contactable on (08) 430 4744.**




## WILD AND WONDERFUL

**Guerlain extends its original Derby men's fragrance range with these great products. Wood and leather spices give it an unmistakable appeal in shaving cream, aftershave balm, stick deodorant and soaps. Mid-priced (aftershave goes for around $42), the best way to find out if you like it is to sniff around a quality outlet. You won't be disappointed.**

## AN EARFUL

Lap swimmer? Bloody boring, isn't it? Up and down the pool with nothing to look at but lane lines, tiles, dead Bandaids and the odd rusty bobby pin. Nothing to listen to but the thump of blood in your head and your thoughts. *Twenty-one. The boss is a prick. Wonder if the blonde in accounts would think it was harassment if I told her she had nice eyes. Jesus, the rego's coming up on the Fairlane. Twenty-two.* Well, forget that. Get yourself The Band, a waterproof headband FM radio made with the loneliness of the long distance swimmer in mind. And the skier. The windsurfer. The runner. The sailor. The bloke who likes to boogie under the shower. Heck, maybe even you. Look at paying $69.95 for The Band at Dick Smith Electronics, Myer, Sportsgirl, Brash's, Sports Co and leading electrical and department stores nationally. You'll still have to look at the Bandaids, but you'll be doing it to music.

Pet Of The Month — Sydney's Geraldine Hart

## COMING IN MAY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

**Tough Enough** — Rugby League is probably the most demanding contact sport played on a weekly basis anywhere in the world. Those who play the game are not supermen but they have developed a level of toughness that is beyond the comprehension of most of us. How do they do it? Why do they do it? Next month *Penthouse* penetrates the inner sanctum to present a perspective on football that no sports fan would want to miss.

**Legal Murder?** — The capital punishment debate continues to rage, and it's particularly high on the public agenda after a recent series of senseless mass murders. Criminologist Paul Wilson considers the wild lynch mobs which have been appearing outside Australian courts and asks: do they represent moral decency or moral decay? His horrifying descriptions of the grim reality of capital punishment will leave you with only one conclusion.

**The Tao Of Sex** — The first in a series of informative and entertaining articles on ancient Chinese sexual practices offers advice on how to improve your sexual techniques. This practical guide, exclusive to *Australian Penthouse*, begins by offering effective exercises which can improve your sexual stamina and power and considers Chinese techniques for penis enlargement. No Australian male should miss The Tao Of Sex in May *Penthouse*.

**The Ugly Australians** — Stephanie Mildew Ames was 29 years old when her St Ives doctor diagnosed genital herpes. How she got it, and what happened as a result of her affliction, will make you shake with laughter as Robert English continues his hilarious series on The Ugly Australians with Part IV: The North Shore Housewife.

# LUST

*Continued from page 18*

that Filipino women are being lured to Australia, ostensibly to be married, but, in reality, to become prostitutes.

As a measure of their concern, the Commission of Filipinos Overseas recently sent two investigators to review the Australian situation. Not surprisingly, they found that Filipinos leaving their native country had no idea what they were in for.

Llamas' answer is to insist on counselling for Filipinos about to take the marital plunge with a foreigner. According to Grace Stewart, of the Filipino Welfare Service, a more realistic solution might be in mutual honesty. "Who's victimising who?" asks this business studies graduate. "Is it the Filipino women escaping economic hardship . . . or is it Australians taking advantage of their vulnerability?

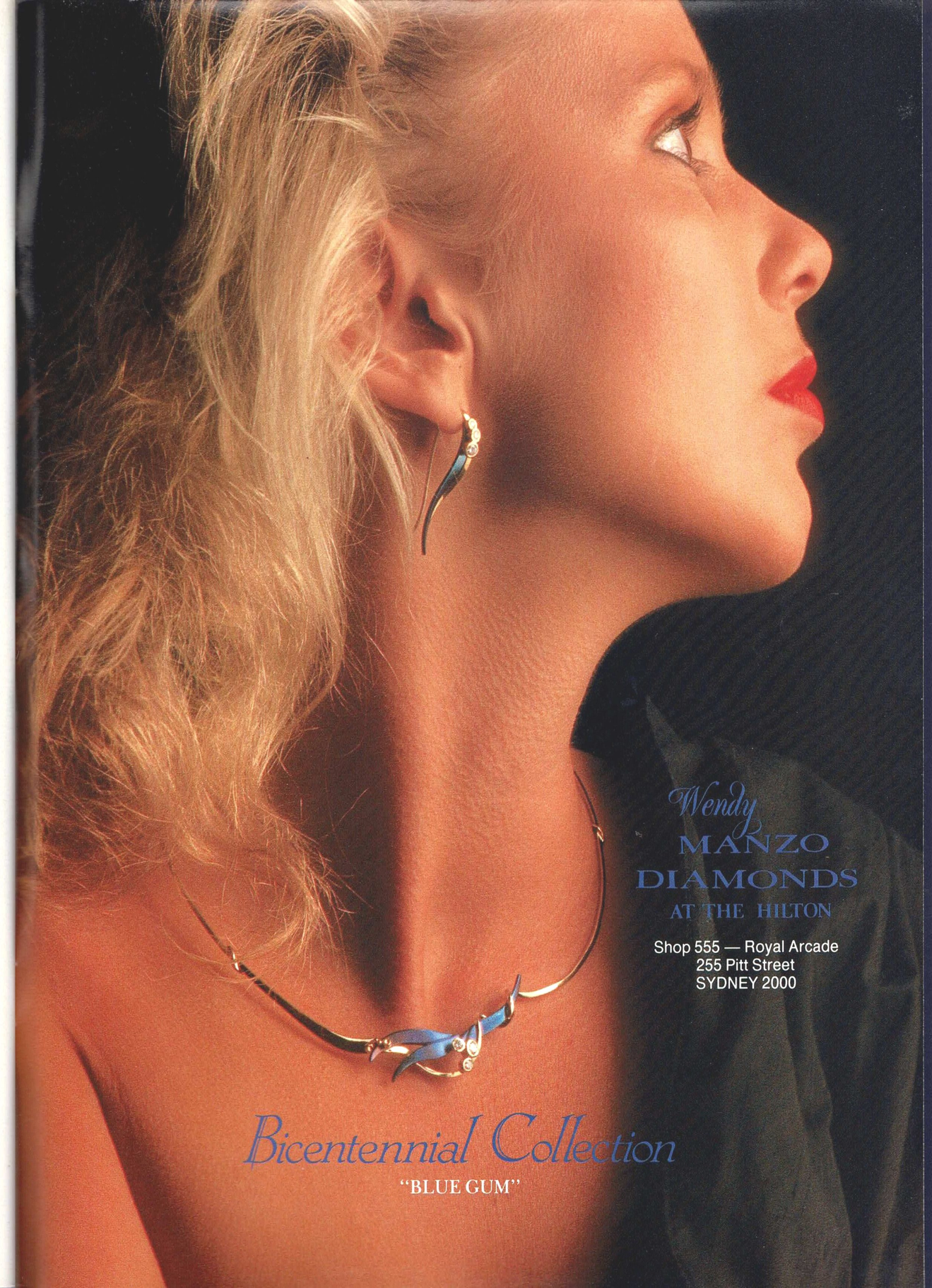
"You know, a lot can be said about Australian males not telling the truth about their financial status when they come to the Philippines. A man will say he's single — and not mention that he has been married three times and has six children. He may tell her he has a house — when he lives in a caravan or in a bus or shanty miles from the city.

"When an Australian man comes to the Philippines to court a woman, the usual style is to portray the big spender. Ordinarily he asks a mate how to go about it . . . so this myth is formed from one Australian to another. Once he wins the girl, he turns mean and stingey — won't buy her clothes or take her out. The girl will come here crying, 'He was not like that before'."

For every Peter Nock, Grace Stewart has the opposite story — brutish Australians who treat Filipino wives with cruelty. On the gemfields, she says, there are men who share their reluctant Filipino brides with sex-starved mates. She tells of a beaten and badly frightened girl who waited seven years to slip away from a country bumpkin who slammed her face into the wall for the slightest misdemeanor.

As for the myth of the submissive Filipino woman, says Grace Stewart, it's exactly that — a myth. "Filipino women are independent," she says. "They can be demanding and, if they feel they are being abused, they really fight back. For the first few months of the marriage she will stick to her traditional role, but that doesn't mean she'll be a slave. She'll shine her husband's shoes, prepare his clothes and make his meal in front of him — but when she realises she's being abused she will voice out.

"Probably it will be the first time her husband has heard her say anything and he'll think she has changed — and that's when the violence starts. She may seem subservient but she expects her husband to do his share." — *David Bentley*



# Peter Jackson 30's

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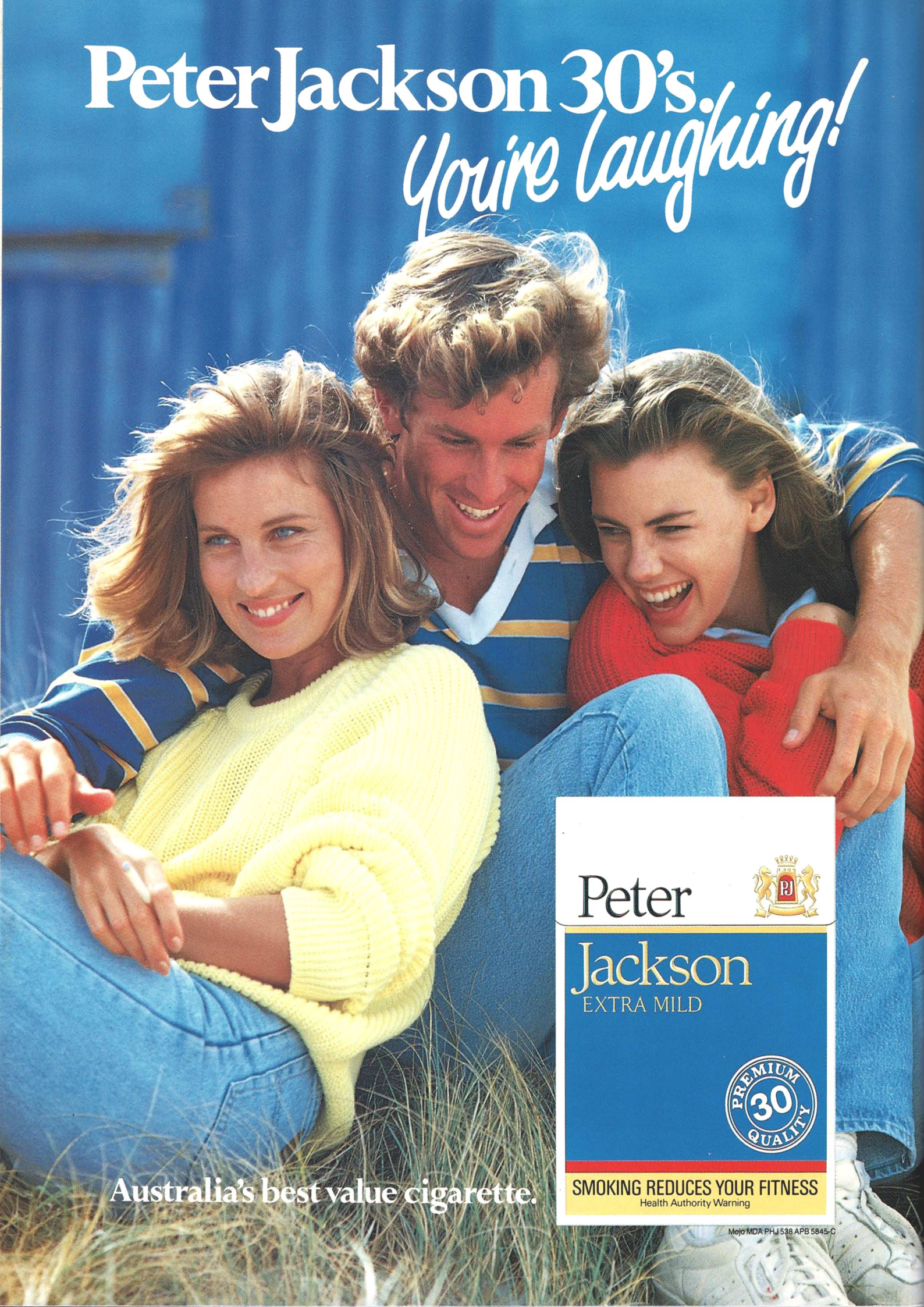


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